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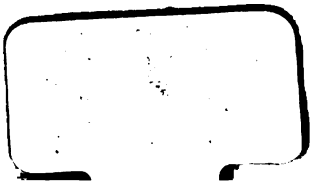

THE

METROPOLITAN.

THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLIII.

MAY TO AUGUST, 1845.

LONDON:
SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET;
BELL & BRADFUTE, EDINBURGH; SMITH & SON, GLASGOW;
AND CUMMING, DUBLIN.
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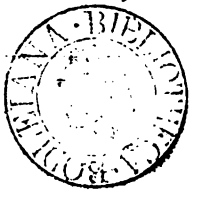

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THE

METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE.

AN ESSAY ON THE LIGHT OF MENTAL SCIENCE APPLIED TO MORAL TRAINING.

BY MRS. LOUDON.

INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL SPENCER BY THE AUTHOR, AS A TESTIMONY OF HER RESPECT AND GRATITUDE.

CHAPTER IX.

The training of judgment.

God has given our children reason; it is for us to make them *reasoning* beings. This must be done by giving their reasoning faculties early habits of activity in the perception of truth, and of its application to the regulation of conduct; for, inasmuch as the limbs of the body can be rendered dexterous in the movements connected with any calling by early and constant practice, so can the powers of the mind. So far, therefore, from adopting that *great* error, of never giving reasons to children, always *give* a child a reason, and take care that it shall be a good one. And let this be a means of self-culture. Be thus obliged to *have* good reasons for everything you do; and tell the child that you explain your reasons for the purpose of showing it how to act reasonably when it shall no longer have the benefit of your advice. You thus prepare your child to know, by an almost personal experience, how to act under all circumstances, however varied their details. For, the great principles that ought to govern conduct are few and simple; those persons, therefore, who have been early habituated to apply these principles to a certain number of circumstances, will, ultimately, know how, by analogy, to apply them to all possible circumstances. Great first principles applied thus to whole classes of ideas must necessarily simplify

1 Concluded from page 422, vol. xlii.

just thinking, as much as classification assists every science; or, as reducing written signs to twenty-four characters of which all words must be made, renders reading easier than assigning a character to each word, and thus having thousands of arbitrary signs to remember. Instead of a rule for every little circumstance, amounting to thousands—nay, millions, in a lifetime, we have a few immutable truths; with these for our moral *alphabet*, we can *spell* every combination of feelings and reasons out of which we should make a motive.

While you are thus showing your child how you reasoned, and what great moral consideration gave the casting voice in each decision of your will, you are teaching it one of the most precious of practical moral lessons; for you are, by the sympathy of your example, inciting its moral and intellectual faculties to consult each other, and mutually to advise and enlighten each other prior to the *will* giving its consent to the performance of any action.

You must, however, not only give your child your reasons, and explain to it how you arrived at your conclusions, but you must also lead and habituate its own mind to form reasons. That is, you must prompt and aid it to weigh *itself* the materials offered to the judgment and the affections, and to form from these wise, virtuous, and sufficient motives to action. You have already, by developing its affections and exciting its sympathies in the manner described, inclined it to do right; you must now teach it to reason, and be able to tell itself, by deductions from first principles made by its own understanding, why right is right. Thus you will gradually enable it to form that amalgamation of feeling and reason which constitutes an enlightened conscience or completed moral sense, ready on all occasions to act on the *will* with the promptitude of a single impulse, and the united force of the whole moral and intellectual being.*

* A clever and ingenious mother might make mental processes of this kind, despite the seriousness of their import, interesting and amusing in the highest degree to a lively child or group of children, by turning her illustrations into allegories and personifying the mental powers—representing the *will* as a sovereign taking advice from his ministers, the moral and intellectual faculties, especially his prime minister conscience; speaking of the sovereign as a good or a bad character according as he followed or neglected the advice of his said prime minister; and again, speaking of the prime minister himself as able and enlightened, or the contrary, according as he was well informed and well advised by the perceiving, the comparing, and the moral faculties, and thus capable of giving the best advice to his sovereign the will, on every emergency, without mistakes or loss of time. She might give spirit to all this, and render it doubly amusing to children by describing her personages with countenances, voices, and manners characteristic of their natures, and making speeches for them, also in character. This would afford opportunities of representing the propensities in a diverting manner, as a very inferior and selfish set of persons, apt to make troublesome requests and present too frequent petitions; while the will, on all such occasions, must be represented as pausing wisely to consult his ministers, and discussing with them the propriety or impropriety of granting such requests.

The senses of seeing, hearing, &c., might be brought forward as witnesses to give their testimony to the facts of each case. This would furnish occasions for showing

The ancient sages, in some instances, called forth to a certain degree the judgment, not indeed of children, but of youths, by discussing before them at their suppers learned questions. But though this practice had in it some good, the system of which it was a part was very imperfect: the success, therefore, of the ancient philosophers in forming moral characters was necessarily very partial. First, because their own ideas on many points of morals were, generally speaking, very faulty; secondly, because the preparatory awakening of the sympathies, and developing of the gentle and kindly affections in infancy and childhood, was not thought of, while a contrary training was, in many instances practised; thirdly, because veneration, instead of being excited to

the beauty and value of veracity, and the evil tendency and despicable nature of falseness.

This introduction of allegorical personages may be made so very droll or so very affecting, as occasion requires, by the marked changes alluded to in the tone of voice, expression of countenance, &c., and by lively repartees or tender appeals to feeling between the characters of the drama—that it will be found quite possible to introduce thus, without the least danger of tediousness to children, an indispensable exercise of the understanding, for which few grown people, from want of right mental habits, have patience—namely, *chains* of reasoning, showing how each effect becomes a new cause, till an inevitable conclusion be arrived at.

Whenever it is possible, the children should be prompted, and assisted by leading questions to go through the series and come to the conclusion themselves; and, should that conclusion be calculated to excite a hearty laugh or call forth a tear of sympathy, it need not be the less philosophically true, and may be the better relished by our little party.

Here the mother should make a matter of great importance of each proved conclusion; treat each such, when arrived at, as an acquisition, a piece of mental property; cause it to be written, at the moment, into a book kept for the purpose; and take great care to refer to it, on the next occasion, as a starting-point, saying, "We have proved that already." Then call for the book into which it was written, and point out and read out the reference, and recommence thence your new series; and after this, every time a thus-proved truth occurs in the course of your progress make use of it by reference, as mathematicians make use of their already proved problems. No matter how trifling the subject of any such train of exact reasoning, what is important is the habit, in searching for truth, of founding each new step on proved facts, and so treading firmly. Until, therefore, this mental habit be thoroughly confirmed, the simpler the whole apparatus of subject, proofs, and facts, the better, because the more likely to fix the attention and interest the feelings of children.

Let the subjects be nursery or play-ground transactions; let the language be simple enough; let the manner be pleasant enough, feeling enough, and kind enough, and children, with their straightforward unsophisticated minds, will easily be brought to see the hinges on which turn great truths respecting which philosophers have quibbled for ages. The principle involved in the lesson need not be the less important because the subject be but a toy or an apple; while whole evenings might be thus spent with as much delight as advantage.

To do all this, indeed, parents must themselves put off their worldly prejudices, and come to the task with as much simplicity and honesty of purpose as little children.

Many children would listen to such moral dramas with even a more lively interest than to merely narrated stories; of which, notwithstanding, all children are known to be so fond that they will ask for the same again and again, without tiring. But the attention in the dramas would be kept, if possible, still more on the alert by there being so much for their own imaginations to create and their own minds to do; while the ultimate decision of the *will* would be looked forward to, as the denouement of the story, with the most breathless anxiety. Children somewhat advanced in moral training would begin to foresee, and prophesy eagerly what would be the said

admire, venerate, and worship *moral grandeur*, and thus incite the mind, through desire of its own approbation, to assimilation with such, was drawn aside by the sympathy of example to the adoration, and *consequent* imitation, of false glory. The results were in perfect accordance with the laws of mind, as shall be shown more at length in its proper place, with some references to history. Indeed, if the history of the world, from its commencement to the present hour, were studied with this one principle for our guide, like the compass on the pathless seas, it would enable us to steer our way with certainty. Nay, if the secret story of every heart that ever beat could be laid before us, this same principle would stand forth but the more clearly proved—namely, that

decision. A judicious pause, to let them do so, would here be advantageous; and, as such decision must necessarily contain the principle to be established, so should it always be made the hinge on which turns the fate of the characters of the story. This would be thus a most useful and delightful exercise of the children's own consciences and of all their moral and intellectual faculties To obviate anything like tediousness, a toy to handle and play with might here be introduced, and called the *reasoning ladder*, with little movable figures, which are to mount, one rung at a time, on certain conditions; namely that the truth written on that rung be proved by a chain of reasoning; the puppet on the ladder, the while each question is pending, poising one foot in the air, waiting permission to mount in an attitude that shall set all the little group in a roar of laughter; each rung of the ladder having written upon it a moral truth, till, at the top of all, appears that never-to-be-severed link between the moral and intellectual worlds—the fact that nothing is really reasonable which is not moral.

Diverting illustrations of short-sighted selfishness or greediness, with laughable failures, like that of the dog in the fable of the larger piece of meat, might be introduced here. In short, while we are showing that all unkindness and injustice—even in its mildest form of carelessness of the interests or of the feelings of others—falls back on self, and, though founded on supposed prudential reasoning, is, in fact, false reasoning as well as immorality; we should, to prevent langour occurring for a moment, call to our aid every kind of amusing auxiliary that is but harmless in itself, provided it tend to preserve our little group of future moral and mental philosophers from yawning and sighing, as forms of embryo classical scholars do, poor things! for at least seven years, over their Latin and Greek grammars. Not, indeed, because the combinations of signs and sounds they are committing to memory present them with ideas too abstruse, but because they do not present them with any ideas at all at first. After, indeed, groping in total darkness among false quantities for three or four out of the seven years, they may arrive, at length, at glimmerings of false glory and lax morality; and, if they have admirable perseverance, the favoured few may finally succeed in filling their imaginations and their memories with a confusion of grossnesses, absurdities, ferocities and unities; the possession of which hidden treasure, without attempting to draw from it any deductions, is indicated by the power of making a few classical quotations and understanding a few classical allusions. To which foundation of a classical education, if their parents can afford them an allowance of four or five hundred per annum, they may, at college, add the gentlemanly accomplishments of giving champagne breakfasts and running in debt.

Is this a preparation either for domestic or for public life? Will this training *incline* the feelings aright, and teach the understanding to *confirm* their choice? If not, it is not the education suited to a moral and intellectual being. That the world under such a system is not much worse than it is, only proves the strength and imperishable nature of the good instincts which God has given us.

But to return from our digression; the delay and interruption likely to be caused by mingling laughable incidents and accidents with chains of reasoning in the manner described above would be anything but time lost. On the contrary, the more of playful suspense there is about each question to be decided, provided the thing be

false worship, or no worship (in other words, a false direction of veneration, or its non-development) are severally the causes of every variety of false conduct.

Admire falsely, and you live devoted to the pursuit of a fallacy! Do not admire at all, and you sink to the level of the lower animals, and lead a life devoted to sensual appetites!

Do you wish your children, then, as far as the commanded progress may be intended to be carried in this world, to "Be perfect even as your Father who is in heaven is perfect," set up before them the mental image of his moral grandeur, and burn on its altar night and day the incense of your own enthusiastic veneration.

If any one should be inclined to say that this is not religion,

well managed, the greater the impression the *decision* will make on young children; and this is the grand point; they have time enough before them if they live. If it took a day, therefore—nay, a week, to arrive thus at one conclusion, would not our little laughing group, in a few months, possess a greater number of truths, applicable by themselves to their own conduct, than many a learned man amasses in a lifetime, although at every literary meal he may have devoured *ready-made* axioms by the page-full? But taking cognizance of assertions made by others, and arriving at conclusions made by ourselves, are two very different operations of the mind. The only species of delay then to be dreaded while thus training the judgment of children is such as would permit their interest in the decision of the will to flag. This, therefore, must be carefully avoided.

Let us return to our little group of youthful students. A mother, with a very moderate talent for sketching could enliven her lessons, and delight her children, by rough drawings, made before them, of the personages of her allegories, grouped according to her purpose; while, pointing with her pencil from one figure to another as she made the speech each was supposed to deliver, she would quickly have her eager spectators running round her to peep over each other's shoulders with the most animated glee.

Nor would there be wanting attempts to make drawings themselves on the subjects; attempts which ought to be encouraged, as tending to impress the ideas on the memory.

Such mental exercises might be infinitely varied, having for their subjects, from time to time, birds, beasts, dolls, cakes, the flying of kites, the sailing of boats, the obliging lending and due returning of toys, and the honourable fulfilment of every little promise and engagement respecting such. While, at the same time, we should take especial care to avail ourselves of every circumstance happening to and around the children themselves, so as to make as many as possible of our lessons resemble more occurrences in their own lives, experiences collected by themselves, than speculative rules; and yet involve, notwithstanding, all the greatest principles necessary to the conduct of after life, while those principles, thus practically impressed on the feelings and affections by this association with real events interesting to and within the comprehension of children, would become landmarks to the moral perceptions never to be removed.

As children are still more forcibly struck and still longer amused by objects which are tangible as well as visible than by pictures only, there could be no objection to furnishing them with toy personages representing the mental faculties on the plan of the Noah's ark for teaching the natural history of animals.

Thus, by handling and grouping on the table, which served as a stage, those allegorical figures, children would acquire the elements of *internal natural history*, or mental philosophy and become as familiar with the powers with which their own minds were furnished, as with the very chairs and tables of the rooms they usually occupied. While the relative rank and authority of those powers, and how to use them in getting at moral truth, being illustrated by the moral dramas enacted by the figures, would be impressed in a manner not likely to be forgotten.

will that person go the step farther and assert that hope of gain and fear of pain are religion? or if he should, will he confess that no gain is so great as the glory and the bliss of becoming thus perfected; no pain so terrible as the consciousness of having forfeited or even postpone such a destiny? and there will remain but little difference of opinion between us.

We cannot desire pain, or cease to desire happiness; but we can learn to seek our happiness from worthy sources.

CHAPTER X.

Another method for enlivening and facilitating moral and intellectual training.

Although the mother has been principally named, it is meant to be understood that in the institutions for teaching moral training, instructions in the whole system should be given in as practical a form as can be devised, not only to mothers themselves and all who hope to be mothers, if they will attend and learn, but also, as far as possible, to all who may ever be called upon either to aid or to replace mothers, and to all intended for teachers, or assistants, or even servants, whether in infant or other schools, or in nurseries; with, of course, the aid of the written forms already spoken of; for only mothers and teachers of great intelligence and much good feeling can be expected to compose the moral tales, &c., themselves.

To this teaching to teach must be added a knowledge of physical training, or of the conditions of health. This knowledge should be given, not only to those destined to have the care of children, but also to all the pupils themselves; as each individual must, in time, become the guardian of his own bodily well-being. Not, indeed, as to the cure of disease, but as to the preservation of health; which, being a moral obligation, should be taught as such; it being self-evident, that he who injures or neglects his powers, whether of body or of mind, cannot fulfil perfectly his relative duties.

Now all duties, fully understood, are relative as well as self-regarding, and self-regarding as well as relative. The old division, therefore, into "self-regarding duties," &c., inferred a great moral fallacy—namely, that any being could innocently separate himself from the one great whole of which he had been created a part. Occasions will not be wanting, when children have made themselves unable for their lessons or other duties by some act of infant intemperance in cake, fruit, &c., to illustrate in a manner they will understand, the principle that every wilful limitation of our powers of usefulness, every wilful retirement, even temporary, from the active duties of our station, is a modification or milder form of the sin of suicide.

One among the many great advantages of applying the light of mental science to moral training, is that by this light mothers will not only see to what faculty to address each lesson, but they will perceive that many feelings which they have been in the habit of fancying should be checked in children, are really but misdirected manifestations of some of their highest and most valuable faculties; and that, therefore, while turning the manifestation of the faculty into a right channel, the greatest care must be taken to encourage and cherish the development and energy of the faculty itself.

The light of mental science shows us, for instance, that to desire the approbation of conscience, representing that of God, so ardently, and to be so wretched when we cannot approve ourselves as to feel compelled to do right, is the real office of the very same mental power which, when neglected, *runs to weed*, and degenerates into idle efforts to obtain applause from those around us for adventitious or worthless distinctions; and to satisfy the cravings of our own hearts after our own approbation by ignorantly endeavouring to take pride to ourselves for such. This contemptible abuse of this noble faculty has led even some moral philosophers to confound the misdirection of the function with the faculty, and speak of desire of approbation as an inferior feeling. Yet, consider but for a moment. Is it the manifestation of an inferior feeling to desire the approbation of God? If not, it is perfectly clear that as we have not several separate faculties with which to desire approbation, that it is the object to which the faculty is directed which is changed, not the faculty, when this abuse occurs; and that, therefore, whether it be our own approbation, the approbation of God, or mere applause generally that we desire; or, whether it be on worthy or unworthy grounds that we expect to be approved of, that is still the same instinctive faculty that acts in desiring the approbation.

People talk of desire of approbation being too strong. It is worse than folly to say so! If a man grasp a worthless object instead of a valuable one, is it because his hand is too strong? Do we endeavour to rectify his judgment by weakening his arm?

Can we think that the desire of approbation can be too strong when we recognise in this faculty the natural *root* whence conscience draws its vitality; and, consequently, whence *educated* conscience, after absorbing into itself the deductions of the understanding, and being associated with enlightened veneration, benevolence, and all the other moral faculties, still holds its power of acting on the *will* as still a *natural emotion*, though now became a *complex emotion*.

Now, it is most important to mothers to understand and remember all this; for when they see clearly that the desire of our own approbation, representing that of God, constitutes the voice of

conscience, and yet that the same natural faculty desires approbation or applause generally, they must perceive that were it possible with the mistaken view of preventing vanity, to harden any being into having no desire of approbation, that being's *conscience* would have no voice. So that when the deductions of the understanding were formed, there would still be no general motive power to act on the *will*. Special cases might awaken special motives; but perceiving a line of conduct to be right or wrong would furnish no general motive for following or avoiding such. The instinct which makes us wretched when we think we do not deserve approbation, or fills us with placid joy when we think we do deserve approbation, is the *root*, the *vital* principle of conscience. Let parents, then, take care not to mutilate the minds of their children as though they knew better than God with what faculties to furnish a soul.

The real business of education, then, is to preserve the energy and activity of every faculty, while directing each habitually to its legitimate object.

We cannot desire the approbation of God and of our own conscience too ardently; we cannot admire moral perfection too intensely. Direct, then, but beware of repressing, the faculties which perform these functions!

Thus, by the light of mental science, a mother sees that when her child seeks applause for childish trifles, or admires idle vanities, she must not *crush* an important mental power because in its undirected activity it had gone astray; that she must not starve an important mental power because, in its untaught eagerness for food, it had been about to swallow poison; but that, on the contrary, she must judge by the intensity of the *moral appetite*, that the faculties which so *craves* is proportionately indispensable to the *moral* existence of the being; and that, therefore, it is her duty to provide the moral instinct with proper nourishment as assiduously as she would have provided food had it been the body of her child which had hungered.

CHAPTER XI.

Vanity an abuse of the faculty the legitimate function of which is to worship.

Being vain, however, is not even an abuse of the desire of approbation. It is, on the contrary, an abuse of the possession of our own approbation. It is approving of ourselves on false, or idle, or insufficient grounds, which is an abuse of self-esteem.

Now the light of mental science shows that the mental act of esteeming ourselves is performed by the same faculty by means of which we are enabled to respect and admire goodness of every

kind, till, by the intensity of our admiration of moral perfection, we arrive at the real worship of God.

Is this faculty to be crushed?

Admiring ourselves more than we deserve, is vanity. Admiring God with all the intensity of which the soul is capable, is piety.

Self-esteem, then, is *veneration* turned inward upon ourselves, whether on true or false grounds, instead of being turned outward on all that is admirable in our fellow-creatures, and heavenward on the moral perfections of the Deity. In each of these various directions of the faculty, it is clearly the object, not the faculty, which has been changed.

Now, it is quite right that a portion of veneration should be turned inward on whatever God has given us of good, or just, or noble in our own souls; and that this self-respect should, through the legitimate value we place on our own approbation, incite us to the cultivation of all our higher faculties, and preserve us from the self-degradation of the undue indulgence of any of our lower propensities. Thus the mother sees, by the light of mental science, that she must not attempt to crush self-esteem because, when ill founded, it is absurd or hurtful, but that she must take care that the faculty does not, from her neglect, miss its high calling, run to weed, and become idle vanity. And, what is of incalculable importance to know and to remember, she sees by the same steady light of mental science applied to moral training, that the only possible way to prevent this running to weed of self-esteem, is to enlighten veneration by directing it to the enthusiastic admiration of all moral greatness and goodness, from the attributes of God downwards to every thing noble, kindly, or worthy in the soul and conduct of all mankind, ourselves included.

The veneration which has been so enlightened will approve of, esteem, or venerate, whether in ourselves or in any other being, only such qualities and such conduct as are worthy of approbation, esteem, or veneration. *Such self-esteem*, then, is only another name for the approbation of an *educated conscience;* for, as we have already seen, it is the enlightening of veneration that educates conscience, by grafting on its natural root those experiences of the other moral faculties, and those deductions of the understanding, which are necessary to the perfecting of the moral sense.

In short, every fresh ray of light obtained from mental science but adds a proof, that when we have been brought to venerate all that is great and good, the *whole soul is educated.* We only puzzle ourselves by giving things a variety of names. Let us turn our attention inward, let us look on at the workings of our own minds, and we shall perceive that all its most important operations, all that decides what sort of character we are, and what shall be the general tenor of our conduct through life, are determined by what we thoroughly, and cordially, and enthusiastically admire.

By this it is not meant to be asserted that our conduct is necessarily guided by our *speculative* opinions; far from it: the actions of very many persons are not at all in harmony with their *speculative* opinions. The admiration amounting to veneration here spoken of, is a sentiment, a feeling, an affection, it might almost be said, a passion; while, beyond a doubt, the noble ambition of the soul which it awakens to resemble that which we thus admire, has all the fervour of passion. It is the germ of fitness for a future and higher state of being, given to be cultivated from the cradle to the grave, and thence transplanted into eternity. This ambition of the soul once awakened will govern the life; for, though people do not always live as they *think*, nor as they *speak*, nor yet as they *write*, they do, invariably, live as they habitually *feel!*

Now we have seen, that the faculty which urges us to form our lives on the model we feel to be admirable is the desire of our own approbation, representing within us the voice of God, and implanted in us for the purpose of exciting in us that inward virtue or elevation of our own inclinations above temptation which is necessary to purity, and which, without loving virtue we could no more attain to by the mere conviction of the understanding, than a bird could fly by means of its feet without the aid of its wings.

We have also seen, that the natural craving for approbation, by even the most ignorant of how to merit such, is *evidently the soul's instinct of self-preservation*. Nay, that of the body, as though it knew, intuitively, the inferiority of its office, gives way before this of the soul. A fact which the history of mankind indisputably proves.

At the shrine of even false glory, have not whole armies and whole nations been found ready to lay down their lives that they might die approving of themselves, and obtain for their memories after death the approbation of their fellow-men? During the Grecian, the Roman, the Judal, all the warlike ages, did not, with scarcely an exception, every boy that was born grow up willing to fling away his life for false glory? And why? Because the instinct of veneration urged him to worship; and the instinct of desire of approbation urged him to resemble what he worshipped; and during, infancy and childhood, he saw every one around him worshipping false glory; and, *therefore*, his sympathies awakened by example, he learnt to worship false glory with the whole enthusiasm of his soul's mistaken ambition.

Does not this sufficiently *prove* that, on the broad *averages* of history, the great principle—namely, that what we admire we strive to assimilate ourselves to, is sufficiently *universal* to defy the *varieties of individual character*, and give *one stamp* to a *whole age* or *nation;* and that, therefore, it is but fair to conclude, that in all future ages and nations *whole generations of*

children may be, on an average, made to grow up of the *type* or *class* of character which they shall be *in childhood inspired to admire* with enthusiasm. This conclusion seems to amount to a self-evident proposition.

Among the lower propensities, those most necessary to the preservation of the individual and of the species are the strongest, and therefore, when misdirected, have done the most mischief in their sphere. In like manner, among the higher faculties, those which are destined, when enlightened, to elevate the soul of man to its utmost attainable perfection, are those which have, while misdirected, most devastated the world; doubtless in consequence of the irrepressible fire and force with which they have been endowed for the ultimate fulfilment of their high mission!

And the very reason why false glory, false honour, romantic chivalry, and even the various fanaticisms of superstition, have so easily deceived the soul, seems to be this,—that all these mistaken objects were less low than grovelling animal appetites; and that the soul, naturally hating degradation, has endeavoured to rise on the worship of each in turn; while each, in turn, has produced its race of men, each living according to the *fallacy* they worshipped, yet all having more affinity with spiritual nature, showing more signs of the soul within them than the mere matter-of-fact animal of daily routine, with no ambition above his personal comfort. So that even in their abuses, and notwithstanding the wide-spread mischiefs those abuses have wrought, these soul-stirring principles have always had their use; for, in the absence of true enthusiasm and true ambition, man, without false enthusiasm and false ambition, must have sunk into a state of animal degradation scarcely a step removed from the mere beasts of the field. But still, the incongruity of each and all of those erroneous ambitions and superstitions with the natural roots of the faculties of benevolence, justice, and reason, has prevented the soul's worship of any of them, being satisfying to the instinct implanted within us whereby to adore that we may emulate perfection!

When, however, we see what heroic sacrifices have been made for soul-stirring principles, even when mistaken ones; what wonders have been wrought by enthusiasm, even when the grounds of that enthusiasm have been false, surely our path is clearly traced out for us. Let it be our endeavour to raise enthusiasm on true grounds, by presenting to the worship of the soul those principles which are in harmony with all the natural laws of her inward being, those soul-stirring principles, the harmony of which with the soul herself consciousness can look within and trace. Such enthusiasm cannot, like the various false enthusiasms, be extinguished by the breaking in of further light: once arisen, it must continue to rule the moral and intellectual day of which its rising had been the dawn.

As, then, enthusiasm and ambition, under some of their many Proteus shapes, have always been the strongest motive-engines of the human mind, we may fairly conclude that they will for ever continue to be such. But the enthusiasm, to be inextinguishable, must be that which the veneration of moral perfection excites; the ambition, that of the soul to attain to such perfection!

An objector may arise and say that such ambition is ill suited to the sordid, money-getting propensities of our nineteenth century. But he would be mistaken. The sordid, money-getting propensities of our nineteenth century, are so many altars raised by instinct to an unknown God! The worshippers of Mammon feel the smothered flame within them; they know not how to be great by moral and intellectual *grandeur;* they fain would be so by the only means they understand—accumulated riches.

In short, from the child that shoes its new shows to Alexander weeping for a second world to subdue, it is still the immortal soul stirring beneath the weight of ignorance, and striving to rise above the mere daily routine of feeding the body.

This exertion of moral ideality, or of the power of forming to ourselves the idea of perfect goodness and greatness, together with that beautifully adjusted link in the mental laws between ardent admiration and ultimate assimilation, have been thus insisted upon and oft repeated, because they involve the great purifying, elevating, and spiritualizing principle of our nature, and mark (by the most decided line of demarcation) the distinction between the faculties of man and those of the lower animals.* For the lower animals do reason, though in an inferior degree, and do possess certain instincts of attachment, sometimes in a superior degree; but they *certainly do not* possess the power of forming within their own minds the mental image of moral and intellectual perfection, and of admiring that image with an intensity and enthusiasm which awaken the sympathies of the moral sentiments, and elevate the desire of approbation out of a mere instinct into the noble ambition of the soul to assimilate itself with the mental image thus perceived.

All inspiration, and all appreciation of the ideal, even in the fine arts, is derived from *some particle* of this sentiment; and no animal but man is capable of feeling *any particle* of inspiration!

[We have much pleasure in stating, that this able and eloquent essay from the pen of Mrs. Loudon, one of the most original and gifted writers of the present day, is but the first of a series which will appear in successive numbers.—Ed.]

* Some writers have been so much at a loss to point out a difference, which was not of degree, that they have seriously suggested, as the distinguishing attribute of our species, man's being "the only *laughing animal.*"

THE GLEE-SINGERS;[1]

OR,

THE GUELPHS AND GHIBELLINES.

CHAPTER X.

Compare her beauty and my youth together,
And you will find the fair effects of love
No miracle at all.

Webster.

The morning after the festival of La Donati, Buondelmonte presented himself as a visitor at the Palazzo. The widow had anticipated his visit, and was ready to receive him with no other companions than her daughter and Carlo.

In order to try the power of contrast, she had previously directed Imma to wear the dress to which she had been accustomed in the convent. It was that of a novice, but without the white veil; a loose black robe with hanging sleeves, and gathered round the waist by a black silk rope. Her beautiful hair, released from the confinement of tight braids, was suffered to fall upon her shoulders in luxuriant and graceful curls. The young noble was, if possible, still more struck with her loveliness than even he had been the night before. The black dress set off to the utmost advantage her uncommon fairness, and suited the character of her serene and innocent countenance. Radiantly beautiful in full dress, simply and touchingly beautiful in her plain convent garb, she seemed *another* yet the *same* exquisite Imma.

Buondelmonte sat gazing on her and looking away his heart, and replying at random to the desultory conversation of the widow and Carlo. He forgot Amidea—all the Amidei; and La Donati took care that no word of hers should remind him of them to startle him aside in the middle of his career, ere he reached the goal she had set for him. Imma, with a secret instinct, avoided their names also; perhaps she too forgot them; and Buondelmonte was then all the world to her, and the present hour a life, unheeding of past or future.

Something the widow spoke of compliment to Buondelmonte on his singing; Imma looked her approval—she was too timid to speak it; but Buondelmonte understood her expressive look, and

[1] Continued from page 441, vol. XLII.

was more gratified than he would have been by the eulogiums of all Florence.

It was not merely to flatter *him* that the Signora Donati introduced the subject, but to find a pretext for causing Imma to sing. Affecting a wish to know from such a competent judge if her daughter had been properly instructed, she desired her to sing one of the chants she had learned in the convent at Livorno. Imma, blushing and timid, but not unwilling (for she knew her powers), obeyed her mother's command, or rather, complied with the earnest request of Buondelmonte. She sang to an old and beautiful chant the hymn "Te Lucis ante," &c. She had been well taught, her voice was sweet, expressive, and flexible; just of such intonation as suited the style of her gentle beauty. The solemn religious chant was in unison with her novice garb and her innocent loveliness; her song, her countenance, her appearance, all were harmony.

Buondelmonte was so affected tha the knew not how to express his feelings. A few enthusiastic expressions of delight were all he ventured to utter; but his eyes and his varying colour said enough to the widow, and too much to Imma. He was so thoroughly in love, that he forgot time, place, and etiquette. In those early days society in Florence lay under less restrictions than it did in after times. The Florentines were then a social, cheerful, and even garrulous people. In after years, when the Medici became their tyrannical masters, they changed their manners, and grew formal, reserved, and taciturn. But even at the period of which we write, etiquette had its laws, and Buondelmonte was sadly outraging them by the protracted length of his visit; besides the risk he was unconsciously making the widow incur of his being found there in a state of enchantment by some intrusive and gossiping visitor.

Her end was answered for this day, and she was anxious to get rid of him while all was well. But his lengthened stay was now inflicting a sort of petty torment on her mind—the first-fruits of the bitter harvest sown by dishonourable schemes. At last she gave a significant glance to the watchful and *understanding* Carlo, who, gliding out of the room, sent a domestic to say that the maestro di casa (or house steward) requested an audience of his lady; and Buondelmonte starting, and perceiving that his continued presence would be an intrusion, took his leave of the mother with *words*, of the daughter with *looks*.

Alone in his Palazzo, Buondelmonte remembered that he was expected at the Palazzo Amidei that evening, to consult with men of the law concerning some documents to be prepared relative to his marriage. He felt a sadness and almost a disgust at the recollection. He now knew that his *love* was given to Imma, and only his *esteem* to Amidea; his heart had chosen Imma, his friends Amidea; and worse, if possible, *she* had not chosen *him*.

Were it not for his political engagement, he would have had the gratifying triumph of being the first love of Imma's innocent bosom; all Amidea's first and freshest feelings had been given to another, and he was but second there: an humbling idea when he thought of what he might have been to Imma.

How cordially he wished no cloud had ever interposed between Florestan and Amidea; or that some unexpected event would discover Florestan living and acquitted; but he felt that wish was mere delirium. He thought of many things, but never once of deliberately breaking his contract; it had gone too far; his honour was implicated; and he deemed he had firmness enough to fulfil his now distasteful engagement.

But what to do with respect to Imma? her society was dangerous to his peace. At first he determined never to see her more till he met her a married man. Then, with a lover's sophistry, he said to himself *that* would be a difficult matter amid the society of their native city; that it would be better for him to accustom himself at once to her fatal charms, till habit, and the necessity of combatting them, had lessened their impression. He concluded neither to seek nor to shun her, but to be led by circumstances; forgetful that a strong-minded man would *govern* circumstances by his own resolution. And finally, he determined that when they met he would scrupulously abstain from any attempt to render himself interesting to her, unconscious that his own love for her would involuntarily render that resolution nugatory.

In this mood of honourable meaning, but of depression and secret dissatisfaction, he repaired to the Palazzo Amidei, where, besides Almanno, he met the near kinsmen of the family, Stiatta Uberti and Oderigo Fifanti. They spoke to him of arrangements, of legal business; he heard them with indifference; his heart was not in the subject; it was too much occupied with sad feelings to find room for the promptings of self-interest. He suggested nothing, objected to nothing; but, with the listlessness of depression, suffered the Amidei to direct, and arrange, and dictate as they would. And this indifference they mistook for the careless generosity of Buondelmonte's character: so often and so easily are we deceived in the source of each other's actions.

When the interview of business was over, Buondelmonte repaired to the apartment of Amidea; partly because he knew it would be expected of him, partly because he hoped in her presence to combat with some success his troubled feelings. He found her alone with Padre Severino as depressed and as agitated as himself, but with less concealment. She was, however, glad to see him; for, with more candour than *he* at that time possessed, she wished to speak to him on the subject uppermost in her mind.

Extending her hand to him, she greeted him with a languid smile, and with the friendly familiarity which their mutual position sanctioned—

"Ben venuto Giovanni, I wished to speak to you on a matter of which I have been thinking much, particularly to-day; and to beg, first your indulgence and then your assistance, in what must appear to you a foolish fancy, and which even to myself sometimes seems hardly a reasonable one."

"You, Amidea, have an unreasonable fancy! impossible! But speak, and command me."

And now Amidea hesitated and coloured—"The Glee-singers," she faltered.

"What of them?" asked Buondelmonte.

She gathered courage. "I scarce know why, but I have imagined, from the tenor of some of their songs, that they have been acquainted with," . . . . she paused.

"With Bastiani?" said Buondelmonte.

She made a sign of assent.

He added—"I have conceived the same idea."

"Then," resumed Amidea, "perhaps it is very foolish, but I feel a restless desire to speak to them. There was much that was contradictory in *his* fate, and the total disappearance of that unhappy nun is mysterious. These men might explain all that seems obscure."

"And what then?" observed Padre Severino. "Could they bring back the dead? What can avail aught that you might learn?"

"Thus much," she answered; "mystery is attractive to the thoughts; while it exists it will employ them. Were it cleared away the tantalizing interest would cease, and my wavering conjectures be at rest for ever."

"And what are these conjectures?" asked Buondelmonte.

She answered with a sigh—"Sometimes I fancy that the accused might have been innocent, or at least more excusable than we have hitherto believed."

"Alas! replied Buondelmonte, "I once thought so too—once hoped to have cleared the fame of the brave dead; but my hopes were vain. I told you of my former interview with the bass-singer, and the questions he asked concerning some unknown female; but I concealed a part of what passed lest it should give you pain. But it is right I should disclose it now, for your own guidance." And he related to her the expressions of hate and accusation used by Valdo against the memory of Florestan.

Amidea, shocked and disappointed, was silent a few moments, but soon resumed—

"Then he *did* know that unhappy man; let me question him; let me follow this urgent impulse. I may learn something valuable, though painful; something that will call home my wandering thoughts for ever."

Buondelmonte looked at the priest; the old man replied to his look—

"Be it so, my son; I have reasoned with her in vain; and I yield the more readily, because in my experience through life I have found that where there is some strong and apparently unaccountable impulse on the mind, it is best to follow it if its tendency be not evil. In opposing it we may oppose some salutary though mysterious influence."

Buondelmonte assented; and it was arranged that he should remain with Amidea and Padre Severino till they heard the voices of the Glee-singers without; and then that he should endeavour to bring them into the court of the Palazzo at least, and aid Amidea in her purposed interview.

Of the three that sat together at the window in the twilight listening for a distant sound, the old alone was calm; the young were agitated. But *he* was near the end of the voyage of life—*he* was already in the still waters of the haven—*they* were far without, tossing on the variable high seas of youth.

CHAPTER XI.

> Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
> Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
> That ever yet they heard.
>
> *Macbeth.*

That night the Glee-singers entered Florence at a later hour than usual. The moon rose full and clear, and lent to the city a sombre loveliness far surpassing its noon-day appearance; for Florence in those days boasted none of its present most remarkable architectural beauties. Neither the grand cathedral of Santa Maria del Fiore, the Convent of the Jesuits, nor the sumptuous Palazzo Pitti, nor the beautiful Bridge of the Trinity, were then in existence.

As the Glee-singers traversed the streets, partly illuminated by the moon, partly wrapped in shadow, they found them nearly deserted, except where some matron of the lower class, in her short green petticoat, grey corset, canvass shoes, and large white coif, was drawing water for the morrow's demands from a massive stone fountain; or where some friar, in his cowl and dark serge robes, was returning from visiting a sick bed to his friary—the black recesses of whose arches relieved with their shade the general spread of light on the grey walls, and the dark trees of the cemetery behind lifted their branching heads high above the surrounding wall.

As the Glee-singers advanced, they passed many a palace of the nobility towering above the humbler dwellings in their vicinity, and casting a broad black shadow. They resembled for-

tresses rather than palaces; they displayed no graceful colonnade, no light portico. They were huge square stone masses, having innumerable narrow windows with heavy stone mullions, arched entrances elevated by steps above the ground, and ornamented with armorial bearings, battlements, and turrets full of loop-holes, and studded with iron rings to receive torches. All along the walls a stone ledge jutted out in the manner of a bench, and a cornice projecting over it from the upper story formed a kind of canopy for the benefit of the retainers and menials when lounging there to enjoy the fresh air and the "delicioso far niente." * Wherever the gate of one of these palaces lay open, the eye could catch within a view of a square court with numerous doors and windows in the building that formed its sides, some trees, a fountain, and a grate leading to a kind of garden. A square tower—often 150 feet high—rose in the centre of the front over the grand gate of the palaces of the "Nobles of the Tower," or *Nobili della Torre;* and a massive square lodge marked the entrance to the palaces of the "Nobles of the Lodge," or *Nobili della Loggia.* The great number of these fortress-like edifices gave to Florence the aspect of a "City of the Nobles, a city of individual power." †

As the Glee-singers proceeded they remarked, through various openings, the Arno gliding along and reflecting the dancing moon-beams from its waters—the ruins of some Roman building, theatre, or thermes—the city walls—the iron-studded city gate—and beyond and overtopping all, the dark and mighty Apennines.

They paused for awhile on the Ponte Vecchio, or Old Bridge, where stood the ancient and mutilated statue of Mars, who, in the days of Paganism, was the tutelar deity of the city when founded by the Romans and called Florentia. Above them shone the moon, with its purest lustre, in a dark blue sky; beneath them murmured the glittering Arno, and at a little distance rose the massive form of a church, through whose windows gleamed the red glare of torches that lighted the religious at their late devotions, and contrasted with the pure pale rays that illuminated the cypresses of the burying-ground, and glinted upon the neighbouring houses, and silvered the thin smoke before it faded into the quiet air.

The Glee-singers remained a few minutes on the bridge; Brunetto gazing on the lighted windows of the church; Valdo leaning over the parapet of the bridge, watching the gliding moon-lit waters; and Antonio seated at the foot of the old statue of Mars, contemplating its time-worn, weather-beaten trunk. As he looked upon it he sighed, and thought—This poor wreck of past ages, many houseless midnight wanderers, perhaps, have rested at

* The delicious doing nothing. † Sismondi.

its feet as I do; but none, none, through all the centuries that have elapsed since first it was placed here, so heart-sick, so weary of existence as I am. Would that it might witness my release!

Antonio little thought how nearly his wish should be accomplished. His mental eye was spared the prophetic vision of that scene of death soon to be acted on that very spot—the tide of mingled blood soon to stain the base of that very statue.

How strange is the destiny of human wishes! We may reiterate wishes of happiness and peace for ourselves and for our friends, and they are borne away by the idle winds; they are lost, and never fructify: but if, in an impatient moment, we querulously utter one wish of evil import, it is caught up, as it were, by some lurking and malignant sprite, and brought to its fulfilment when we least expect and desire it.

Ah! where slumbers our good angel while our evil genius is so watchful and so prompt? Is it that our best wishes have on them such a stain of earth, such a taint of worldliness, that our good angel will not sully himself by becoming their bearer; while malignant powers hurry on the penalty due to our impatience and distrust? When, in our petulance, we *do* breathe evil wishes, it is our just punishment that they are fulfilled.

After a short delay the Glee-singers left the Ponte Vecchio, and proceeded till they reached the Palazzo Amidei; and there Brunetto halted, and, leaning against an opposite wall, fixed his eyes on the windows of Amidea's apartment, where the lights within permitted him to catch glimpses of some indistinct figures. He seemed absorbed in a reverie, and stood still for some minutes, regardless of his comrades, who were waiting for him to proceed.

At length Valdo broke in upon his musings.

"What, comrade, are you composing a song on the instability of woman's affections? The lady of that palace may inspire you; she has already forgotten her first love, and has clasped hands with a second in the brief space of a few months."

"Speak more reverently," said Brunetto, in a voice trembling with emotion; "speak more reverently of a noble sacrifice of personal feelings to public peace."

"Nay," replied Valdo, "I ought not to blame *her*, though fickleness is so woman-like; *she* had no right to be faithful to the memory of an unworthy lover. But I am cross and unreasonable. While we were gazing on the Arno, I was thinking of a female phantom, beautiful, but unstable as its glittering waters, till my brain began to turn. Come, let us sing, that I may compose myself."

Brunetto assented, though his voice was unsteady, and the trio began to prelude together. The moment these sounds were heard, the windows and doors of the neighbouring houses were

opened, and many persons came forward to listen to the Glee-singers. Their song was one in praise of the Emperor Frederic, but tradition has preserved only a few desultory verses:—

* * * * * * *

Is there a name in story
Of fame more bright than thine,
Boy-hero! wise and gallant,
Imperial Ghibelline?

Grey wily heads have gather'd
To plot thine early fall;
But thy young fair brow hath risen
Unscath'd above them all.

The mighty have withstood thee
With spear and triple shield;
But the sword of thy youthful valour
Hath struck them from the field.

And sweet 'mid the camp's wild clamour,
Sweet 'mid the shrill war-cries,
To our enraptured ear the echoes
Of thy poet-lyre arise.

* * * * * * *

Men! have ye hearts that honour
The warrior's glorious fame;
Or own, with tender feeling,
The poet's holier claim?

Then come from hill and valley;
Come where his trophies shine,
And round the hero rally—
Th' Imperial Ghibelline.

The lyre and sword—the poet-warrior—the Glee-singers could not have presented their hero to Italian imaginations in more attractive colours. The effect upon their younger hearers was such as they intended, and so loud a clamour of applause rose at the end of the song as caused a surly old Guelph artisan to growl out his disapprobation:—

"I marvel the podesta does not interfere with these nightly vagabonds, who disturb the repose of honest citizens by yelping their factious songs."

"Yelping!" cried a woman in the crowd; '*Valti col malanno*, thou old Guelph cur; thou art more likely to yelp—ay, and to snarl too, at every turn. Yelp, indeed! those sweet voices the saints might delight in. Santa Maria! but I wish well to the Ghibellines; theirs must needs be a right cause that engages such goodly young minstrels."

A lad of the lower class flung up his cap, exclaiming, "*Viva Federigo!* I am for him and the Ghibellines—ready to do battle to-morrow."

"How now, Cecco! a changeling?" cried the old Guelph; "thou wert wont to be one of us."

"That," rejoined the youth, "was before I was made to feel so wrapped up, so queer, so drunk-like by the songs of these Ghibellines. *Cospetto!* I could kill all the Guelphs while I am listening to those voices."

"Who would change for a song?" cried some Guelphs.

"Who could resist such music?" replied the Ghibellines. "It is as sweet as our church choirs which call our souls to heaven.

The Glee-singers extricated themselves from the group, which was becoming turbulent, and were about to pass on, when a small side door in the Palazzo Amidei opened; Buondelmonte appeared at it, and beckoned to the trio. They went up to him, but Brunetto placed himself in the shade, half turned away from the noble Guelph, with his broad-leafed hat flapped over his brow and his mantle muffled up round his face.

Buondelmonte accosted them in a low tone. "I know your repugnance to enter our dwellings; but I trust you will not, in courtesy, refuse to come into a private court of this palace, and speak with a person who earnestly desires it."

Valdo started, and said somewhat abruptly, "I consent."

"And you?" said Buondelmonte interrogatively to Brunetto; but the latter turned away his head, and made a silent but significant gesture of refusal."

"Nay," said the young Florentine, "you cannot be so discourteous as to refuse a lady."

The words were electric; Brunetto darted away up the dark side of the street, and Valdo, exclaiming, "A lady! who? where?" rushed through the door, followed by Antonio and Buondelmonte.

They entered a private court enclosed by high walls, and darkened by ilex trees planted thickly round. One side of the court was formed by a dim and retired colonnade, at the further end of which was a flight of stone stairs leading to Amidea's oratory. The door above was soon opened, and Amidea, clinging to Padre Severino's arm, began to descend with him.

Antonio stepped aside under a dark arch, where he remained unnoticed; but Valdo, the moment he saw a priest and a female, rushed towards them, exclaiming—"Welcome once more! oh, welcome! if this holy father does but present thee to me penitent as the sinful and forgiven Magdalen."

He checked himself as Amidea came nearer.

"But no; this figure is too tall for *hers*. Oh, noble Florentines," he continued, addressing himself to the padre and Amidea, who were silent from surprise; "oh, noble Florentines, where is she? and has she really desired to seek me?"

"Young man, you rave," replied the priest; "we know not of whom you speak."

"Pardon me, father," rejoined Valdo; "I am in search of one who is lost to me. When my presence was required here, I gladly believed that, by some happy chance, she was in this palace—that she had recognised my voice. In pity tell me, do I deceive myself?"

"Alas! my son, you do. We have only requested your presence here to ask after a person who might have been known to you formerly, as you and your comrades are Ghibellines."

Amidea here touched Buondelmonte's arm, and whispered to him, "Speak;" and he in compliance addressed Valdo.

"I once before inquired, did you know the unfortunate Captain Florestan Bastiani?"

"And I cursed his name," interrupted Valdo, impetuously; "and I curse it again. I knew him as the betrayer of dedicated innocence."

Amidea shuddered, but, commanding herself, said, "Such is the common accusation against him, but he ever denied its truth. Perhaps he might have been less guilty than the world pronounced him; and that unhappy woman never appeared to substantiate the charge."

"Ay, that unhappy woman," said Valdo, musingly; "where did he hide her?—in the bowels of the earth? Lady, I think I know you, and I guess at the feeling that prompts your doubts. For your own peace-sake, believe me; believe my solemn assurance, Bastiani was guilty. I am a witness of his guilt, for I have been a victim by it; his crime has destroyed my happiness."

"How?" asked Buondelmonte, eagerly; "what connection had *you* with Bastiani?"

"Good signor, with your permission, that is my secret. It may not comport with the success of a search in which I am engaged to tell you that."

"But why?" observed Buondelmonte. "Need we believe your bare word when you will give us no proof?"

"For that lady's sake I will give *her* a proof that I have reason to accuse Bastiani. Ma donna, a word with you alone. Believe it; be silent, and banish the memory of the unworthy."

He led Amidea aside with a courteous manner, and whispered to her a few words. She clasped her hands, and exclaimed aloud, "I can doubt no longer;" and, retiring to the padre, hung upon his arm in silent anguish; and Valdo, apparently impatient of further questions, saluted the group and hastily retired.

As soon as he had quitted the court Antonio came timidly forward.

"Lady," said he in a low apprehensive voice to Amidea, "hear me a moment."

Buondelmonte immediately recognised him, and said, "This is the melancholy boy, the treble singer."

Antonio approached Amidea, and caught hold of her mantle with a suppliant air. "Signora, pardon me in your goodness if I appear presumptuous; are not you the lady of the Amidei who was once ——" he hesitated.

"The betrothed of Captain Bastiani?" interposed the priest. "It is the same."

"Then let me conjure you, give no longer heed to any suggestion of his possible innocence. I swear to you, on the solemn faith of a dying person, that he was guilty, and even of more than has ever been openly charged against him."

"And who are you," said Buondelmonte, "that ventures to load the dead with an additional burden of accusation?"

"One that knew him too well," answered Antonio. "For that lady's sake I will tell you more than I ever thought to have told till my last hour. But promise—nay, swear, to keep my secret."

The three Florentines gave their solemn promise.

"Know, then," said Antonio, "I am the best witness of Bastiani's guilt, for I was an accomplice in the flight of Rosara from the convent."

The priest uttered an exclamation of horror; Antonio continued:—

"But I have suffered deeply, and my life is one unvarying penance. Lady, you deem it favourable to Bastiani's memory that his victim never appeared to attest his guilt. He guarded well against such danger."

"Alas!" cried Amidea, wringing her hands in an agony of feeling, "with what new crime do you charge the memory of that unhappy man?"

"With the murder of Rosara," replied Antonio, in a low but firm tone.

Amidea moaned, as if from a sudden wound; but Buondelmonte exclaimed, "Impossible! Florestan, the mild gentle Florestan a murderer! impossible! He might have been enamoured of a handsome nun; he might have carried her off in the impetuosity of passion; and in the court and camp are many who would have held that but a venial offence. But murder!——No, boy; this is too much for our credulity."

"It is true," persisted Antonio. "I saw when he laid murderous hands upon her in a lonely spot of the Apennines."

"You *saw*?" said Buondelmonte; "then you are an accomplice in murder. This must be looked to." And he drew close to Antonio, who trembled violently.

"Not an accomplice," he said; "no! but an involuntary abhorrent spectator. Let me pass, signor. Fool that I was to have spoken."

But Buondelmonte still barred his egress, and Antonio, in excessive alarm, turned imploringly to each of the others.

"Oh, gentle lady, if woman's heart can pity the outcast; oh, holy priest, if the sincerest of penitents can ask compassion, let me pass; let me go free to my comrades, and forget the dreadful words I have uttered but for that lady's peace alone."

"Let him pass," said Amidea, shuddering and covering her face; "I have heard too much."

"Let him pass," said Padre Severino, "and let us be silent ever henceforth on these dreadful occurrences, for our poor Amidea's sake."

"Yet one word," said Buondelmonte to Antonio. "You have flung upon a soldier's grave a reproach which never lighted there before. If you wish us to believe, you tell us, at least, who you are."

"No," replied Antonio, firmly; "I will say no more were the rack before me."

Buondelmonte, naturally impetuous and chafed at the answer, laid his hand hurriedly on Antonio's collar, who now, in an agony of terror, screamed aloud for help.

Help was at hand. Valdo, who had been loitering without, looking for Antonio, heard his cry, and, dashing suddenly in at the door of the court, snatched the boy from the half-unconscious grasp of the young noble.

"What, signor!" said he to Buondelmonte, "is this your courtesy to the weak and friendless? We will take care how we entrust ourselves with you again;" and instantly disappeared, carrying Antonio in his arms in a pitiable state of agitation, and leaving the three Florentines in a stupor of surprise, grief, and horror.

CHAPTER XII.

Though this be madness, yet there's method in it.
Hamlet.

When Brunetto darted away from Buondelmonte at the Palazzo Amidei, he hurried through the streets with the rapid motion of a steed rushing from some object that has startled him. When he reached the gate of the city it was closed; and, resolving to wait for his comrades, he sat down upon a broken pillar that lay on the ground close at hand. His thoughts were occupied by the required interview at the Palazzo Amidei, and he began to wonder at the delay of Valdo and Antonio.

"What can she have to say to them?" thought he. "What? unless to ask them of Florestan. Yet why should she preserve

one remembrance of him. Perhaps, with fond and credulous faith, she tries to believe that her heart was not given to one so unworthy as the world deems. But what could Valdo or Antonio tell her? Nothing but common report; *they* could know nothing more; but *I* could have rooted her as spell-bound to the earth, while the night of the seven sleepers would have seemed too short for her questions. But here at length come my mysterious comrades."

And he rose to meet Valdo, who came at a quick pace, carrying Antonio in his arms. The boy drooped his head on the shoulder of his athletic friend, whose motions he did not in the least impede by the slight burden of his delicate and wasted form.

"What is the matter?" asked Brunetto. "Is Antonio ill?"

"I fear so," replied Valdo. "Let us hasten to our retreat."

"First let me relieve you of your charge," said Brunetto, taking the feeble boy in his arms.

They approached the gate, and craved permission to pass. They were now so well known in Florence, and held in such favour on account of their voices and their inoffensive demeanour, that they readily obtained egress; besides, the person in command was fortunately a Ghibelline. They passed—

"Now let us onward," said Valdo, "and not delay ourselves with questions and answers."

And they hastened on in silence, interrupted only by the soothings addressed from time to time by the two young men to their drooping comrade.

They were well lighted on their solitary way by the moon, which shone with great splendour in a sky rendered clear by a slight autumnal frost. Their course now ran along a road bordered by lofty trees, whose branches, thinned of their leaves, admitted many a beam to glance upon a simple cross of wood, or a stone statue of the Virgin, as these objects peeped forth from some picturesque nook.

Now they emerged upon a wide and open plain, unbrokenly illuminated by the full moon, that seemed to sleep in the sky amid the incessant scintillations of the stars. At length their path wound around the ledge of a hill which commanded a varied landscape in all the soft indistinctness of distance, and the beautiful clear obscure of moonlight and shadow. A valley sprinkled with a few cottages, olive gardens, vineyards, pastures, and stubble fields in their late autumnal garb; the Arno winding silently away, clumps of the tall, straight Lombardy poplar, a small white chapel, the ruins of some ancient temple, and, far away, the towers of a monastery on the slope of a hill, just peeping above a black wood of pines; and, closing the prospect, the dark, gigantic Appennines.

The Glee-singers then began to descend the rough, brambly,

and untrodden sides of one of the lofty steeps that enclosed their own solitary valley. On entering their wilderness, they traced their way through its half-lighted chaos of rocks, stones, weeds, and briars, by the guidance of the murmuring stream, and gladly opened the door of the lonely hermitage.

It is a pity that there is no word in Italian equivalent to our English "home;" for these young men *then* warmly experienced the home feeling, though they could not express it. Dreary and desolate as the hermitage was, still it was their home, their scene of liberty and unrestraint, of retreat from the world, and they were masters there.

Brunetto immediately busied himself in kindling the smouldering embers on their rude hearth, and supplying with fresh fuel the cheerful little fire that he produced. Valdo sat down beside it on a goat-skin, and supported Antonio in his arms. Brunetto, raising himself from his occupation, at last asked Valdo with some emotion—

"Why were you wanted at the Palazzo Amidei?"

"To be questioned on a very disagreeable subject—the crime of that convent robber, the famous Captain Bastiani. The lady of that Palazzo, and the good-natured Guelph Buondelmonte, seemed incredulous as to the extent at least of the guilt of their quondam friend."

"The saints bless them for it!" ejaculated Brunetto, fervently.

"Why?" inquired Valdo, surprised; "why are you pleased with foolish incredulity?"

"Because," replied Brunetto, "Florestan was my comrade, my most intimate friend; and I *know* he has been cruelly wronged. But what did you say to the lady of the Palazzo Amidei?"

"Why, quite the reverse of what you have just said. I told her Bastiani was a wretch, and my bitter enemy; for by his crimes I am the outcast you see."

"Valdo! Valdo!" cried Brunetto, bitterly, "you know not what you say. How could you, unauthorised, pour this poison into the ears of these noble Florentines."

"San Pietro!" exclaimed Valdo, "the world is going mad. After the man has been fairly tried, and justly condemned, and is buried in a foreign land, some phantom seems to have risen from his grave to set people doubting. I believe I should scarcely have convinced yon lady, but for a proof I gave her that I knew Bastiani's guilt."

"A proof!" said Brunetto, trembling with agitation. "Be equally candid with me, the bosom friend of Florestan; give me your proof."

Valdo hesitated a moment.

"We have lived together," he said, "for some time in this solitude, utter strangers to each other; we must, by the Empe-

ror's desire continue to live here yet awhile. Well, to prevent strife between us on the subject of your friend's criminality, I *will* tell you why I can testify to it,—I am the brother of Rosara!"

Brunetto started, looked fixedly at Valdo for awhile; then taking his hand gently, said—

"Brother of Rosara, I sincerely pity you!"

A pause ensued, during which Brunetto seemed to be reflecting. He spoke—

"You have reason indeed, good Valdo, to think Florestan the destroyer of your peace; but believe me, believe his closest friend, who never lost sight of him in Sienna, he never even *saw* your sister."

"Then, said Valdo, petulantly, "all is delusion; my sister is innocent, and still in her convent; Florestan's trial was a dream, and he is alive and in high honour."

"Alas!" replied Brunetto, "all is true except the accusation against Florestan."

"Who then was the criminal?" asked Valdo, contemptuously.

"*That* I would give worlds to know," rejoined Brunetto. "It is to find a clue to the mystery, if happily I may, that I am here. Let me ask you an important question,—Did you ever see your sister's lover?"

"Never," answered Valdo.

"If you had seen him," resumed Brunetto, "I could (with the Emperor's permission) give you indisputable proof that Florestan was not the person."

Antonio, who had hitherto seemed to pay no attention to what was passing, now suddenly raised his head and said to Valdo in a low tone—

"I am faint, come with me into the pure air."

Valdo instantly rose, carried Antonio out of the hermitage, and placed him beside himself on a large flat stone at some distance from their dwelling. Brunetto remained within, buried in deep thought, and gazing abstractedly upon the fire.

As Valdo and Antonio sat together in the night air, the latter whispered to his companion—

"I wished to speak with you, Valdo, unheard by our comrade. I fear him, I scarce know why, unless it be because he was the the friend of a bold, bad man. *He*, it is true, has always been gentle and kind to me, but my spirit seems rebuked before him. And he is trying to deceive you, Valdo, when he says his comrade was innocent. Dear Valdo, you have been as a brother to me ever since we met in the Apennines, and I cannot bear to see you deceived; believe *me* Bastiani is even more guilty than the world knows."

"Boy!" said Valdo, astonished, "who are you that speak so confidently of these evil things?"

"One," replied Antonio, "who knew this Bastiani but too well. I have been in dread and in danger to-night by speaking truth at the Palazzo Amidei; but *you*—I may trust *you*—swear to me that you will not abandon me, nor curse me for what I shall tell you."

"I swear it," said Valdo, solemnly.

"Then," said Antonio, looking down, "I was the accomplice of Rosara's flight."

Valdo flung the boy from him with such force that he fell on the ground; and, starting from his seat, the agitated man stamped with anger as he exclaimed—

"You! you that I cherished in my heart! were *you* one of the vipers that have stung me?"

Antonio, without rising, twined his arms round Valdo's knees.

"Do not curse me, Valdo. Is not my life one continued penance? Did you not often promise never to upbraid me, even if you should have cause? and that promise was so dear to me."

"I did," said Valdo, relenting and raising him; "and I *must* believe in the sincerity of your repentance. So you knew my wretched sister? who are you?"

"Forgive me, Valdo, *that* I cannot tell you till my dying hour; you shall—you *must* know it *then*. Suffice it now that I was Rosara's only confidante and accomplice."

"Tell me," inquired Valdo anxiously, "tell me, do you know her fate? where is she hidden? I have sought her eagerly but in vain. Where is she?"

Antonio hesitated, then said in a broken voice,—"Bastiani was her murderer."

Valdo groaned—"A miserable fate indeed; a wretched retribution. But how do you know this?"

"I was present," replied Antonio.

"Present! and could you not save her?"

Antonio answered by lifting up his slight, weak arms, and pointing to his fragile frame.

"True, true," said Valdo, understanding the gesture. Then, musing awhile, he added—"When I found you in the Apennines, you were suffering in consequence, you said, of an outrage from banditti, was it not rather," . . . .

He was interrupted by the approach of Brunetto, who came from the hermitage and inquired—"How fares our young comrade now?"

"Better, better," replied Valdo, quickly; while Antonio hastened away into the hermitage.

Brunetto remarked to Valdo,—"Your young companion is a chance acquaintance, whom you met not long since?"

Valdo assented.

"You do not know who or whence he is?"

Valdo nodded.

Brunetto continued—"An idea has struck me which his whole deportment seems to countenance,—I fear he is insane."

Valdo looked astonished. "Insane!" he murmured; then stood silent, revolving every part of Antonio's conduct. The boy's haggard countenance, deep and continual dejection, and wild self-accusation, gave sufficient colour to the imputation of madness, while the general quietness and consistency of his conduct threw discredit on it. Valdo was completely vacillating in his judgment. One moment he felt certain that all Antonio said was the ravings of derangement; the next, he believed everything, and was convinced of his saneness.

In this perplexity he exclaimed—"*Diabolo*, comrade! you have given me a riddle that I cannot read. My very inclinations distract me. I cannot bear to believe that poor lad a maniac; and still less to think that his self-accusations are true,—he so young, so mild, What shall we say or do to him?"

"We must be careful of him," replied Brunetto; "we must treat him kindly, and drop no hint of our suspicions, for that would but aggravate his malady, and most probably make him quit us, and wander away to his own destruction. We will silently observe him; and, if my fears are well founded, we will place him in the care of some charitable ecclesiastics."

They walked together to the hermitage; Antonio was within, seated by the fire.

"Lie down on your pallet, Antonio," said Brunetto; "sleep, and compose yourself."

"Sleep!" replied he, looking up with a bitter smile, and a hectic spot burning on his cheek.

"Sleep!" repeated Valdo, "who can sleep after such feelings as have been excited to-night? Hark you, Brunetto! you have heard me declare myself the brother of Rosara. Hitherto I have been unknown to you; but now, if you are inclined to listen, I will relate my story, though it is but a simple one—a story of feelings more than of facts or adventures; it may while away the midnight hours, and amuse our restless minds."

"I will listen to you," said Brunetto, "with an interest deeper than you can guess."

And he seated himself opposite to Valdo, and Antonio retired back into the shade and supported himself against the wall.

THE PALM-TREE OF CEYLON.

BY MRS. ABDY.

It is said that there is a sort of palm-tree in Ceylon that never bears fruit till the the last year of its life.

It grew and it flourish'd, that beautiful tree,
Sustained in its life by the sunshine and shower,
Its fruit the worn traveller langnish'd to see,
But his eye only dwelt on the leaf and the flower.

Its owner was tempted its stem to uproot,
But in merciful kindness suspended its doom,
And for years it remain'd undistinguish'd by fruit,
In the cold barren pride of its profitless bloom.

But the wayfarer once was astonish'd to find
That the tree an unusual luxuriance wore;
At length it fulfill'd the design of its kind,
And clusters of fruit on its branches it bore.

All eagerly hastened the spoil to divide
For the fruit, borne so late, was a marvel esteem'd;
At the close of the year the tree wither'd and died,
But its end was attain'd, and its fame was redeem'd.

Oh! may not this record some comfort bestow
On those preachers of God who in sadness complain—
That to numbers the way of salvation they show,
Yet seek for the fruits of their labours in vain?

Ye may breathe to the careless the Gospel of truth,
Their hearts ye may outwardly fail to engage;
Ye may sigh o'er the waste of their frivolous youth,
And mourn for their useless and indolent age.

Yet turn not aside from your labour of love,
In patience continue their safety to guard;
The faith ye have kindled your fears may remove,
The fruit ye have cherished your cares may reward.

Ye have prayed for success, and it grieves you to wait,
While your pleadings avail not an answer to win;
But remember, on earth it is never too late
For the season of spiritual life to begin.

God waters the blossoms of grace in the heart,
And the fruit, long withheld, may be suddenly shown;
Oh! then, should we weep though the tree may depart?
The Lord hath prepar'd it in time for his own.

THE DAMOSEL'S TALE.[1]

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE LORD GUY'S TALE ENDED—A MEETING BETWEEN FRIENDS LONG SUNDERED.

WITHIN few hours after all these things had befallen, were tidings thereof carried to La Nonnette, and by no meaner a messenger than the noble Earl of Derby; who, tarrying but to see his young wards safely bestowed in the present custody of the Knight of Perelles, whose house lay but a short league eastward from Clermont, set forth with the Count Guy in his company to make known this adventure and discovery to the Duke of Berry.

Now fain would I recount to you the marvelling, and talking, and inquiring that ensued on all hands when this wonderful story became known; but that, in truth, the time therefore is wanting, inasmuch as every tale must have an end, and this of mine hath already been over long, as many may deem, in the rehearsing. Suffice it then to say that the Duke of Berry, though at first slow to yield his credence, in the dread that money or some other the like costly grace would be sought at his hand on behalf of the young maiden, was yet, in the end, won over, betwixt the arguments of my lord of Derby and the tidings of her rich dower, not only to be well content, but right joyful thereat, and desirous of her company at La Nonnette, whither he sent for her without delay with such pomp of array and attendance as were suitable to a damosel of high degree; making her, likewise, in all things, much show of honour and courtesy.

As for his fair duchess, no sooner had she undoubted knowledge of the parentage of Alcyone, than she forthwith divined what should be the end of this adventure to her kinsman; a thought that made her, for some few hours, not a little pensive and melancholy. But in the end, calling to mind her high estate and birth, and the carriage that behoved thereunto, she worthily schooled herself from her own lesson, and, freely assenting to that which was no longer a disparagement to the Lord Guy, she gave the damosel no less fair and friendly a welcoming than her lord the duke had accorded.

Avis Forde, on her part, was not the least joyful in the business; for now, truly, had Sir John made such proof of his knightly courage (and for her sake) as she desired not in haste to see again; neither failed she of the thanks of the Lord Guy, to whom alone he had revealed by what means he came to follow so closely that day on the heels of Taillefer and his mates. And now she had but to rejoice in the happiness and prosperity of those she had formerly so pitied and grieved over in vain; for the young count no longer shunned to speak with her of their ad-

[1] Concluded from page 476, vol. XLII.

ventures in Bretaigne; and the Countess Alcyone showed toward her yet a warmer and heartier affection than had formerly done the maiden of Roche Keronel; and the pretty page, whom his sister had brought to La Nonette, was fonder and blither than ever of her fellowship; above all, since his sea-bird had gotten a knight to talk and play with.

Nor did she stand in anywise less in the grace of that noble hearted young duchess for her faithful friendship towards others; but that which was the very crown of her contentment was the commendation of the Sieur de Perelles, who was at that season with them, and of all their councils, whenever graver affairs would give him liberty. For not only at this time had he both his own matters and the service of his lord the Count Dauphin to heed, but likewise the Earl of Derby, who had an excellent judgment in discerning the capacities of men, began to show him much favour, greatly affecting his company, and privately advising with him of many things that nearly touched his interest, both in France and elsewhere.

It was not long ere those espousals, so heartily desired by two and approved by all, were finally brought to a conclusion; and so grand and stately a bridal, followed by such feastings, such jousts and pageants, had not been seen in Auvergne since the marriage of the Duke of Berry himself, as befel in La Nonnette when the Count Guy of Beaucaire and the young lady of Monforte were there solemnly wedded, in presence of that mighty prince, his fair duchess, and their whole household; that noble lord the Earl of Derby himself standing father to the bride.

This time, in any case, the gold of the Duke of Anjou went to make amends for some of the many wrongs that had formerly been committed by that masterful prince; since in short space was brought before the council of regency the affair of the young count's lost heritage; whose cause being upheld with all his might by the Duke of Berry, as also, at that duke's desire, by his brother of Burgundy—who, with him, had the whole rule over the realm in the king's name—the unjust decree in the first suit was quickly annulled; and some present satisfaction in money being made to those persons who were thus disseized of their grants from the late duke, the Lord Guy thereupon had possession given him of his fair earldom in Provence, whither he straightway repaired with his countess, in the design, from that time forward, there to make his abode.

With them went the young Basil, the gentle child refusing to be parted from his sea-bird, either to be page to Madame de Berry, who greatly desired his tarriance, or even to go and abide with the Knight of Perelles, who also would fain have had his company, and become a clerk by his teaching; and the young countess, whose love for her brother was rather increased than abated by the discovery of his hapless, lonely estate, as stedfastly withstanding all proffers on his behalf that might divide them one from the other.

Of their sire, the Squire de l'Angle, was there no more heard from the day they had left him at the Carmelites' in Clermont. The abbot there, who alone knew of his bestowal, returning no other answer to all questioners, than that he had now left all thoughts of this world, and desired no farther hindrance from any therein in his cares for his soul's

health. Wheresoever he might be, it was little to be doubted that Rougemain was with him; for wholly bootless were the inquiries that were made both far and wide after this last, by command of the Lord of Beaucaire, who earnestly desired to recompense his faithful services to Alcyone.

Shortly after these matters were happily sped and ended, the winter now drawing on, the Duke of Berry, with his duchess and retinue, took their way toward Paris—a voyage for which there was good cause beside the time of year—that worthy duke, over and above his other affairs, being now in fair hope of matching his daughter, the Countess d'Eu, with the Earl of Derby, who was, past question, the richest heir apparent in England; a treaty of marriage being verily afoot, and nothing wanting toward its conclusion but the consent of King Charles of France, which one and all deemed would be accorded at the very first word. So that the lord of Berry and his house held the wedding for certain, and great rejoicing were thereupon made of them; the feasting, and dancing, and revelling at the Hotel de Nesle that winter, yielding not to those at the Hotel Saint Pol or Louvre. Nor were these long set aside by tidings that came about Christmas of the death of the Duke of Lancaster, none doubting but that this should at once bring about the return of his son, the new duke, to his own country.

But King Richard, who had long set at naught both honesty and justice, not only failed to call back the earl, but seized upon all his lands (even to the depriving his children of such as came to them by right of their mother); and not content with this, he set himself to mar his fortunes in France also, by prevailing on the king to withhold his consent to the match with his cousin of Berry—a sore annoy to the duke her father, but a far greater grief to the English prince, who took this denial so much to heart, that he forbore, from that time forward, all the gay banquetings and diversions at court, studying both early and late but how he might make his way back to England.

In all this season of sports, and mirth, and jollity, Avis Forde had not lacked her part, for the love of her generous lady and her own sweet minstrelsy had stood her in the stead of mirth and high degree; and even Queen Isabeau herself had not disdained once and again to command the English maiden and her lute to make melody for them at the Hotel Saint Pol. Also with court favour came friends and lovers more than ever; and knights and gay young squires were again suing for the grace of the Damosel Avis. Nevertheless, these prospered no better than had done the former; for the Damosel Avis had now dwelt too long there to set any great store by court or court-folk, feasts or pageants; each gay show or masque seeming to her by this time but the very same as the one before it. And far more welcome than all had she thought one hour's friendly discourse with John Ashtoft, even though he were to speak for that whole space of naught else save his lady's maladies and her patience. Peradventure, also, she might endure such theme at the present time than formerly; since, ere they left La Nonnette, had Gillian heard from his squires that she worthy lady's sickness had so increased upon her of late as to threaten a speedy ending to her life.

In effect, ere midwinter was passed, the knight, who had tarried at

Auvergne as heretofore (sending at whiles inquiries after her health and welfare, together with much written good counsel), advised her briefly by letter of the decease of Madame des Perelles a fortnight before; which departure, he said, though wholly to be rejoiced in for her own sake, should work no small change in his fortunes; though, whatever befel himself, he besought her to trust firmly to his brotherly aid and guidance, which never should fail her, whether in memory of their ancient friendship, or the charge committed to him by their noble lord in England.

For days and nights did May Avis ponder over this letter, which she liked at every fresh reading still less than before. Truly she had never confessed, even to herself, that she looked to the death of this poor afflicted lady for John Ashtoft to become as wholly hers in name as she deemed him in heart; but that he should choose this season above all to make profession of brotherly affection, was the sorest grief she had ever felt; for it seemed, in sooth, as if she had but dreamed that he ever bore toward her any other. Howbeit, as weeks and months went by, this her conclusion waxed stronger and stronger; for neither by letter nor message, nor in any other manner, were tidings to be heard of him.

For one while she hoped that his own affairs were about to bring him to Paris, awaiting which journey he forbore to write; and in this thought would she sit listening the tread of every horse that entered the gates of the Hotel de Nesle. Then the fancy took her that he was kept from writing or coming by some grievous sickness, or, it might be, yet worse; and often would she weep and sigh the night through, as if she had certainty of such misfortune. At last she grew pensive and melancholy, pale and wan, forsook both food and rest, and would spend hours on hours in singing to her lute all the saddest and most piteous strains she could call to mind.

After this manner went the winter and the early spring away. It was now the middle of April, and May Avis sat all lonely one even in her bower, pining for the pleasant country (for affairs of state still kept the duke in Paris), and sadly musing upon former times and friends, when Gauvain entered in haste with a message from one below, who prayed to speak with her all alone.

Trembling with hope and fear alike, she hastily arose, and, throwing over her a light silken veil, followed him to a small lower chamber that looked on a garden; where, with his back toward her, and beside the window, there stood a gentleman in fair and knightly array; who, turning at sound of her footsteps, discovered himself for no other than the Knight of Perelles. But ere a word was spoken of either, the fresh wind through the open lattice rudely caught the Damosel's veil, which fell upon the floor.

May Avis stood blushing and abashed; for much she feared that her attire, which was at point device after the fashion of the French court, might appear in his eyes in no degree more seemly or sober than that wherein she well remembered so sorely displeasing him in time past at Malthorpe. Howbeit, it seemed that times were changed with him in this as in other matters, for he neither turned away his head, nor essayed to array her in any of his own apparel. Nay, though after their first greeting he courteously stooped down and took up the fallen scarf,

yet showed he no desire to enwrap her therewith, but cast it round his own arm, as with design to keep it.

"Avis, my sweet sister," he said, "I would presumptuously hope that thou hast thought me long of coming or sending to thee."

"Nay, Sir John, the presumption had been, in sooth, on my part, had I deemed that so noble a gentleman could find no graver business," she answered, casting down her eyes to hide the drops that had started therein, mauger her endeavour to chase them away.

For this one tide her old friend beheld her tears without trouble—nay, haply, with joy.

"In good faith, Avis, grave and tedious business alone was it that held me thus long in Auvergne, whence I arrived but two days since; a business, dear maiden, whereon I desired not to speak or write to thee until I could both tell thee it was ended, and farther, the disposition I had made of myself for the time to come.

"Thou art ware, Avis, that such wealth and worshipful estate as I have for these three years past enjoyed in France, were not mine own, but held solely on behalf of a most pious lady (God rest her soul!) on whose decease both lands and lordship returned into the hand of her sovereign, the Count Dauphin. Nevertheless, that noble prince, whose bounty hath ever outrun my desert, was graciously pleased to proffer me the fief of Perelles on my own behalf, conditioning only, as was but reasonable, that I should become true liegeman, from that time forth, to King Charles of France; by which thou must understand, Avis, that I should utterly and for ever have renounced my faith to England—a choice, thou knowest, such as no English conscience could suffer. Yet in truth the temptation hath proved a sore one, and that for reasons more than I will now tarry to rehearse; but I overcame it in the end, and, surrendering the lands to the Count Dauphin's officers at the time appointed by law, I bade farewell to Auvergne, bringing with me, of all my gains and honours there, but a purse of gold and my knighthood; which last I must henceforth wear, in all men's sight, as worthily as I may, my first name of John Ashtoft."

May Avis truly thought that such name should henceforth sound far more sweetly in her ears than the stranger one whereby she had been wont of late to hear of him; but when she essayed to tell him this, as also to render the praises due to his stedfast faith and loyalty to his country, even in that moment came to her mind her own future solitary estate in France, and his coldness in leaving her thus hapless and forlorn, which showed plainly she had erred in deeming him more than a friend; and she had but time to ask if he was now for England, ere her voice was drowned in tears.

"Holy Mary! and leave thee here? Fie, Avis! how couldst thou thus misdeem of thine old friend and present guardian? Though, in faith, as the case hath befallen, in no wise art thou bound to me for tarrying in France, since mine own affairs, no less than thine, required my stay. To speak plainly, I have thankfully embraced the gracious proffers of my Lord of Derby, and have taken English service once more in his household. And now, I pray thee, dear Avis, let me see thee smile yet again after thine own cheerful wont; were it but at grave, bookish John Ashtoft turned courtman at last; though, God it

wot, our court shall be a sober, melancholy one enow, and such in all points as shall do no force to my dull humour."

The Damosel looked up and faintly smiled, though she sighed therewith.

"Some few weeks since," she said, "I had been right joyful at this; but of late my Lord of Derby and his train have well-nigh ceased to come hither."

"Of a truth, less fellowship hath there been latterly betwixt that noble prince and those of France than might be desired—a foul shame fall on those whose base slanders have caused the mischief!—though doubt not but this cloud shall pass over shortly. But leaving this, come we to the business that brought me hither,—to speak with thee as thy guardian, not less than as thy friend and brother to bid thee farewell, ere I depart for Bretaigne, for which parts the earl purposes to set forth to-morrow. Rumour speaks of thee, dear maiden, as of one for whose favour many are sighing; and this can I well credit; for, of a surety, not more natural is for water to run or fire to burn, than for thou to be loved. Now, my sweet sister, would thy brother ask of thee, in all reverence, if there be not some one of these courtly bachelors, with honest heart and wealth to keep thee fittingly, to whom thou mayest, by my lips, vouchsafe the grace thy bashfulness suffers not thine own to accord?"

Now methinks the answer to such question should be short and simple enow; for which cause, haply, was it that to none beside those two was it ever clearly known what was spoken of the maiden in reply, nor yet what discourse followed thereupon: only that in some half hour after the knight was seen to issue forth into the court where his horses were in waiting, with step as light and as joyous as the gayest gallant of the Louvre,—and with the Damosel's scarf about his left arm.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A CHANGE OF LORDS IN MANY PLACES.—THE SUIT OF MANY HEIRS FOR MALTHORPE MANOR.

He who ceases to show his face at the court, is speedily lost to remembrance there; and so found at this season the noble Earl of Derby, whose name, since his late strangeness, had been so wholly disused in the royal palaces of Paris, that most of the persons therein marvelled at his reappearance (as at one long departed), when he sought audience of the king and princes, to take his leave, ere he set out for Bretaigne, on a visit to his near kinsman, the duke. And no sooner was he gone, than he was forgotten by the greater part, as if he had never been; the rather, when many days and weeks sped away, and he came not again to Paris. If by chance any spoke of him, they said that, out of doubt, he had got harbourage at Nantes, or Ermine, until better times should fall out for him—and in short space all had left off to speak or think of him in anywise.

One true heart was there indeed, within the Hotel de Nesle, that

gave many a thought and prayer, both early and late, to that noble prince and his fortunes, for the sake of him who shared therein; the Damosel Avis—who made herself goodly amends for his lack of certain news of Sir John Ashtoft, by picturing to her mind's eye without ceasing, both sleeping and waking, all manner of prosperous adventures and chances that might, by good hap, betide him. Yet this, her pleasant pastime, notwithstanding, she was at whiles not a little uneasy at heart, as time wore on, and still nothing was known concerning either him or the English earl.

Thus went matters until the last days of July—the king and his uncles still tarrying all in Paris, by reason of certain treaties carrying on for healing the long strifes in the church—when tidings were brought to that city, by travelling merchants from Bruges, of some strange and terrible event that had befallen in England, though the exact manner thereof was not so perfectly known; some saying, that King Richard had been set upon and murdered by traitors at Bristol—others, that the Londoners had taken arms, and shut up the king and queen in different monasteries—and others again, that they were about to call over the Earl of Derby to head them.

All these stories were for one while rife only amongst the meaner sort of people, both because of the low degree of such as first brought and related them, and also, that any rumours in disparagement of King Richard were quickly discountenanced by the court, on account of the alliance with him. But amongst the commonalty, they passed from mouth to mouth in fire-hot haste, until there were few who doubted but that some mischance had happened, and such as should not easily be remedied.

It was whilst May Avis was yet discoursing and marvelling over these tidings with Gillian, who had just gained them from Gauchet, that she was sent for with all speed to her lady's closet; where she found Madame de Berry, with an open letter before her; and in act to take his leave, an ecclesiastic, whom the maiden discerned as he passed her, for Father Ambrose, the good monk, who had been formerly the companion of her journey from Charlewode to Hampton.

"Avis, my child," said the duchess, holding out the letter, "I have joyful news for thee, though truly, less than welcome to myself. That noble prelate, thy lord, with many fair and courteous excuses for the somewhat hasty summons, earnestly prays me by this letter, for the sake of thy great and lasting profit, to send thee without delay, in charge of yonder worthy monk, to England."

May Avis replied but by casting herself at the feet of her royal lady; for this sudden and unlooked-for news, had caused her a hurry and confusion of thought that left her without power to answer.

"Of a truth, my poor Avis," said the duchess, as she bent down her swan-like neck, to kiss the brow of the maiden, "had this noble Lord Prior of thine but urged his suit on the score of worldly interest I had forthwith denied it, and told him, that Jane of Berry yields not to him or any, in will or in might, to profit thee—neither is it her wont to resign to others the charge she hath once taken upon herself. But if I read his scroll aright, there is at this time a knot in thy fortunes, that may not be tied, save in thine own land. In so many words,

Avis, without whom long have I guessed that riches and honours should be little worth to thee, who cannot be wrought with to remove his fealty from England; as none knows better than my lord of Berry, who, at my suit, urged him, and that more than once, through the Count Dauphin, to become true liegeman of France. And in good faith, Avis mine, had I devised for thee well nigh as brave a bridal as we made for my cousin of Beaucaire—and yet better, an office for thee, and for thy gentle young knight likewise, that should assure to me thy company for all time to come. But since heaven hath willed otherwise, it remains but to give thee free and gracious licence to depart; and to send thee hence without hindrance of a day, in such honourable fashion as befits both my love, and thy own desert."

That right royal and gracious lady failed in no point of her promise; nor was it later than prime of the ensuing day, when Avis Forde, laden with rich gifts, such as might well make the dower of a maiden of higher degree, took her leave of Madame de Berry, not without tears on either part; and set forth on her way from Paris to Rouen, in such fair array, as showed that she was set no less store by in England than in France. For not only had the Lord Gilbert sent over for her guard, old Gerveis and the good monk, but also the steward of Charlewode, with two stout yeomen of the household; and as many more, with a gentleman usher of the duke's retinue, attended on her by special command of Madame de Berry. So that with these, her own 'squire Gauvain, and Sir Gauchet, who would by no means be left behind, she travelled in such state as had not misbecome any noble dame or damosel; and thus passed she on by easy journeys, through that pleasant country of Normandy, arriving without misadventure, at Harfleur on the afternoon of the third day.

But here, no sooner had they entered the gates, than they found all in tumult and confusion within; and the townsfolk running to and fro in the streets, crying and shouting in various-wise—not a few calling out at sight of them, "Death to the English traitors!"—a sound that quickly drew thitherward a throng of people, who began to close in upon the Damosel and her company, with looks and gestures that menaced no light peril. Whereupon, the French 'squire, a man of counsel and prudence, pushed quickly through the press, commanding them, in a loud voice, to clear the way in the Duke of Berry's name; by which means, without further hindrance, they gained the harbour, where they incontinently discovered the cause of all the confusion and clamour.

This was no other than the landing, some two hours before, of the Lady of Coucy, the governess of the young queen of England, who had been sent away, with more haste than reverence, by those who were now masters in that realm;—bringing with her true tidings that Richard of Bourdeaux was deposed, and captive in the Tower of London, and the Earl of Derby proclaimed as King Henry the Fourth.

By good hap, the English ship that had brought over this noble lady and her retinue, yet lay there at anchor within the river; and the Damosel, tarrying but to take courteous leave of her French squierie (which she did with many thanks and seemly presents after the degree of each), embarked in all haste with the remainder of her train; and

forthwith making sail, steered straight for Hampton, where they arrived safely in few hours, after a prosperous voyage, though not without many a sad remembrance on the part of May Avis and Gillian, of the fearful adventure they once had passed through on those seas.

So soon as their horses were landed, they mounted, and set forth toward Winchester, Gauchet first praying the Damosel, of her condescension, to suffer an old man, his former gossip, and now come from pilgrimage beyond seas, to travel for greater safety, in her retinue, as far as London—a suit, that being readily granted, the pilgrim accordingly joined the route, riding with his friend Sir Gauchet, alway at humble distance behind the rest of the company.

It may be thought that May Avis had not tarried thus long to enquire after each and every one at Charlewode and Malthorpe, and all that had befallen in her home since she had left it.

Her noble lord, the Prior, was well in health, though sorely troubled had he been with the misgovernment of the last reign; which had come to such a pass, that the courts of justice were shut up, the great lords in prison or banished, trade was wholly at an end, and the land full of robbery and murder from one end to the other. Of all which mischiefs the country round Malthorpe had sustained its full share, at the hands of that villain Anselm, and his lord the grim knight, who were now, however, like to abye dearly enow their former wickedness—the last being forced to fly, with a price set on his head, and his lands forfeited, and in the hands of King Henry's officers. As for the Lady de Hacquingay, nothing was known certainly of her, since she had been driven from the Manor place,—together with her aunt, Madame Pauncefort, who was once more in her grace, and dwelling with her.

As the Damosel continued her journey, she lacked not full proof how things had gone of late in the kingdom; for though King Henry had studied both night and day to remedy all disorders, and restore peace and quietness, yet time had not hitherto sufficed for this; and there were still to be met with on the highways, troops of evil-looking men, with weapons of all kinds in their hands, who fiercely scanned her retinue as they passed, as if deliberating which side might be the stronger. And not seldom, encountered they likewise large bands, well-armed, and arrayed under the pennon of some great baron on King Henry's part; who were making search after the lords and knights of the faction of the Earls of Huntingdon and Rutland, both taken and beheaded some few years before. Howbeit, from these last found they no annoy, save haply rude speech or question on first meeting, which was evermore silenced by the name of the Lord Gilbert Nevil.

Thus fared they through the journey, until noon of the second day, when, having passed Basingstoke, they left the road to London, and made across the country to the right, ferrying over the Thames at Chertsey, with intent to arrive that same night at Eltham palace, where was the Lord Prior, in waiting upon the king. But as they were about to enter the town of Kingston-upon-Thames, they found themselves staid perforce by one of those armed companies, who had halted just before on the inner side of the gate, in the midst of so

great a throng of men, women, and children, that not for life or death could any have made way through them. Nor was it long ere the voyagers learned that the cause of all this coil was the bringing in of a rebel knight by the men-at-arms and archers; which captive, being long since condemned by law, was in that very stound about to suffer his penalty.

May Avis, on hearing this, shrank down in dismay, with her head on the very mane of her palfrey, entreating to be taken into some house at hand, until this ghastly sight were over; but those rude men only stared or laughed in reply; and at length one, espying the habit of the monk at her side, began to call to his fellows, that here was the very wight they were seeking, without more ado. And scantly were the words spoken, than the people fell back on either hand, the archers lustily buffetting them with bows and staves to make way; and two, taking the bridles of the Damosel and the friar, led them forward by the road thus cleared, until they found themselves in an open space in the centre of the men-at-arms. Here they descried a butcher's block, and beside it a brawny churl, to whom, questionless, it belonged, with arms bared, and poll-axe raised, as he were about to fell an ox; whilst in front of them, on his knees, and with hands fast bound behind his back, was a tall man, clad in the tattered shreds of a rich and costly dress.

The Damosel waxed faint and sick at heart, for she was not slow to divine the meaning of what she beheld; and in no wise was her compassion for the prisoner abated, when, lifting his head at the noise they made, the wind blew aside his grey hair, and she plainly discovered the visage of Sir Lance de Hacquingay.

Whether he too knew her she tarried not to learn, but enwrapped her head in her veil, and pressed her hands yet more closely on her ears, as she heard one of those who had brought them there calling to the monk to do his office, and make short shrift, as the varlet was already mounted and in waiting to ride with the head to London. What next followed she knew not, save that first a heavy blow, and after that a shout rang faintly in her ears; and when she adventured to look up, glad was she to see that the people had now rushed in and filled the space between her and where the fearful sight yet lay.

"Lady, we must hence ere the press thickens," said a voice in her ear; and, starting as out of a sleep, she turned her palfrey and followed the speaker, who was the steward of Charlewode; but ere he could guide her out of the square, they were again stayed by two men in fierce dispute, of whom one that stood with his back to them was stoutly clamouring for his right to the price set on the head of the dead Sir Lance; which the other, who was chief 'squire with the men-at-arms, as stoutly withstood; swearing that such reward was proffered to those who should take the knight in fair and open field, not for his own mates in treason who might betray him.

"Room, room, make way, my fair sirs," said Master Nicholas, the steward, essaying as he spake to thrust between this pair.

"And who art thou, in the fiend's name?" said the 'squire, whose rough humour was no way softened by the angry debate on hand.

"So please you, Nicholas of Malthorpe, a poor servant of the Lord Prior of Charlewode."

"Smite off my head, then, but thou hast a fair service as the wind lies now-a-days! Nay, pray thee, abide a space; as by that token thou shouldst know somewhat of this my gossip, sometime yeoman to the goodly knight whose head we have just lightened of the load of his body. Saint Thomas to speed, brother! wherefore art thou thus chary of thy face?" he said, turning round the other as he spoke with a sudden thrust of his elbow, and discovering him to them thereby for that villain Anselm.

"By my faith know I no good of him!" answered the steward, striking his beast's sides with his heels.

"Hold yet!" quoth the squire, "and tell us what guerdon thou deemest fittest for his deserts."

"A stout rope made fast to the highest gallows in England," answered Master Nicholas, again striving to pass; but the 'squire caught his rein.

"By Saint Frideswide, thy judgment accords so rarely with mine own, that thou shalt even stay and lend the church's countenance to the remnant of our day's work. Ho! Simkin! Huberd! bind me here this fair 'squire incontinently; and thou, Hodge, hie thee to the town bailiff for a rope in the king's name. For gallows, truly will we borrow a limb of yonder old oak. And now, caitiff, if thou wouldst ask pardon of thy sins dispatch whilst the friar is by, for thy moments are few."

"Grandmercy brother! but by your licence I will even leave such gear to the other side of the gallows, where, haply, I may find less haste and fairer fellowship," said the ribald with a sneer.

By this the rope was brought, and the 'squire anon applying himself to the business on hand, took no farther heed of the Damosel or those with her; who forthwith made their escape as quickly as they might, and rode out of the town without stop; all but Gauchet, who overtook them some few miles on their way, having tarried the final ending of that villain, for assurance, as he said, that they had naught farther to fear from him in time to come.

How joyful was May Avis, after such sights of blood and horror, when in few hours more she saw before her, from the summit of a gently-swelling hill, the grey walls and roofs of Eltham, and in short space alighted at the lodging appointed by her lord in the house of an ancient widow hard by the palace gates.

Here that noble prelate himself vouchsafed that same day to seek her; and certes, he looked and spoke with such benignity joined to his high courtesy, that the Damosel had joyful assurance he was well pleased with her in all things.

"Heaven bless thee! my dear child," he said, "and give thee to make as goodly profit of thy happier fortunes as thou hast drawn from thy past troubles. Though but for thy womanly goodness and discretion, which, be sure, have been all made known to me, little account would I make of the fairness of favour or courtliness of behaviour, which I now perceive thine old friend John hath not overpraised."

May Avis blushed redder than the rose; though whether at the praise or at the name of him who gave it, might not be known. It seemed, nevertheless, that her thoughts were discerned of that gracious lord, who went on to say—

"He of whom I spake, Avis, is in good health, and will be here, I trust, to-morrow, on his return from Bordeaux, where our lord the king's business hath taken him; a cause for the which thou must pardon his not writing to thee at Paris, his errand requiring no less secresy than despatch.

"Now wilt thou naturally desire to learn to what end I have thus sent for thee in haste. It was, in truth, the ruin and forfeiture of that wretched man (of whose evil ending, it seems, thou hast been this day an enforced witness) that made me desire thy presence thus early, in the hope that our gracious king may be pleased to amend thy hard hap, if not by restoring the lands, yet by decreeing thee fair compensation for thy claim from those to whom they may be granted. Wherefore, hold thyself ready betimes to-morrow, against thou art wanted, since our liege lord tarries, as I have cause to deem, but the coming of one who hath crossed the seas in company with thy friend John Ashtoft to make final disposition of the fief of Malthorpe."

Little, you may think, was the rest of the maiden that night, maugre all her long and weary travel; and she was already risen and afoot when there came a gentleman from the Lord Gilbert to bid her make ready in all haste to go with him to the palace.

Throwing over her a veil that very moment, she tripped down the stair; but ere she had crossed the threshold she was staid by Sir Gauchet, who caught her by the border of her mantle, crying—"Beseech thee, sweet lady, a boon!"

"Nay, Gauchet," she said, "abide until I come again; knowest thou not I am sent for to my lord? and, it may be, to go before the king's grace likewise."

"Yea, lady, and therefore speak I now, since our grace also lieth that way."

"Out and alas! deemest thou I have licence to prate" . . . .

"Needs not to speak even one word, lady."

"Dearest lady!" said Gillian from behind, I beseech you hear him; as, please God, you may thereby do a pious deed."

"Yea, wench, and dost thou join? Quick, then, tell me the business at once."

"Marry to give to my Lord Prior's hand, afore he leaves the king's presence, this token, which my gossip hath been vainly seeking a season to deliver to him ever since we came here yestereve."

With that he gave into her hand a little key, hanging by a chain of steel curiously wrought to a ring of gold, and sped him away in all haste as if to shun farther question; while May Avis, concealing the token under her girdle, followed quickly after the squire, and in short space had forgotten the whole matter in presence of her lord, who had vouchsafed to tarry her coming in the outer chamber, that he might himself lead her to audience of King Henry.

That noble prince, now no longer banished and maligned, but dwelling in the palace of his grandsire King Edward in all royal array of magnificence, received the maiden with no less courtesy of speech and demeanour than he was wont to use in other times, and, graciously raising her, bade her rehearse to him her present suit, which she did in as few words and as fair and fitting phrase as might well be; for truly

none were better skilled in the behaviour and speech meet for such place and occasion.

"Maiden," said the king, after attentively listening her tale to the end, "out of doubt hast thou sustained foul and grievous wrong. Nevertheless, ere we can advise on what amends shall be made thee, need is that we first hear another, who likewise maketh suit to us as lawful owner of the lands of Malthorpe Manor."

Hereupon, at a sign from the king, a knight in waiting threw back a pair of doors over against those whereby they had entered, and there stepped forth from within Sir John Ashtoft, leading in the gentle page half-brother to the Countess Alcyone.

"Behold, noble Lord of Charlewode," said the king, "the rightful heir of Malthorpe. Have here our royal faith to pledge that this boy is known to us, by sure token, for Basil, the only son of that stout knight Sir Thomas Mourtray, erewhile of Dervil's Cross and Malthorpe Manor."

In good sooth, the Lord Gilbert looked for one moment utterly aghast; but, in the next, he bent his knee before the king, saying, "Beseech you, my gracious liege, pardon my boldness, but fain would I inquire, if within your royal knowledge, whether Sir Thomas Mourtray yet lives."

"In as far as is known to us," said the king, "he lives at this moment—though where have we bootlessly sought to discover, since he committed to our care and favour this boy, who now makes suit to us, by his guardian the Earl of Derby, for restitution of his heritage. Against which plea, as it seemeth to us, none is there to raise debate or question save this young maiden, whose claim we purpose to satisfy after another manner. How sayest thou, noble Lord Gilbert? Since our ward is a bachelor and thine a damosel, methinks fairer ending to our suit can there be none than a marriage, in due time, betwixt these twain; and, in good faith, thus have we privately stablished since first the matter was brought before us. How now, Lord Prior? Truly thy looks are not wholly such as we would see them. Hast thou aught to urge against our purpose?"

All there stood, in very deed, mute and motionless, as if a thunderdint had fallen amongst them; all save the pretty page, who, breaking from the loosened hold of Sir John Ashtoft, ran forthwith to the Damosel, praying her to marry, and live with him, and make him a great clerk, which alone might comfort him for the not being a monk; and he would love her, and learn of her as willingly and diligently as did his sea-bird, now that she had again got that noble knight to beteach her.

"Lord Prior," said the king again, "we tarry thy reply. Hast thou aught to offer against our pleasure?"

"Alas! much, my most gracious lord, were I not unhappily vowed to silence only to be broken on sight of certain tokens, which he who holds them lacketh, as it seems, either the means or the honesty to send."

The Lord Prior spake like a man well nigh despairing; but he spake not in vain; for the mention of tokens had caught the ear of the Damosel Avis as she was about to cast herself at the king's feet, and, sud-

denly calling to mind the key and ring of Gauchet, as also his words, she drew them hastily forth and placed in the hands of the prelate.

At that first moment she knew not if it were good or harm her boldness had wrought; for, at sight thereof, the Lord Gilbert started, stared, rubbed his eyes, then turned the tokens over and over in his hands, and finally cast himself at the king's feet.

"My royal lord, in this moment have my lips been unsealed—though by what means as yet I know not; and now await I but your gracious licence to speak."

"Speak, Lord Prior," said the king; "we await thy tidings."

"My liege," said the prelate, "it is yet well remembered of many that Sir Thomas Mourtray was first espoused to a lady of the house of Nevil, and my kinswoman, who died shortly after his troubles, leaving him a fair son, then an infant."

"Of that truly are we ware," answered King Henry, "by the token, that Sir Thomas himself made mention to us of such a one, whom he held to be now either dead, or else a monk in an English convent."

"Certes, my liege, troubled he not himself to discover the truth by inquiry at any time after the boy, who was given by him to my care in infancy to be made a monk or aught else it pleased me, so I would swear never to bewray to him or any his real parentage until I had licence thereunto by the sight of these tokens—whereof one is the key of a steel coffer in my keeping, wherein are writings that belong alone to the heir of the Mourtrays."

"And that heir?" said the king, quickly.

"So soothly, my lord, in your royal presence; being the youth I fostered up in humble wise at Charlewode under the feigned name of John Ashtoft."

Great indeed was the amazement of all present at this discovery, but most specially of the Damosel Avis, whose hue changed so suddenly and entirely thereupon that she seemed about to swoon; nor could she answer for a space to the inquiries of the Lord Gilbert, who, so soon as he knew whence she had the tokens, besought the king to have the bearer sought for and examined thereupon.

"Nay, Lord Gilbert," said that royal prince, "be that thine office. For ourselves, we hold that which we have now learned from thy lips for perfect assurance on the matter; as in nowise doubted we the gentle birth of our good knight, whereof both his own bearing and the report of others have made worthy proof to us. Alone doth it displease us, Sir John, that the fiefs we freely restore to thee must be yet awhile burdened with the payments due to this Damosel, whose right thereunto we may not gainsay; but in amends thereof, not less than in guerdon of thy good service to ourselves, do we, as at this time, create thee a baron and peer of our realm by the name of Lord Mourtray of Malthorpe."

"Yet further to advance thy fortunes," went on the king, when the new baron had made his obeisance and returned fitting thanks, "we pledge our royal word to aid with our good offices towards a rich and noble marriage, such as thy birth and state may challenge, so soon as thou hast concluded where to choose."

"So please it you, my gracious liege," said the Lord Mourtray, "my

choice is long since stablished, and prays but your royal consent to abide—here, where alone it hath been fixed from early childhood;" and with that he took the hand of Avis Forde, who, though she changed countenance not less suddenly and strangely than she had done before, seemed in nowise loth to yield it.

"And in good faith commend we thy choice," answered that prudent prince, well pleased at heart thus readily to acquit his promise. "The Damosel, for worth and fairness, may well beseem a court, as ourselves have witnessed; moreover, her plea against the lands of Malthorpe shall be voided by this marriage, even as we designed but now on behalf of our ward Basil. For him, doubt not that he shall be our care in time to come—though his present fosterage commit we to thee his nighest of kindred, if, in very deed, his sister, the Lady of Beaucaire, who would scantly yield him up to thee at Bourdeaux for his own profit and our sending, reclaim him not forthwith on these tidings."

Pass we over the free and joyful communing of that long-sundered pair, now thus happily restored one to the other, and one and both to their dear-loved home for life; as also the discourse that befel, so soon as they had left the royal presence, between them and the gracious prelate, whose contentment in their fair fortune seemed scarcely less than their own.

By command of that noble lord, inquiry was forthwith made after the messenger whose so timely delivery of the tokens had wrought this joyful change: nor were they long in finding him, being, in very deed, the pilgrim that had joined the Damosel and her company at Hampton, and who had hidden under those weeds the figure of one so vainly sought until now—Rougemain, the old yellow-haired robber.

From him had they full and sure tidings of the death of Sir Thomas Mourtray (or Messire Basil de L'Angle, as he had called himself after he renounced his own country for France and the Duke of Anjou's service) who had deceased a fortnight before at the convent in Bourges, whither he had betaken himself, after committing his children to the Earl of Derby, in hope to make satisfaction for the misdeeds of a long and evil life by dying in habit of a monk.

Little true sorrow, in verity, could there be felt of any who heard these tidings for one who, from first to last, had proved himself utterly reckless and regardless of all others, and had only been moved at his dying hour to acknowledge his rightful heir by the urgent prayers of Rougemain, who had suspicion already, by what he had learned from Gillian, of the real lineage of John Ashtoft. But such filial reverence and duty as might be shown by assuring to him the offices of holy church, were unsparingly rendered by those he left behind; and trentals and masses out of number were said and sung for his repose, both at Charlewode cell and the convent where he lay; not to speak of those performed at Aix and Beaucaire, by command of the Countess Alcyone, on behalf alike of her young brother and herself.

"In verity this Rougemain hath been to us both a true and a helpful friend," said the Damosel Avis, when she had heard the tale, "and earnestly would I pray you, my dear lord, that we strive to requite him worthily therefore with as little delay as may be."

"Yea, dear Avis, in this, as in all things else, will we do that which

best pleaseth thee," answered Lord Mourtray; "only pray thee forget that ill-boding and fantastic name, and know him henceforward but for simple Giles Forester, the ancient and faithful servant of our house and the sire of thy good and peerless Gillian; which kindred may, in some sort, expound his first kindness to thyself, as well as many other passages that have doubtless not a little perplexed thee in times past. And, by my fay, both to sire and daughter owe we large thanks and liberal guerdon, no less than to the varlet Gauchet, who hath ever stood on thy behalf after his own cunning and covert fashion; and to worthy Reeve Bernard, who well nigh took his death in thy service."

"Neither shall goodly means be lacking towards such recompence," said the noble prelate with them; "whereof will proof speedily be seen in certain coffers now lying in Charlewode treasure-vaults, well stored with the profits of the maiden's land and the gold that fell to her by heritage; a dower which, for reasons it boots not now to rehearse, I forbore to reveal to any, but kept safely and secretly through these late troublous times, now joyfully to be rendered up to the Lord Mourtray and his bride on the spousal day that shall end together Prior Gilbert's wardship and the Damosel's Tale."

IRISH SONG.

SWEET MARY, ACUSHLA MA-CHREE.*

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

HERE'S to Mary, sweet Mary, acushly ma-chree,
That dear little fairy so worshipped by me!
Oh! 'twas pleasant by moonlight with Mary to rove,
Through the shades of Killarney and whisper of love.
That day we were parted—that sorrowful day—
When she watch'd broken-hearted our ship sail'd away;
How I long'd for the wings of the sea-bird, to flee
To my own darling Mary, acushla ma-chree.
Sweet Mary, acushla ma-chree!

O Mary, sweet Mary! wherever I roam
I picture her still in her wild mountain home,
With her dark ringlets flowing so careless and free,
And her beautiful eye glancing fondly on me.
Oh! I'll never forget *thee*, though parted for years,
I'll never forget thy sweet smiles or thy tears;
Every pulse of my heart only echoes of thee,
Mary mavourneen! acushla ma-chree!
Sweet Mary, acushla ma-chree.

* This song was written to Whittaker's beautiful Irish air, "Molly Malone," which has all that sweetness and impassioned burst of feeling that so peculiarly distinguish that highly-gifted composer.

LETTERS FROM THE COUNTRY.

No. II.

BY A LADY.

Dumbarton Grange, Feb. 2, 18—.

My dear Edith,

I suppose you meant to experimentalize on my patience by your last letter. It was not well-judged of you; a little exercise is stimulating, but such a journey as you provided for my poor patience, was enough to wear her out. To think of your not having answered a single one of my inquiries about my friends in ——shire—or even told whether you survived the eagerness of their questionings about me!—or mentioned whether there are any traces of the wounds it was supposed I had undesignedly inflicted!—of course, my benevolent nature has certain inquietudes on that subject. If my patience had not been very vigorous, it would quite have fainted away, before I came to the end of your very short billet. As it was, I should not have wished anything that had a reasonable claim on it, to have preferred that claim just then. Just picture to yourself, you Edith, me receiving, in return for a letter, that would have made the wrath of your excellent great-uncle explode through his spectacles, on the indiscreet demoiselle who had sent him one so exquisitely brimful—not a square straw's-breadth of paper lost—the contents of a tiny notelet, diffused, in diagonal lines, so far apart, that they fairly lost sight of each other; and therefore it is not wonderful that they were not very connected over an *imposing* letter-sheet, the predominant aspect of which, on its best filled side, being white, it may be presumed to have blushed to whiteness, at its own vacuity! Very plausible, after this, to express your gratitude for the delightful sketches I send! Very beguiling, no doubt, to thank me for my charming "young newspaper." If I were not of unequalled generosity of soul, I should just requite you with the fac-simile of your own; but as that *is* the case, I am actually beginning a letter which promises to rival its predecessors; but, as a friend, I advise you to beware. You may not believe in my power, but I assure you I *can* write short, shabby epistles as well as other people. If you give me just cause, I should not wonder if I prove it to you.

Is it for your deservings that I have not much to tell you? Our Christmas parties are nearly over, and between the winter

horizon, which they illuminate, and the fresh beauty of spring, there is a long interregnum, to be brightened by friendly visits, and long morning calls, and other small palliatives addressed to our natural want of social intercourse. No doubt, other things will keep occurring. And when spring comes, what long delicious rambles up our glens—and delightful parties to see our abbey in the vale—and pleasant freedom in excursions to the fair hilly region, in the heart of which, though, alas! out of sight of its mountain protectors—our Dumbarton lies—what

> "Exaltations in the far light
> Where some cottage only is,—
> Mild dejections in the star-light,
> Which the sadder-hearted miss,"

come with it. The spring rouses me from a sort of half-awake lethargy, even as it does the flowers and the singing birds. All lovely thoughts, all lovely scenes seem most fair in spring—and the loveliest—the looks and tones of affection give the soul most power of upward flight—lift it highest into the region of the beautiful, then. I do not think it was always so with me. I do not recollect that in childhood, spring came to me with this softening, brightening influence. Perhaps the pulses beat too high in

> "The strong leaping of the stag-like heart awake,
> Which the pale was low for keeping in the road it ought to take,"

for the change of the sunny spring to be felt, in those days. But for years I have looked forward to the spring time, as the season of re-awakened delight, as certainly I expect of the evening, that then thought will be clear, and fancy bright, and hope buoyant. I know through the day, that thoughts and fancies which escaped me then, will gleam on me unevoked, at night—that fair images will brighten through the twilight hour—not the less when for its soft shade, comes the glory of the evening lamp. I believe that the springs of a fresh glow of pleasure will be touched by spring. Along with her sights and sounds come some, only caught by my eye and ear. Only mine, for other eyes and ears that might wot of them, are very much too busy with work of the world, to know ought of the summons that takes me away into the regions of the past. Well, there is no reason that I should not enjoy the pleasure, because I have it all to myself—though it certainly is not one of those to be most exquisitely enjoyed alone. And each of my later springs has brought me some new hope—something to spread its leaves in the future. Will it be so with this coming spring? What fresh hope does she hold for me? Or will she darken over some that are now budding? I cannot tell—none can tell—only I know, that what she brings, will be just the *best* for me; and may I *feel* as well as believe, that it is so.

Then in summer, do not we propose to visit the land of moun-

tains, *the* land, where the monarch of mountains holds his court? O, shall I see Mont Blanc? see the rosiness of heaven make a fair world about him at sunrise? look down into the vale of Chamouni? Will not the eye then be as the inlet to a new sense? And yet I have lived among the hills, and loved them—and look down as from a height, upon the Southrons, who have never trod on Pen Man Mawr, and Ben Lomond—wonder what a mountain is like—and long for one as "a sight," beyond any that London can show them. But perhaps, the lofty places of Wales and "my ain countree," are no more like those real Swiss mountains, than (only that the one is unquestionably an ascending comparison), than the popular idea of a queen, with her head in a crown, a sceptre in one hand, and a globe on the other, is like our Lady Victoria, who rides about in a pony-carriage, with no insignia of her power, except her sweet looks and smiles, which, for all true hearts, are her best. But if we go to Switzerland, Edith, will it not be with a delightful party; and will not we have adventures? I anticipate them with at least, as much delight as the mountains, only I hope they will not include falling down precipices; I should prefer losing the view they command altogether, to even a remote chance of obtaining it while quivering downwards towards it, head first, in mid-air. I advise you to lay up a little claim for yourself *now*, to obtaining tales from us travellers *then;* if you don't, won't you have cause to regret it? and all the more for having no glimpse how strong that is.

How pleasantly I have been dreaming to myself, and, as in other dreams, thinking I was pursuing my business—writing to you. Now, "what shall I tell to thee?" Dear Edith, truth is a jewel—pray treasure its rays, for I fancy they will outshine those of any other gem of the mind, in these succeeding narrations. I told you, doubtless, something would occur, le voilà, that is, you shall hear it directly—an appropriate way of learning what is for the ear.

Imagine me, last Tuesday morning, in a state of the greatest perplexity, pondering a difficulty, on which I knew, even the shades of evening would cast no light, when I was cheered by an approaching step, the owner of which I hoped, would counsel me, as I divined, to speak with Gaelic periphrasis—that it appertained to the beloved son of my papa.

"Oh, Raimond, I am glad to see you!"

"Very glad to be seen, then, dear Amy—always delighted to find my sweet sister appreciate the happiness of being so."

"That is not all, just now, Raimond, I want a little advice."

"I wonder you do not, as usual, feel a well-placed reliance on your own exquisite judgment."

"But there are some points, you know, on which a lady's judgment is not infallible."

"Indeed! what can they be? I thought a lady's judgment went beyond the farthest point of sight in every thing, from the placing of an ornament to the placing of a ministry."

"Then for once you were mistaken, Raimond. The ministry! as if ladies thought they had anything to do with it, except, I suppose, helping to pay its taxes."

"They help, I suppose, Amy, by persuading their unfortunate papas and brothers to make them exclusive presents of the taxable article; French silks, for example."

"No, indeed, they help by being very economical about themselves, and sending plenty of taxable flour to their poor neighbours."

"Very economical! quite a new way, certainly, of a lady helping any one. I thought, dear Amy, ladies always spent either twice as much as they need in buying cheap bargains, or never considered anything good unless it cost an enormous price."

"Now don't misrepresent yourself; you know more about the ladies than that. Don't you recollect the other day quite warming up as you told me you had found out, by accident, how Ima Severton had given up having a new shawl that she might give the money to a poor family in distress? I never saw you look so handsome before."

"I never recollect looking handsome in my life; and as to the good Ima Severton does, there would be quite food for the memory in one tenth part of it."

"I wish you would do me a little good, Raimond. Do be serious for a moment, dear; I want to know, and I really cannot decide, which of these three . . . ."

"These three? what are they, Amy? Three offers from your last trio of admirers? I will give you my advice directly, to be sure; but had you not better tell me who they are? though I fancy the most blue-eyed . . . ."

"I wish you had not interrupted me, Raimond. Evidently at your last place of education they did not teach manners. It is not half so important as that."

"Indeed! I fear it won't be the right size for my judgment. Pray make haste and tell me; I am growing quite nervous."

"Of course, you look so; then, as you have so good taste, will you tell me which dress will be the most becoming for the concert to-morrow,—the light pearl-coloured silk trimmed with black lace, or the black satin, or the primrose muslin?"

"Certainly it ought to be noted as a fact now existing in natural history, that mountains still produce mice—a very fine breed, I should think."

"But you know, Raimond, gentlemen can judge of the general effect so much better than ladies. Which?"

"Why, dear Amy, put them all on; the more the merrier."

"What nonsense!"

"Don't be indignant, sweet Amy; think gently of my limited capacity. Let me consider; if you wear only one at once, I imagine it is quite immaterial which; the one you appear in will, undoubtedly, be the most bewitching for the time, being set off by the lovely young lady within it."

"Just as if you thought so; and do you know, the jeweller wont let me have my bracelet in time; you ought not to tease me; that is quite enough distressing."

"Is it? I should have thought your large powers of forbearance called for a larger test. At least I hope you will allow me to congratulate the audience, Amy. Their eyes would have certainly been too much dazzled for the ears to have been of any use, if you had shone before them with the bracelet as well as yourself and the three dresses."

"The *three* dresses! Now, Raimond, *do* think which."

"Let me see—which of the three? That makes a rhyme, does it not? I hope I am not waxing poetical, Amy; that would be an unjust invasion of your department. Are you sure you only want one for the concert? It is choice more puzzling than one among the Graces, to say nothing of the Muses, which perhaps would be still more appropriate to you. I really must try to assist in your dilemma. Ah! yes; that would unquestionably be charming! You would look surprisingly well, dear Amy, in the light pearl-coloured black satin, trimmed with primrose lace."

"The light pearl-coloured black! Oh, Raimond! how can you? How specially absurd! I must choose for myself; it really is too bad from one's only brother."

"So you don't like my choice, Amy? That really is rather ungrateful for all my trouble in selection. But trust to your own —never mind—no doubt your last new hero will think you enchanting if you don't wear any of them; I am only afraid he may not be there."

"And when you know I shall not have my bracelet!"

"It is extremely puzzling to my weak intellect how so bewitching a lady as Miss Amy de Vesci can regret the absence of a mere external ornament; how can you think, Amy, when you are there any one will miss the bracelet?"

"And what matter is it if they do?" inquired papa, who had been giving me for some time his disapproving countenance. "If all the world were like you we should have more lamentation than enough about every little thing."

"All the world like Amy!" exclaimed Raimond. "What an idea! We should have flown off to the moon, Amy's patron planet, long ago."

"What a good thing it would be if the world were filled with

people half as nice as you and I, dear papa," said I. "*We* always understand each other. I am sure you perceive I intend to enjoy this concert particularly, so I shall issue orders for my black satin; it will be a sort of slight mourning for my bracelet."

"Don't mourn for it at all, Amy," advised Raimond; "remember the nursery rhyme you once had the honour of teaching me—

> "For every evil under the sun
> There is a remedy, or there is none;
> If there is one, try to find it;
> If there is not, never mind it."

So that you see this logic consolingly suggests to you to never mind it."

"Very consoling indeed," said I; "good bye, Raimond."

"Well, as you are going to issue orders for your dress, as you said, which are certainly of the greatest importance, I wont detain you. But after all, dear Amy, wont you take my advice? I recommend the pearl-coloured black satin trimmed with primrose . . . ."

I ran out of hearing before the description was finished.

Well, the concert came and went. I will tell you all about it which concerns the performers in process of time. As our souls are so much in sympathy, probably you would rather just now hear something of the audience. I am happy to oblige you. The next morning appeared my inimitable brother.

"The top of the morning to you, dear Amy. The sun is just risen (very late up indeed, it is nearly twelve o'clock) the firmament clear; would you very much like to take a walk with your only brother?"

"I don't feel any particular objection."

"You don't! very grateful indeed for my paternal offer."

"Paternal? I should not have guessed my gratitude was due to you on that score, Raimond."

"Is it not? You know, dear Amy, I always get puzzled with your ideas of relationship. Didn't you tell me the other day that you quite understood how your particular friend Miss Merton had a maternal affection for Mr. Seymour, who is about a year older than I am? so I though if a year made so much difference, probably it was a paternal affection I ought to have for you."

"I think that, as Mr. Seymour would probably say, follows as a non sequitur. You talk more nonsense, Raimond, every day."

"Do I? Even in that case, ought you, Amy, to contemn my feeble efforts to imitate your sublime style of conversation?"

"*I* don't see the slightest resemblance."

"Don't you, really? How unfeeling of you to tell me so! You ought rather to encourage my humble endeavours to approximate to you—the fourth Grace—the tenth Muse; a lady who exemplifies the happy result of a complete literary edu . . . ."

"Now that would certainly have been a bathos after the Graces and the Muses, Raimond, so my good nature interrupts you. If you have quite finished lecturing me, I have a small admonition to give you about last night."

"Ah! the concert! I have not forgotten it. So you managed to be present without your bracelet? I think it was fortunate; that additional brilliancy would certainly have put the wax candles out—extinguished them. I wonder how they stood Mr. Seyton's glances."

"Mr. Seyton's glances are too gentle to put anything out. But now be serious, dear, a minute; I have something to say to you."

"That sounds a very serious beginning indeed. Is it anything very terrible, dear sister?"

"Oh, no! something quite for your good."

"Then it *must* be terrible. Things meant for one's good have always been so since the days of the fairy who would assist her of the glass slipper."

"But sometimes they have 'sweet uses,' Raimond, like the doings of Cinderella's godmother. So make up your fortitude to hear me."

"Well, if I must,—but you will not be more lengthy than is consistent with your accustomed aversion to the laconic, dear sister?"

"I will be as short as possible; but very likely, Raimond, you can anticipate my remarks. Really you ought to be more popular. The future representative of our family, you ought not to look as if you cared nothing about people. You ought to me more polite and attentive."

"Really, Amy, you are quite giving me a speech! Polite and attentive when there is no one to be attentive to! People must attend to themselves if they require so much attention."

"Now, Raimond, I am sure you know I am perfectly reasonable."

"Of course, dear sister."

"Well now, just consider.—Did you offer your arm to Mrs. Lennox last night?"

"I! no,—nor my leg either,—I can't spare either of them, I assure you."

"And yet you know she is quite a connection of your friend, Lord ——."

"Of course she is,—like all the rest of the people you know,—great-grand-mammas to half the nobility in the country. There's that worthy lady with a voice that got cracked some years ago, and has never been cemented since,—Mrs. Malone don't you call her? Isn't she mother-in-law to Lord Bacon, or something of the kind, did you not tell me?"

"Absurdity can receive no reply."

"No reason at all why you should not answer your brother, Amy."

"Only think, Raimond. What did you say to Mr. Seymour, when he asked you if Mr. —— were not a very high churchman?"

"I think I said nothing, but that he was a great tall man."

"And there was his special friend, Sir —— standing quite within ear shot!"

"Then he had the opportunity to make any addition to my remark that he liked."

"I am sure, Raimond, you must know my observations are very sensible, whether you admit it or not. You are aware, of course, you ought to be popular."

"To be sure! Popular! Popular's the word. I have it by heart,—I ought to be popular! Really, dear Amy, your valuable remarks are not constructed on the principle of unexpectedness."

"I should think not,—for I never heard of it."

"Indeed! has not your novel-reading included Headlong Hall? Don't you remember the landscape-gardener, who proposed laying out a park on the principle of unexpectedness,—on which the owner, with a rational principle of invitation inquired, 'Pray, sir, what name do you give that principle, the second time you go over the grounds?' Now I think of it, Amy, on the principle that one good turn deserves another, I fancy I have a good lecture to confer on you. Pray, did I hear my name, combined with some offer of a picture you were making to Mrs. Lennox last night?"

"Perhaps you did,—at least you might have done. She is extremely fond of paintings, so I was just telling her that you lately received a beautiful madonna from Italy, and if she would call I should be very happy to show it to her."

"A nice way of being popular, certainly. I must request for the future, that you will popularize out of your own stores, not mine. I won't have my pictures turned into a show gallery,—I won't have my library invaded—"

"And what must I say to Mrs. Lennox if she calls, Raimond?"

"Say,—why that you were mistaken in supposing that your brother kept paintings for the benefit of the public,—even for that invaluable part of it who are related to all the nobility."

"Very well,—she will form a high opinion of your courtesy. And I suppose I must give the same message to Ima Severton? she thought she should like to see it."

"Who told you to do so? Ima Severton is not the public,—she is a friend of ours."

"I thought Mrs. Lennox also had that enviable distinction."

"Oh, no, she is merely a person to whom you know I am to be 'popular.' Suppose I commence popularising in your engaging way, dear Amy,—shall I ask Mr. Merton to come and try

your grand piano to-morrow? or to practise an hour with you on the guitar?"

"I should think not—how monstrous,—don't mention such a thing."

"Merely an attempt to follow your lead, dear Amy. Don't despise it so. Perhaps you will be kind enough some day to give me a lesson in the art of being 'popular,' which I may be allowed to imitate unblamed, by my gentle sister."

Here this very agreeable tête-à-tête was interrupted by the approach of Mr. Malone, who being very far from the sunny side of my esteem, did not inspire me with any inclination to give Raimond the lesson he requested just then. Mr. Malone might have seen that, if he had been at all penetrating,—as he is not so, he recollected that he had a call to make in the direction in which we were walking, in which I silently acquiesced,—Raimond thought proper to second the proposal with warmth.

"I hope, Miss De Vesci," said Mr. Malone, "you are in favour of the new reading-room, at F——?"

"Indeed I am not," said I, "I think the old room sufficient for all purposes, and far more conveniently situated for the poorer subscribers."

"But the larger accession of new subscribers, we anticipate for the larger room, will enable us to let the smaller subscriptions be reduced much below their present moderate amount, and we find that our poorer friends will willingly extend their walk to the room for this advantage."

"It was only the other day widow Chiloe was regretting the proposed change to me. She had difficulty in walking the present distance, and feared she will be obliged to give up reading new books altogether, if it were increased."

"I cannot see why she should. Cannot her grandson procure them for her?"

"She is a prudent grandmother," said Raimond, "and fears her boy may be ensnared by the gaieties of the new locality of the reading-room."

"If he were never to be exposed to them, that might be worth consideration, but—"

"And," said I, "I don't like to give up the present dear old room, with its antique shelves and old busts—"

"And *very* dusty tables, and half-rotten chairs," said Raimond.

"I should not object to have those replaced by new ones."

"How liberal," said Raimond.

"Miss De Vesci's liberality is so well known that I am in great hopes she will reconsider her objections, altogether," said Mr. Malone.

"We are anticipating her valuable influence on our side, with great satisfaction."

"Intolerable," thought I, "how dare he anticipate any thing about me? How dare he to presume to know any thing of my character? I fear your anticipations may not be realized," said I, along with a very polite move, as we separated.

"So *that* is the way to be popular is it, Amy?" said Raimond, "it seems very easy to do. You have only to refuse every reasonable request made to you, and to object to every rational suggestion addressed to you. I think I could do that."

"My dear Raimond, I did not want to be popular with Mr. Malone. I don't esteem him sufficiently."

"Probably you esteem him as much as I esteem Mrs. Lennox."

"You ought to esteem Mrs. Lennox; and besides, it is so very injudicious to neglect her."

"Oh, I recollect. She is related to the royal family, is she not? But really, Amy, is it not very injudicious to neglect Mr. Malone? *He* is connected with your dear friend, Mr. Seyton. Suppose he suggests to him to withdraw his patronage from that little boy you want to have placed in the Orphan Asylum?"

"Mr. Seyton will mind his suggestions, just as much as I should do."

"Certainly, no less. How kind it is of you, Amy, to give me this immediate lesson in the art of being popular. It is quite original. I should scarcely have devised it. Not very common on this earth, I imagine. Perhaps it is their way up in the moon, your native star, you know. She is not shining on you just now, but that is of no consequence. You were undoubtedly mesmerized by the man in the moon some time ago, and the influence is not yet worn out."

"I fear your memory is wearing out, Raimond. I told you, not five minutes ago, that I did not like either Mr. Malone's plan about the reading-room, or his way of proceeding with it. How can you expect me to accede to them?"

"And, dear Amy, have not I told you that I don't like either to exhibit my paintings to Mrs. Lennox, or your way of inviting her for that purpose,—how can you expect me to accede to them?"

This being the argumentum ad absurdum, which it is well known admits no answer, I did not attempt to furnish it with one, and so we moved on for some time, beneath the winter sunshine, in silence; I, musing over our past dialogue, till its drollery struck me with accumulated force, and I broke out in merry laughter, to which the noble trees under which we were walking, rang again.

"What is the joke, dear Amy?" said Raimond. "Do let me enjoy it with you."

"Oh, Raimond; how ridiculous is every thing you have been saying this morning."

"It were not polite to excel in wisdom my fair companion, Amy."

"Now do, for once, try if you can say what you really think."

"Well then, I think I have a very nice little sister, and that it is difficult, if not impossible to put her out of temper."

If Raimond's opinion were but true. He does not generally sin in flattering,—but on this point he is scarcely a judge, though his proceedings would test the equanimity of some young ladies. With me his teasing does not go deep enough,—it is just what I expect; and besides it amuses me so much that I cannot be angry for genuine mirth. Still it is very pleasant for one's only brother to hold this belief; and instead of undeceiving him, I must try to merit it on other occasions, when temper is really more tried than he would suppose. *I* know that slight unkindnesses which I think are *real*—slight inattentions even from people for whom I care but little—slight differences of opinion even, when they see unexpected, and pertinacious, leave a serenity that is often merely external. We can all stand temptation well, that does not assail our peculiar weakness. How steadily the snow has been falling while I have been writing!—writing to answer almost your sole inquiry,—whether Raimond is as mischievous and entertaining as ever? Are you answered? Judge for yourself. Oh, the heavy snow! It seems to me to melt into my spirits, and weigh them down. When will it go away? One, two, three days I have been in sight of the breakfast-room fire, for no other cheering sight has been in reach—not even Raimond. It is quite hearth-chaining to think one has to traverse that long gallery where the breezes (not of the sweet South) hold their court,—and as Raimond is safely ensconced in his beloved library, and, as he sagaciously remarks, it is as far from the library down to the breakfast-room, as from the breakfast-room up to the library, there we remain. One, two, three days,—only three? they seem numerous, because I have been longing to reach Mr. Orton's study, with a book which he wishes to read, and I wish to lend him,—guess what it is?—you never will;—why Southey's Poetical Works, which have every chance of being conned, could he only set eyes on them, by the anti-poesy Mr. Orton. How powerful is phrenological asseveration! And then my poor people,—all these three days have I been pondering whether their pennies are storing up for me, or being dispersed in supplying the requirements of the cold and hungry. I really think I should rush out in a desperate longing, to see an additional face or two, at the risk of being chilled to where the heart-warmth begins, if I had not met a small contre-tems when I actually did so, yesterday evening, which is rather discouraging. I called on Miss Melville, and she, before long, stated that Mr. Erdene was in the study, and dispatched a message to ask him down to tea. The misjudging man. He returned for answer, that he had finished his search in some volume there, and unfortunately had not time to stay tea. If I had but had courage to

take the message myself, I think I could have enlightened him as to his amount of time. Now suppose all the people I specially want to see should be just elsewhere, when I call? That style of calamity generally performs a chorus, if it sings an opening part; or pours, like the rain, if it rains at all. I am out of spirits, and dare not risk it. By the way, I must give you a judgment of the concert. I had almost forgotten.

Miss Dolby's clear, rich, hautboy voice exhilarated, and her luxuriant beauty tranquillised us. I do not know how better to describe the effect of her aspect—its splendour is soothing, delicious. Her voice has little passion and little fancy, but great, and high power. It reminds us of Malibran's by contrast. The emotion it excites is more akin to that awakened by elevated statuary, than glowing painting. Her manner, independently of her singing, was bewilderingly arch as ever. But what shall I say of Thalberg? Why, *his* manner, independently of his playing, is unchanged, too. He never reminded one more of a prince in a citizen's dress—he never looked more as if there moved with him a region of beauty unseen by any eyes but his mild, dreamy ones. His face had not lost the look of calmness inspired by a soul, whose each impulse has attaining power. His touch was still all-expressing—his execution—but it is incongruous to speak of *his* execution who rules the instrument as though his will flowed through it. He never bore him more, not as if he played to answer the excited demand of a visible audience, but to give sensible response to the thoughts that stirred in him. All that met the eye, was the same—it was the music for the ear, the soul, the mind, that was so altered. We heard rich chords—runs of endless difficulty—airs arranged with imposing effect—in the stead of musical thoughts on which the mind could dwell, even without sound—themes most originally developed—combinations of imagined intricacy, to be unravelled, we dreamt not how, but of which his clear mind held the clue, for it fashioned them. One thing he gave us, a schergo, in which something of his old power appeared of following out a thought, but it was a smaller effort for his genius than L'Allegro, to the mind that could plan Paradise Lost. He has left his high throne to make sport for a populace. He has ceased to compose for the minds that could appreciate his grand ideas, and who will eventually control the judgment of the multitude: he composes now for popular applause—it will be passing. He listens no longer while he writes, to the fame that may be storing for him a thousand ages hence—the adulation of the present hides it from him. Does he indeed, *write* now? The lightly modulations of melodies to which we last listened, would not require of him that they should be made in the brain—written at the desk, before one of their sounds arose from the piano. He has ceased to bear us up with him into

a world of high thought, where musical sound seemed the echo of high speculation—all fervent feeling—a world that kept its paths for only him. His "Prayer," from Mosé in Egitto, with which he answered an encore, seemed a strain to which those we had listened to a little time before, had nothing that was akin—a glory from the past. We once could say of Thalberg, that he owed nothing to the superficial—to trick, to extravagance, to affectation; that all his unequalled results, all the deep emotion he excited, came from the most legitimate—the highest sources. *Now*, we cannot say this. Shall we not say it again? Will not the glare pass, and he, in the light of his own high perceptions, see that it is better worth to compose up to his own pure ideal, than down to the low one of his superficial hearers? Will he not feel there is less joy in their applause, than in the happy exercise of his unequalled powers? The happy exercise!—what to such a man as Thalberg, can be any external felicity, even that of *appreciating* admiration, compared with the delight of unfolding his own beautiful ideas—his glorious images? He must yearn again for that happiness some time. O, I trust it will be before his all-inclusive power is weakened, by being so imperfectly employed—straitened by its depths being unsounded—its energies inactive. I am interrupted—but I have said my say—all I wish to express now of present disappointment in Thalberg—of future hope. I am interrupted by a welcome visitor—the post; it brings me two letters; one is only for myself; and one encloses a card, that gives news of Annot's marriage. Now she is Annot—did I tell you the name of her beloved? Now try if your own penetration will reach it.

Another interruption—another note; I did not hear the bell ring—no need it should; this comes from the library—a reply to a petition for Raimond's presence here, in my domain; and an appeal from my past kindness. It is characteristic. "Raimond continues to sympathise most protestingly with dear Amy, and begs to assure her very repeatedly, that he is the kindest of brothers." Very satisfactory, is it not? "Continues to sympathise;" thereby hangs a tale—but I have not time to tell it now, nor flexible fingers either.

Something very mysterious, since I wrote yesterday, dear Edith. I want to send off my letter, but I just insert it for your meditation, as I have no solution to annex. We went last night to meet the Severtons very quietly at the Mertons. Nothing remarkable occurred; it was only remarkable that something did *not* occur. C'est-à-dire, that Raimond did *not* look at Ima Severton as though she were something peculiarly pleasant to look upon, but turned his regards anywhere else; and tried very perseveringly whether there were any conversation to be extracted from a very silent young lady, an experiment I never saw him

make so much at length before. Only now and then I caught a sort of unintentional glance from him towards Ima; and the expression of his face involuntarily reminded me of the song of the Morning Star:

> "I cannot kindle underneath the brow
> Of this new angel here, who is not *thou*,—
> All things are altered since that time ago,
> And if I shine at eve, I shall not know."

Perhaps it is as well he should not, for he was not very shining that evening. I am not at all sure I shall learn what the matter is. Raimond may take a high fit of reserve, and profess to be unconscious he is altered in manner; and Ima looks so innocent and serene; I feel certain *she* has nothing to tell: but I fancy the cause will suggest itself at some corner or other. Still, it may not be *tellable*. Good bye, naughty Edith; rejoice in the thought that I am in charity with you, and am your

AMY DE VESCI.

LEGENDS OF ANTIQUE YEARS.

No. VI.

THE RETURN OF ADONIS.

My gaze ascends long the stream of time,
Far up to the hills of old,
Where Powers whose home was the skies sublime
With man would fair converse hold.
When glorious shapes by the sun-lit earth
By the mid-sun shaded stream;
Forms from Olympus that claim'd their birth
Would on eyes that were mortal beam.
When by river, shore, or 'neath dew-bright elms
In love that made equal moved;
Steps that could bound through the starry realms,
And those but o'er earth that roved.
Oh, graceful time! when the shapes of earth
Were lovely as shapes of air,
And each high thought that man's soul gave birth
It shrined in a form as fair.
Yet were the Gods of the hills and streams
But powers of the earth and mind,—
Faintly they pictured the worth becems,
The Rulers of human kind.
Ah! through sunny mist round those far off years
Bright forms and sweet voices gleam;
Break they on me, and the *Now* appears
O'erahone as a dim dark dream.

* * * * * * * * *

I see tall mountains would touch the sky
Did it near as ours to their summits lie,
But it floats, how far! in the radiant air,
As its clouds were hung round a realm more fair.
Oh! mighty hills! but not stern they stand
As they owned the guard of a foe-watch'd land,
Smiling, as robed to their outmost line
With flowers that through depth of the rich woods shine,
They greet the bright glance of Apollo's eye,
Given to the vales in their heart that lie.
I see one valley, the great hills round
Raise their bright heads with the rich woods crown'd;
For that vale they've parted, and 'neath the sky
Fair in their depths does the sweet vale lie.
It windeth on 'mid the barriers there
As they check'd their steps round that valley fair.
There might have rung from its sparkling rill
The chant could the ear of Narcissus thrill,
Winning his love from the green-robed earth
To the pearly caves where the floods have birth;
Thence flowed the song, come the greeting smile
Ulysses met in the lonely isle;
Thence—nay, a chorus more sweet than they
Wrappeth my soul in its gentle lay,
And the forms of the sea-nymphs no more are fair
By the train whence it bounds on the sunny air.
They are wandering on where the stream sings low,
Cymbal and lute swell the rich deep flow,
And the song they breathe as they pace 'mid flowers
Lays chain on all save the swift-winged hours.

We wait, we wait for thee,
All beauteous things are here,
Thy tryst will as shrine of the lovely be
Adonis, if thou appear.
We wait by the chosen stream,
We wait where the old hills be,
We wait by the path that, of mortal men,
Keeps portal for only thee.
That path is dread, but our presence wards
Its chillness from hill and burn,
Floats there not down it our sunny air,
With its murmur—"Return, return?"

Return to the heights of the gladsome earth,
Return to its waters free,
Return once more to our song of mirth,
Its chorus hath haunted thee.
Thou might'st forget at Olympus's board
The lore 'twas so sweet to learn,
But the stream of the pale realms hath chang'd for thee
Its burden, and sung "Return."
By those silent shores couldst thou fail to long
For glades 'neath the blue skies' cheer?
The term of thine exile hath journeyed on,—
Adonis! appear, appear!

Again to urge the dart,
To know the chase's glad strife,
Again to send to the wild boar's heart
The spear, whose demand is life.
When the hunt's glad toil is done,
Where once thou faint didst lie,
Strong to give hail to the glorious sun
From beds of anemone.

The sunbeam's golden flush
Recals thy tresses bright;
The wind's wild wooing touch,
Thy step as swift and light;
Thy blue eyes seem to gaze,
From depths of summer air,
But the heart-smile of thy look
We find, oh! never, there.
We have been sad for thee
Where radiant skies appear,
Within the realms so dim that be
Hath not *thine* heart been here?
Did not its gloom recall
Eyes in their darkness bright?
Streamed not through sunless hall
Smiles that for thee kept light?
The summer heaven doth see
One face than thine more fair;
Return—'tis but for thee
Gladness to summon there.
She to whom thousand shrines
The wreathed incense burn,
The Queen of Joy, 'neath sunny vines,
Adonis mourns—return.

The bright song pauses—from winding dells
No answering strain on the warm air swells;
There is one dingle all dark and wild,
Vainly around it hath summer smiled.
That darksome pass through the hills leads on
To the shores where ne'er hath earth's day-light shone.
Pierceth the green hills its line of gloom,
Seems it not road to the dreary tomb?
Yet the glad stream through that pass finds way,
Yet by its dim gorge the bright nymphs stay;
'Mid the hills' fair circle that dark cleft shows
Sole answering sign at that strain's soft close;
For the cold white mist that doth o'er it lie,
Wreathing its rocks to their summits high,
Is faintly stirred, and a rosy glow
To its outline shoots from the depths below.
That train disparteth. Oh! brighter far,
Than the twilight pale, is the evening star,
The wondrous form they attend is seen,
Our hearts claim vassals for Beauty's Queen.
Gone were the car and the leashed doves—
The state that waits on the Queen of Loves.

We know the soft glance of those conquering eyes,
We know the strange smile round the bright lip lies,
We know the wild tresses more lustrous there
Than star-beams falling through chrystal air,
And the soft glory, out-dazzling dreams
From the wondrous Cestus, o'er all that gleams.
She hath watch'd the silence, now bursts on air
Appeal, where struggles command with prayer.
That voice! think of sunshine that breaks through haze
Scornful, yet wroth it assails its blaze;
And a shade that quivers o'er cheek and eye,
Shows as a whirlwind the soul swept by.

"Thou'rt nigh me—their reclaim
Hath it not reached thine ear?
Rings it not through the shadowy way
Thy fleet steps journey here?
Thou'rt bound but by one sway—
One rule lays claim on thee—
Well that thou didst not own *their* lay,
But art thou dumb to *me?*
I wait thee—count it small
With me comes sunlight sweet,
I for whom earth's uncounted vows
Desire, for *thee* intreat.
Give answer—didst thou wend
Where *she* holds dreadful reign?
For that is *here* to cheer the end
Thy travail were not vain.
Give answer—at my voice
Man's heart leaps upward still,
I speak to him—my lightest choice
Can move his strongest will.
Earth's mighty flames are swayed
By soft breath mine alone—
From me the sunlight or the shade
Has o'er man's pathway flown.
I call thee—give reply
To tones that thrill the world—
More mighty than the summons high
In Jove's deep thunder hurl'd.
And 'tis for thee I call
Who hast known my power in joy—
Hast drunk most deeply of his thrall
With least of its alloy.
To thee I bowed my might
Lowly as, 'neath thy feet,
I gave to thee the draught of love
For which the skies compete.
Give answer—*now*, o'er founts,
Through depth of woods and hills,
Of power from my soul's whisper mounts
Not joy, but sadness thrills.
From thee, from thee, the change
That works in me as woe?
Is it from thee, the favoured, loved,
Requital should be so?

I, who have charmed the spheres—
I, whose the wide realms three—
I, at whose smile delight appears,
Call—is no word from thee?
Nay; well I read thou'rt nigh;
'Tis long since mountain-brow,
Since rainbow o'er the rapid stream,
Have smiled as smile they now.
I know thou hast owned not shadowy charms
In the dim world that reign;
Thou hast not joined the pomp that swells
Pale Proserpina's train.
And I have left the thousand vows
Around my smile appear;
Have sadly mourned the only one
For whom 'tis ever near.
Nay—far beyond that sadness strange
I've proved my truth to thee;
What the o'er-shadowing of my bloom
To price thy life left free?
Well, I reclaim it not,
Though half thine hours be spent
Afar, in cold Proserpina's grot,
They're spared—I am content.
But now the months are spent
Vowed to Elysium's chain;
The bonds stern time hath rent
My loved one would detain.
Come, then, again to our joyous hills—
To the chace-horn's music free;
Come to the life of our dancing rills—
Adonis, come to *me*.
Come, by the power that my ardent love
Wakes in thy soul to burn,
Rend the pale mist o'er-veils thy path;
Adonis, prince, return.
I see its cold shade change;
'Tis shook by thy swift course.
Again gleams out the range
Of hills beside its source;
Thy bright crest shineth there.
I wait not words to learn;
Bound through that cleft to the summer air;
Adonis, loved, return."

"I come, my queen;" and the thrilling sound
From the dark dell swept to the hill-tops round;
A bright youth sprung through the narrow way,
Unlike, but fair as the lord of day.
No regal smile his—no look of power
Apollo weareth in softest hour;
The rich fair curls were with roses crown'd;
The robes, unwarrior-like, jewels bound,
The small hands soft as a maiden's were,
The light step trod as on heath-bell there;
The eyes' blue glance ne'er in war grew stern;—
Such was the youth whom the shades return.

That instant on the shrines of Greece
The flames flashed fair and free;
The glad processions move
Where Egypt's altars be.
Hark! Memnon's harp to air
One wild rich strain hath sent;
For the joy-flames strike the horizon there
As sun-steeds clomb the heaven.
A thousand lovers wake to hope
At that rejoicing sign;
A thousand wooers round the earth
Win courage from its shrine;
And sweet strains in this sunny vale
Float onwards up the rills
From lutes whose music does not fail
When Venus walks our hills.
Ah, heed them not! the exiled there
Is kneeling at her feet,
And low soft words of welcome fair
Breathe harmony more sweet.
"Joy waketh on the hill,
Joy warbleth in the burn;
The past may grief and shadow fill,
When thou and bliss return."
Yet, thou bright queen of the thousand loves,
Fair boon to earth from sea,
Affection deep the full heart approves,
Venus, was not for thee.
Better to watch where Dian mourns
Beside Endymion's sleep,
Than clasp a fickle joy we know
So transient life will keep.
Love never spent is worth lament;
It strikes but once, and deep.
Deep love's a plant cannot be sown
Alike in every field;
The soil the virtues make alone
That glorious growth will yield.*

Leeds. E. H.

* It is said that Adonis, after being slain by the boar, was restored to life by Proserpine on condition that he should spend six months of each year with her. Festivals celebrated his return to Venus.

RICHARD BIDDULPH;[1]

OR,

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF A SCHOOL-BOY.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MARY STONE IN SEARH OF A SITUATION—MEETS WITH A BUTTERMAN.

Good, kind, gentle, loving kind of people have pleasing dreams, full of charitable fancies, and replete with private philanthropy, which helps to make their sleep sweet and exceedingly refreshing, so that they get up with light hearts, full of warm affection towards the *whole of mankind*, and go about their practices with renewed enthusiasm. Little girls too, who try to make doves happy and kittens more playful than they naturally are,—kindly disposed little darlings, who nurture pure thoughts, and practise small infantile kind of virtues, have their dreams also, which make them smile as they lie upon their pillows, and continue smiling when they desert them. Men of the world dream; as also do beauteous ladies, cheesemongers, butchers, and drapers: then it must be remembered, that woe-begone paupers have their dreams too—hard, lean, revengeful kind of dreams—not substantial, but shadowy: and hard-hearted felons are plagued with horrible shapes, which open jagged wounds, from which issues red glittering blood; whilst parted lovers,—whether in palaces or in unions—see one another, and clasp one another, and love one another over and over again in dreams. There are indeed, a world of dreams—of so varied a character, that we look, and watch, and behold, and wonder, until even this actual life appears to be but a mere dream—a thought—a fantasy—an emotion—or anything but a real *bona fide*, natural, every-day existence, made up of proud luxury on one side of the street, and squalid poverty on the other.

We left Mary Stone, if you remember, dear reader, snug between a pair of coarse sheets, fast asleep, since which time, she had many little episodes of dreams flitting before her eyes as she slept, which made her smile a sweet and gentle smile, as though she were returning that of a smiling angel; but, as so much has been said about dreams already, it is better to pass into positive, stirring, striving life.

The little girl, at an early hour, jumped out of bed, and, after putting on her stockings, garters, frock, and those sort of things, partook of a simple breakfast with the waggoner's boy, when they went forth together, in order that she might get a respectable place in a respectable family. The waggoner's boy was a keen-witted, suspicious kind of fellow, who was up to every practice of the Londoners; and having

[1] Continued from page 220, vol. XLI.

taken a kind of liking to Mary, he was determined to see her planted in a respectable house, in order that he might see her when he came up with the waggon, and continue his acquaintance.

Mary had no inclination to call upon Mister Death and his wife, so that with the advice of the boy, she thought she would surprise them one day when she was well off and to do in the world, rather than risk any unkindness now she was nearly pennyless. Accordingly, they went about searching for a place, out of one shop into another, and so on, into many houses to which they were recommended, although Mary was not successful, and was beginning to despair, when her companion slapped her gently on the back, and said,

"Come, come, lassie, don't be downhearted-like—Rume wasn't built in a day; and if we only persevere we are sure to get on somehow or another."

"Yes, but only think of your time, and you must think of that," enjoined Mary.

"Puuf about time, lassie, if we aint got time to do a good turn, we oughtn't to have none to do a bad'un, ought we?"

"No, that we ought not, and there is not, surely, is there?"

"Oh, ain't there though! Why, look there," he continued, as he pointed out to Mary a big costermonger, who was belabouring a small donkey, with a thick stick, although it did not seem to go any the faster for it. "Now, look there, ain't that a bad action?"

"Yes, indeed it is, very bad indeed," replied the girl, as she looked at the fellow, and saw the boy go up and take the stick from his hand, and use it so adroitly over the front of the fellow's face, that he actually cried out for mercy, when the boy snapped the weapon into four pieces, and presented the brute—not the donkey—with one of his own cabbages, in order that he might persuade by kindness rather than by force. If the waggoner's boy had not been a strong lusty-armed fellow, he would have got the worst for his interference, but as he was used to handling butts of wine, or vinegar, or oil, as well as larger packages, he thought nothing of mastering men twice his own size, or subduing morose, big-headed vagabonds.

"Now, lassie, after paying that fellow out like, go into that butter-shop, for two of my sisters got places at butter-shops. I have heard, that getting places for girls, helps butter-shops like, because, servants as get situations through butter-shops, can't say nothing about bad butter. And it does seem possible like, don't it?"

"Yes, but it's the missis that finds out bad butter, isn't it?" asked Mary.

"To be sure it is—but then it's the gal as satisfies the missis as it ain't bad, but actually is good. But come in here," he continued, as they entered into a large butter-shop with great tubs, and piles, and rolls, and pats of butter here there and everywhere, whilst there were elephants, tigers, mice, ducks, polecats, all made of butter, resting themselves luxuriantly in the window. Then there were numberless hams hanging upon nails from the ceiling; and a countless variety of slices, pieces, and flitches of bacon—some very fat and some streaky; with large boxes of eggs one upon another; bladders stretchingly full of lard; and cheeses, varying in form from a circle to a square,

and then going up to a fretted kind of pyramid. It was a large shop in the neighbourhood of the west-end, and had many young men behind its well-scrubbed counters, who were weighing, as fast as they were able, half-ounces, ounces, aye, and even pounds, which made the scales ring again. When the waggoner's boy and Mary entered into the shop, they were treated in the same way as the rest of those within it, but it did come to their turn to be served eventually, when the shopman, in his anxiety to keep the weights alive, mistook the nature of the boy's enquiry, who, upon asking "Do you know of a situation for a gal," was answered with "Prime salt is thirteen, but real nice fresh can't be done under sixteen-and-a-half, that I do assure you."

The shrewd boy knew in a moment the reason of the mistake, and made allowance for it, when, upon repeating the inquiry, they were ushered right down the centre of the shop, with a great deal of "Yes, Sir," and a vast quantity of "Step this way, Miss," into a snug counting-house, with a large fire in it, with a small-featured man sitting at a table, dressed in a white apron, and holding a pen within his hand. Upon learning the object of their visit, he desired them to be seated, when he took down a book, and, after referring to it, said,

"What kind of a situation does the young woman want?"

"Oh, I'm not particular, Sir."

"No, she's not particular, Sir," rejoined the boy, "only she won't go where they have red-herrings for dinner twice in a month, nor once either, Sir."

"Well, that's good and proper, and spirited; now I like that—I do, upon my veracity."

"What's your veracity," asked the boy.

"Why, I'll tell you," answered the butterman, as he cast a scrutinizing glance at Mary, "there come a tall girl here last Janivary, and wanted a place, just the same as you may now at the present. Well, I takes the book down and refers, upon which, I asks her what she'd had for dinner, when she replied," here he turned to the boy—"when she replied, 'Red-herrings and a couple of potatoes.' Well, I was green then, so I of course, recommended her to Missis Daws, which used to use two pounds o' fresh, three pounds o' salt, besides a quarter of a flitch weekly. Well, in course she got the situation. Yes, and she's got the situation now—and, as a natural consequence, they only has, no fresh at all, only two pounds and a half of salt, and no bacon, which makes me like them as don't like red-herrings. D'ye see?" he asked, with a scrutinizing glance.

"Yes, Sir, I do," replied the boy.

"Yes, Sir, but that aint all neither, for all the cooks as gets places from this shop, uses fresh butter with pastry. Mind that."

"Yes, Sir."

"Yes, and there's something in letting o' the taturs be mashed, mind that."

"Yes, Sir."

"Yes, but butter is the staple article, ain't it, though?" he asked, "and if it ain't, why bacon is, and if that ain't, why there's lard, and eggs, and cheese, d'ye see, young man?"

"Yes, Sir, I do, but what place can you recommend to this gal, aye, Sir," he asked, trying to humour the old man.

"Well, then, let's see; there's Mrs. Wilson wants a cook—the last left for stopping here upon an arrant;—then there's Mrs. Smithers wants a cook, which went away because she only got eighty-four pounds of dripping in six months;—then there's Mrs. Jones wants a cook, who was turned away—she was—for giving a policeman two legs of pork, and three-quarters of a pound of fresh;—then there's"—

"Yes, but something for this gal like."

"Oh, aye. Why, Mrs. Jenson wants a maid of all work—and Mrs. Smith wants a maid of all work—and Mrs., Mrs., Mrs., Mrs., Mrs."—there seemed to be no end to the Missus's that wanted maids of all work, all of whom described their respective places as regular heavens upon earth, actual little paradises, where work was a mere name, and where scouring, scrubbing, rubbing, washing, wringing, rinsing, and ironing, were merely nominal, and not at all worthy of being considered or taken into account upon making the bargain. Then again, these several ladies invariably held out great inducements, in the shape of two, three, four, aye, and even five bright, solid, golden,—real golden sovereigns—in consideration of twelve short months playing or trifling about their respective houses. As the butterman closed the long list of wants connected with all-work, he asked the two, which they would prefer trying first, as he observed,

"If the young woman likes, she may run'em all through in a year or two, and even then not make a friend by it."

"Give us a few names, Sir, upon the back of your card, and at any rate, she can go and see some of the ladies."

"To be sure I will—but mind, don't tell'em you like herrings, mind that."

"Yes, Sir, I will be very particular about that, Sir," replied Mary, innocently.

"Aye, and mind you say you come from a butter country, and know what good butter really is."

"Yes, Sir, but I don't, Sir."

"Oh, you don't, don't you, why, I really thought that you did; but you must stick up for the living, mind that."

"Oh, she'll do that, Sir," said the boy, as they wished the butterman good-day, and passed through the shop back again into the street, when the boy took out the card, and thus addressed Mary:

"Do you know, lassie, that that butterman is a bit of a dog, and yet he isn't, neither, for he only wants every one to carry by his waggon, and can't abear any falling off in the weight of the parcels. Now, I tell you, you mus'nt mind what he says about the livings, but simply reply to questions with the truth."

"To be sure, I meant to do so, because our parson"—

"Oh, never mind what the parson said, lassie," broke in the waggoner's boy, becoming argumentative, "but only look always to what your own heart says like, as that's the best parson. Mind, I don't say nothing agin the parsons, but I do say, that when the parson's asleep, your heart ain't, which bangs the parson hollow, for he's wide-awake to everything, if we're to believe the missis of the charity-school, as well as the hedicated."

"Yes, I do feel my heart bump sometimes," said the girl.

"Do you," asked the waggoner's boy, energetically.

"Yes, yes, there is one boy—he was a little boy when we last saw each other—that I think about, when my heart bumps."

"No, does it though?"

"Yes, and when I think what cruel people there are about the streets, and I don't know what he is doing, or where he is in the world, then my heart bumps."

"But, lassie, look at me, there steadily look at me in the face—there, now does your heart bump now?"

"No, not at all, now."

"Oh, it don't, don't it," replied the boy, as he winked both his eyes at once, and put her small hand through his lusty arm, when he continued, "that's a lucky fellow what makes your heart bump, lassie."

"Is he? I hope he is."

"Why, he ought to be."

"Why? asked Mary, with surprise.

"Why? Because you love him, don't you?"

"Yes, more than all the world beside," replied the girl, as they went off in pursuit of a situation.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE FINE LADY, AND THE SERVANT OF ALL WORK.

After referring to the back of the butterman's card, the waggoner's boy accompanied Mary Stone to the doorway of many respectable houses, which the girl entered one after another, whilst he remained waiting her arrival on the outside. Ladies who engage servants of all work, are such every day kind of characters, and resemble one another so intimately, that it is not necessary to describe more than one of them, in order that she may stand up and speak for her class—which is large—and represent their peculiar notions as well as opinions. Mrs. Catherine Pearse was a thin quick lively lady, of a certain age, with an uncertain temper, who looked for the approbation of society because of her moral and virtuous character, and who, moreover, was most particular—that is, exceedingly nice—about her dress, or out of door appearance. Mrs. Pearse had a snug kind of house enough, up a quiet court, on the outside of which there were two scrapers, a lump of straw, and an old mat, which were merely hints—but for all that they were to be attended to—that the young men lodgers, as well as those few young ladies who came to see them, were expected to scrape, wipe, and rub their boots, or ankle-jacks, as the case might be, previous to entering into the dominion of cleanliness. Upon opening the door, Mary saw three other mats one after another, which invited her, as well as all those who gained admission, to wipe, and wipe, and wipe again, before ascending the narrow stairs which led to the lodgers single habitations. Still for all these scrapers and mats, Mary could not help observing the slovenly appearance of the place generally, although it was not for her to say so; and really it was well that she did not, for Mrs.

Pearse was like all other fine ladies, exceedingly particular about having her domicile talked about as the very *achme* of neatness, elegance, and correct taste. Mrs. Pearse lived—that is, took her meals and slept—in a small room, with its single door in the passage, and next to the other door which had the scrapers on each side of it, so that she had the power—and used it too—of knowing what time to a minute the young men came in at night, as well as the exact moment they went out in the morning. She knew every movement of every one of the sixteen young men who occupied the extensive house of which she was the mistress, or as she was proud of boasting about being the tax-payer, as well as the landlady. She knew the peculiar tread of each of the sixteen, and could tell by the creak of their boots, whether they had boxes upon their shoulders in the day time when going out, or young women—young women are the very eye sores of fine ladies—or young women on their arms upon entering the single room for the night. She knew all about the situations the sixteen young men lodgers were in, as to what amount of money they got weekly, or quarterly, or yearly, with the exact quantity of perquisites, as well as gratuities. In fact, she knew—aye, the only question is, what did she not know connected with the personal interest as well as the pecuniary affairs of her sixteen young men lodgers, as well as their prospects of any and every kind whatsoever. Mrs. Pearse did not care to know aught about politics, or to study much history, or to go into algebra, or mathematics, but Mrs. Pearse was contented with knowing something about religion, and all and every thing about the sixteen young persons who occupied sixteen separate rooms, in her quiet, steady, firmly-established, *respectable* house, for single gentlemen; for they were all gentlemen, every one of them, so long as they lodged with Mrs. Pearse, but somehow they lost a portion of their gentlemanly character when they did not.

Mrs. Pearse eyed Mary Ann Stone for a long time, as though she were reading the very inside and outside of her at the same moment, and asked her many questions about the last place she had left, the cause of her leaving, and so on, which Mary managed to satisfy to the best of her ability in so straightforward a manner, that Mrs. Pearse was struck all of a sudden with the conviction that the girl would just suit for the place she was anxious of having filled; indeed, it must be confessed, she had had some slight difficulties thrown in her way through the caprice of some young women, and the actual independence of other young women, for, would it be credited, some of those who had applied had turned up their noses—yes, turned up their noses—at the comforts and varied kind of little happinesses held out as inducements for them to enter upon the office, whilst many, and it must be stated, by far the greatest number would not—positively would not—accept Three Pounds a-year in consideration of wages. Mary Stone, however, was not up to, or initiated into the singular eccentricities of the fine-minded London servants, so that she agreed to take—and was glad to do so too—the responsibilities of the place, and the prospect of the money in order that she might find her own tea and sugar.

"Now mind," began the fine lady, "let me have no airs, nor no graces neither. You must do the work of the house without grumbling, and clean those boots that are put outside the doors—which ain't many cer-

tainly—as well as the knives and forks of those that pays *me* for 'em. I suppose you don't want to go at it at once, young woman, do you?" asked the fine lady, carelessly.

"Yes, mam, I do," answered Mary, at the moment.

"Oh, well then, you'd better clean these sixteen pair, and when you're done, then I'll find something else for you to do, Mary, for that's your name, ain't it?"

"Yes mam."

Mary was just about buckling too, after taking off her bonnet and putting on a clean apron, when she remembered the waggoner's boy who was waiting for her on the outside.

"Well, what success lassie," he asked.

"Oh, I've got a place," cried Mary, as she smiled her thanks to him for his attention; and when he grasped her delicate hand with his lusty one, she smiled again, when he cried,

"Well, lassie, good bye, God bless you."

"And you, too, I know he will," she rejoined, as he began to leave the court, and had got half down it, when he returned and said,

"Mind lassie, I shall come and see you."

"Why yes, of course you will, good bye."

"Good bye."

And Mary was again in the house, whilst the waggoner's boy was on his way to the yard where his waggon was left the over-night.

"Now, young woman, "to begin with you," said Mrs. Pearse, sternly, "mind I don't allow followers."

"What, mam," asked Mary.

"No, and I won't allow them neither, so you must understand that. No young men, no nor yet even boys coming trouncing after you, mind that now."

"Oh, yes, mam," chimed in the girl, as she took the boots two pairs at a time down into her little kitchen—for servants of all work have kitchens—where she commenced rubbing the dirt off, then putting the blacking on, then brushing and shining with such spirit that even Mrs. Pearse seemed to form an early impression as to her own good judgment in forming an engagement with so fit, so proper, and moreover, so hard-working and willing a young woman. For, to speak truly, it took Mary a very short time to do both the boots, and the knives, and the forks, with many other things she was intrusted to clean, by Mrs. Pearse, who actually begun to think of bestowing some token of her feeling on the young woman, in order that she might be encouraged to continue in the course she had so nobly commenced. Mrs. Pearse, however, did not do any thing of the kind for fear of its having a bad effect on the girl, but rather allowed her, after mature deliberation to go on working and working, just as though every servant of all work were quite as diligent as herself. It was curious to observe the effect which Mary's arrival had upon the sixteen young men lodgers, for they all appeared to wish to ingratiate themselves into her favour in order that they might be attended to better, and have ministered to them those little comforts which depend upon being in good odour with maids of all work. Mary rose from her bed regularly as the clock struck six, when, after lighting fires, she got breakfasts and boots

ready, then she scrubbed down the stairs, and swept out the rooms, made the beds, and attended to those of the lodgers who were stopping away from their situations on the plea of illness, although they were not particularly so. Then she got Mrs. Pearse's dinner ready, and ate her own. Then she served the sixteen lodgers with sixteen teas, and took in sixteen half-pints of porter afterwards. Then she chatted to one, then to another, and so on through, and said kind words to all until she found herself, and was found by the lodgers, to be a universal favourite, liked by her mistress, and beloved by every one of the sixteen single men, although to speak the truth, she did not care one pin's head more for one than the other, even if they did have the presumption to think—aye, and even to say so—all—yes, all of them—one after another.

Mrs. Pearse liked Mary for many reasons, but principally because she was so very industrious that she did all the work quite easily, and left her, Mrs. Pearse, time to enact and practise the character of a fine lady, not only in her own house, but also amongst the whole circle of her acquaintance. Mrs. Pearse laced her stays full four inches tighter, had her bonnet converted into a more fashionable shape, exchanged her plain boots for French-polished shoes, and went out to market without patterns. It never entered Mrs. Pearse's head to assist Mary. Oh, no. She paid a young woman for doing *all* the work, and it was her part to do *all* the lady; so she went hither and thither dressed, decked out in silks, satins, bombazins and chalis, to churches, chapels, meeting houses, Exeter Halls, festivals, oratorios, as well as to theatres when comedies were enacted, or deep tragedies made stern looking women use their pocket-handkerchiefs. Indeed, Mrs. Pearse went everywhere, and was seen at every public meeting—she had so much time upon her hands. She was continually looking out for vacuums where she might push her well-dressed figure, and was constantly asking her friends where such or such a sight was to be seen; and yet she was not happy: whilst Mary—and this is meant as a contrast—cleaned the windows or the boots, or the stairs, or the mats, or the knives, or the carpets, or the boards, or any thing in short that wanted cleaning, and was smiling and smiling and smiling again and again whilst she was doing so, that really if the lady could have participated in the happiness of the girl she would have taken to cleaning and scrubbing instead of fine dresses; but inasmuch as Mrs. Pearse—like a few other fine ladies who having not much standing, or position, or right in society—wish to prove that they can show as fine as those who have real worth without fine dresses, making them smile even though the whole world frowns at them. Mrs. Pearse was ambitious of being thought a fine lady, so she kept a maid of all work, and put on finer clothes on work-a-days than the did on Sundays, whilst her humble menial was equally ambitious of putting her little head upon her pillow after a hard day's work with the certainty of pleasing dreams.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE OLD BONE MAKES THE FLOGGED WOMAN SMILE.

"COME, leave this place, and let that child see the light of heaven," was the earnest speech of the good—oh! the thrice worthy—old man, as he went along the sloppy passages which formed old St. Giles's in company with the hard-featured beggar and her little sore-eyed child. His aged frame worked along as though it were moved by some mighty impulse; so that he walked into puddles and out of them, through heaps of rank mud, and in the midst of unhealthy vapours, without allowing them to operate in the slightest degree in stopping his feeble progress. For, after all, it was a feeble progress in consequence of his age and manifold natural infirmities; but it was fully apparent that his thin shanks went one after the other as fast as it was possible for them to go. Then he would turn round and say something encouraging to the determined-faced woman about happy days yet, as well as nothing being impossible with the Father of us all; which had not much impression upon her features, although she began to turn the face of her child up towards heaven, as she—a beggar despised and having been flogged—did not dare to be so.

There was something about the woman's face which was truly horrible to look upon,—a kind of laugh at the dispensation of Providence, and a sneer at all human affection save that which was so strong towards her dependent darling. There might have been celestial charms dancing about the features of that woman once, such as the charm of virtue or the charm of hope; but now there was nothing human upon it save and except the very worst offal of our common humanity. She could laugh—oh! yes, as loud as possible—but there was nothing like a smile upon that expression, no, not even when it looked at the naked innocence of her child. And oh! Heaven! that there should be such beings upon the surface of our common country, who have a right to sympathy and love rather than to the scorn and contempt of the well-fed world!

But the child appeared to be the principal object of the old man's attention, and there seemed to be a kindred spirit between them; for it fixed its gentle eyes upon him every now and then as though it looked upon a bright and glorious object which was shining upon the whole human family, although it was an old withered bone, apparently fit only for a coffin. The three went on together through the intricate windings of that den of infamy, which is luckily being swept away from London, until they got into the wider streets, when the old man put the hand of the beggar within his arm and said—"Come, you must be weary, I will support you," in so kind a tone, that really the woman began to think there was an object in the old bone's attention to herself as well as to her only joy and blessing; but they went on and on together. As they passed along, the old watchmen put up their lanterns and exerted their weary eyes as they went by them; but inasmuch as their lanterns were nearly as dark, as their minds, or

their eyes, they allowed the incongruous group to reach May's Buildings without any kind of molestation. They had not to walk far, to be sure, before they reached their destination, but there was a good deal of thought on the way, and more particularly on the part of Mr. Howard, who was thinking about the surprise as well as the real joy he should give to the good lady who inhabited one of the houses in those buildings, and whose lodger he was at that very moment. The old man walked a little faster as he entered the place, and when he got within two doors of the house he set up a feeble kind of run, and mounted the one step in order that he might summon the inhabitants. Perhaps it is courteous to the reader to state, that the house in May's Buildings was a large, old-fashioned one, with a white stone step before it, and having well-polished windows. The curtains, too, were worthy of consideration, being white muslin, which appeared to set off and give a clean healthy tone to the whole picture. It was nearly seven when they reached the place, so that it was surprising to all but early risers, to find how soon the door was opened after the gentle knock had finished its vibrations; but then it must be understood that Mrs. Harty *was* an early riser.

The old man stood upon the step whilst the beggar entered, when he, too, went in, and gave a look at Mrs. Harty which she understood in an instant, by taking hold of the hand of the hard-featured woman, as well as implanting a kiss upon the cheek of her little one. The beggar stared with astonishment when she found herself sitting upon a chair in a large parlour before a good fire, with every demonstration of a forthcoming breakfast; yet she was incredulous, and eyed the whole scene many times before she allowed her mind to settle, which it did gradually. The old bone took his seat upon a plain oak chair, and looked into the fire vaguely; while Mrs. Harty's children came quietly into the room, and took their seats at the breakfast table. They talked one to another, and looked kindly towards the old man as well as at the beggar and her child; but they did not ask a single question as to particulars, for there was nothing at all singular in the matter to them—no, it was an every-day occurrence to the whole family. Very soon the food made its appearance, when, after the youngest child, little Henry Harty, had implored the Almighty's blessing, they all commenced eating. The old man had his crust and glass of water as usual, and he invited the beggar to begin, who stared about the room wildly, first of all at the Christian woman, then at her seven children, then at the old man, until she got into a wilderness. Mrs. Harty rose from her seat, as did the old man; when, without a word, the children one after another went up and kissed the sore-eyed child, which had such an effect upon the poor woman that she called down a blessing from heaven upon them altogether.

Now as there was not much surprise manifested by the Harties, it may be presumed that they had many blessings, and in good truth they had; for, beginning with the mother down to the youngest child, they were all naturally kind to the poor, and that was the reason why old Mr. Howard lived with them, and that was the reason why they were blessed. As to how the old bone first of all became acquainted with the Harties that cannot be deciphered, but it was clear that

they knew nothing more of him than as a mere lodger amongst them for many years, the greater portion of which time they were unacquainted even with his name. Somehow or other they found out the old man's virtues, his charity, which was universal, and his love, which was unbounded; and for that they tried to strew his short path with quiet attentions. The children never sat upon his knee, although he kissed them slyly; and as to telling Mrs. Harty he was comfortable, that was quite out of the question, yet Mrs. Harty knew full well that he was. The old chap had watched the growth of the children, and had implanted thought after thought in their minds almost imperceptibly; so that they were kind and generous one towards the other as well as to the common world. He had taught them to sympathise with beggars by doing so himself; so that they partook of a portion of his divine and heavenly character, which made their lives much happier than ordinary mortals. The old bone very seldom talked to any of them, except when he was obliged to do so, briefly, and in a manner very easily understood.

Now it so happened that this charitable family—this happy circle—cared little for the outside observance of religion, although they were, in their hearts, quite as religious as their neighbours; for they tried all in their power to create joy in the world and to destroy misery and discord.

It is not necessary to particularise all the attentions which were paid to the beggar, for they came so fast one after another, almost without an effort; but it is certain that the hard woman gradually became more akin to the better part of humanity; so that, after a time, she began to lose the hardness of her features, and to assume something like a surprised expression of countenance, which became more hopeful every minute. The old man took her hand in his and said:—

"Woman, let me implore you, to look up to Heaven!"

"No, not yet, I am not worthy."

"Yes, woman, there is hope."

The woman did look up, and, whether from association or otherwise, there came round and about her mouth a first attempt at smiling; and soon she looked full at the old man, and cried hysterically—"Oh! God Almighty bless you!'

Then she smiled truly.

CHAPTER XXX.

RICHARD BIDDULPH, BEING A VAGABOND, ENTERS THE BRITISH ARMY.

Mind this, the heading of this chapter shall remain as it is now printed until the mighty stigma and gigantic disgrace of flogging grown-up men—husbands—fathers of families—in the presence of their comrades, shall be blotted out entirely from the code of punishment in the British army; for be it understood, that immediately a man is flogged he is a vagabond to his friends *as well as to himself.* But perhaps it is better that Richard Biddulph's life should illustrate the subject, and

make out a case worthy the attention of the legislature; so that the army may not only be the refuge for those who are cast out upon the world from society, but should also hold out inducements for the virtuous to join those ranks which might ultimately lead to honour. The threat of every drunken husband, of all idle vagabonds in towns as well as villages—of the dissolute, of the depraved, is simply that, when all resources fail, they will join the army, which is a sad although perfectly true libel upon that service, which ought to inspire the highest aspirations and be the most difficult to enter; for it cannot be supposed that there is any higher aim for a man's ambition than that of fighting for the liberty of his country; but when allied, as it is, to the chance of being flogged, there is nothing more fearful to contemplate or to be more strenuously avoided. So, my dear reader, if you are a soldier, you must not be offended at the top of this chapter—more especially when you are assured that *you* have the power of obliterating the stain—i. e., if you induce government to abolish flogging in the army.

Well, after this long digression it must be stated that Richard Biddulph walked about the streets of London during both day-time and night-time, until he was most heartily tired of the place, when he went off into the country, living as he could as he went along. Sometimes he shared the meal of a waggoner; sometimes he got provisions from some charitable gipsies, and sometimes he stole from farm-yards as well as from snugly-built houses. He began to get anything but particular as to where he dined, so that he did dine, or where he slept either, for the matter of that. No; he led a wandering vagabondish life for a long time; so that he did not improve in morality, but rather went down the scale of society lower and lower still. He stood upon worn bridges, and looked into the waters beneath the arches of them; but they did not reflect one particle of purity or quietness, or holiness, or sanctity to him. If anything, they simply cast a black glance and a querulous gurgling, which said, "Young man, this is no place for such as you, for your heart is blind to the original impressions of humanity;" so that the youth understood in a moment the reasoning of the gentle streams, and walked away from the old bridges more hardened than before. It does not appear that he committed any grave offences against the laws; but it is certain that, in consequence of his mind and feelings having been hardened by Dr. Frampton's rods, he did not consider many offences in the same light as formerly. But then it must be remembered that he was a houseless, friendless, penniless wanderer, having been turned out from a charitable foundation upon a merciless and unsympathizing world; so that he had become, like his opponent the world, selfish, and somewhat callous to its opinions.

In mind and dress Richard Biddulph was, in every sense of the word, a vagabond: yes, just the chap that man-traps and spring-guns are intended to trap and shoot at—the very kind of vagrant who is advised to leave every town, village, hamlet, or estate he happens to enter, in order that the stocks may not be unlocked or the cart-tail called into active human service. To be sure, there was the old workhouse for him to get into *if he could*, and there were the prisons also; but unfortunately for him, he was too young and robust-looking for the one, and had not committed sufficient crimes for the other. Still, in heart and

soul he was a perfect vagabond, as the after part of his history is likely to reveal.

Richard Biddulph was a vagabond, so that he had no difficulty in entering the British army. To pass over preliminaries and to get into the marrow, let it be understood that the youth was admitted after an examination by the doctor—as though the doctor could read the human heart; he was admitted as a drummer-boy into a marching regiment; so that he might associate with a number of persons who called themselves, and who were called, the British army. Now don't misunderstand the dignity, or try to depreciate the merits—the stupendously glorious and immortally stupendous merits of the particular detachment of soldiers Richard Biddulph honoured with his society; for, according to their own chaplain's account, they had achieved wonders at one place with a hard name, and miracles at the storming of another with a harder, and most wonderful—most singularly wonderful—exploits in this, that, and the other celebrated campaign. Lord bless you, if the aforesaid chaplain spoke gospel—and chaplains do generally speak gospel—that particular portion of the army was The Army *par excellence*, and had no second in the whole universe. Why, there was nothing ever great, nothing whatsoever grandiloquent, beginning with Marlborough down to Wellington, that had been *done* in the way of fighting in connection with victory which did not owe its laurels to that particular regiment. Oh, they were all as brave as devils and as generous as saints. Their colonel deserved to be a field marshal, their major a general, their ensigns captains, and their sergeants much higher than they were. As to the chaplain, if he had his deserts, he ought to be then and there Lord Archbishop of Canterbury; whilst the doctor was the best carver in the whole service. Why, the regiment had too many flags for the baggage-waggon to get along with, besides medals by the sack. Really, to give credit to the worthy chaplain, he actually made the hair of every officer stand on end from very pride at being allied to *such* a detachment, which, according to his veracity, was the theme of toasts and sentiments, as well as brave songs, courageous impulses, and stirrers up to fighting over the whole surface of the habitable globe, as well as beyond it, if he might say so; and really it would have been a pity to stop or otherwise control his eloquent addresses.

Now it must be confessed that this chaplain did—like every chaplain does—speak long speeches after dinner, so that perhaps the world may give an allowance—I believe it is called a discount—to his sentiments; no, no, not his sentiments, but those of the mess wine, which is not always quite so good as it ought to be at so much a bottle. Yet, whatever is taken off chaplain's ideas of glorious victories, and so on, by the unsophisticated civilian, must not be thought of by your true ligitimate soldier, for he may continue to add rather than to diminish those inducements to bravery, as well as rushing into lions' mouths fearlessly.

Richard Biddulph joined the army, but it has not been stated which particular regiment he joined, and really it is not necessary to say one syllable about the matter, inasmuch as whether it was the 21st, the 42nd, or the 60th, it was a marching regiment; that is, a body of men continually on the move, marching from one town to another, and committing devastation wherever they marched; for they not only captiva-

ted whole towns, but also whole villages of hearts, which they took away with them. Singular to say—no, not singular, because it is not singular—they never left *their* hearts in the villages, but marched away piping, blowing and thrashing their drums, as though they were the merriest dogs in the world. As they went away never to return, old men kissed their grand-daughters, and mothers received their repentent daughters upon their bosoms, and young lassies cried bitterly, whilst the drum sounded a merry joyous march, which the men kept pace to with their feet. Then came murmurs about the heartlessness and callousness, and unmanliness, and hypocrisy, and deceit of the regiment that had marched away, when one or two talked about there being vagabonds amongst the number, whose whole time was taken up in proving to the word that they were so.

"There was perhaps one bold man in every town—he might have been idiotic, *and he might not*—who standing upon a stone spoke about these sodgers being a cus instead of a blessin to the country, becos as how they were more to be feared than the enemy. They comes as friends among us, and they deceives us, they ruins us, they teaches us forin vices, and they learns us to be tarnashun idle."

Such an opinion as this has been stated by an honest country-man before now; but as Richard Biddulph is scarcely initiated into the duties of a drummer boy, and has not seen any of those sights, which unfortunately are seen every now and then in the British Army, it is better to pursue a moment or two whilst a slight warning is given to the nervous or hypocondriacal patient, that his or her faculties must be braced up tightly in order that the next chapter may detail something about flogging a true British soldier. Don't read it unless you like, but remember, that it *is* so, whether you read it or you do not.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A BRITISH SOLDIER TIED UP AND FLOGGED.

The marching regiment to which the boy was attached, in the capacity of drummer, was composed of a set of hardy veterans, who had marched in various temperatures without being affected by changes; yes, they were a fine body of Englishmen who were hardy in more senses than one, inasmuch as they had one after another received so many lashes, 100, 200, 300, 400, *five hundred lashes;* no, not 500 scarcely? yes, but they did though, and then went back to the ranks with the proud knowledge that not a single cry had escaped during the punishment, no, not from one of them. It must not be imagined that all the men were formed alike—oh, no—because that was not the case, for there were chaps as round as balloons, and there were chaps as thin as herrings amongst them, but still because of that marrow, or that bone, they did not differ in the grand particular, or rule, or understanding, as to the non-utterance of an exclamation whilst they were tied up to the halberts. If one or two, or even half-a-dozen had been flogged, then there might have been a slight portion of disgrace attached to the cere-

mony, but when the matter extended to the *whole* regiment, why there could not by any possibility be any ignominy at all. Young men joined the regiment after they had spent their first payment of a shilling, and after a day or two, they were told to expect, what they very soon were made acquainted with—so many lashes. There was no disgrace, because it was general; and if a man gave any vent to his feelings, he was looked upon as a coward, and thought unworthy to associate with such brilliant companions, who boasted of having submitted to the most thrilling torture without uttering even the shadow of a groan.

The great cause of this constant use of the "Cat" in this particular regiment arose from the fact of the colonel being what is techinally called *an iron heart*, and the whole of the officers down to the captain were of a somewhat similar character, as far as regarded the coldness of their circulations. The colonel was a strict, martial, upright, erect, grissley fellow, who had an idea that flogging made men hardy and fitted them for severer punishment in the field of battle. To be sure he had not tried the experiment *himself* neither had any of the commissioned officers who acted under his orders, but still for all that he had the opinion, and the devil himself could'nt turn him away from it. Now these officers were all fitted for such a colonel, for they minded more about a snug mess and a comfortable camp than they did for the moral as well as intellectual training of those who were under their command. In justice to the officers, it must be stated that 500 lashes would have killed them outright, if they had submitted to the experiment, for they were all like creatures who had continually been feasting upon the fat things of this world, and appeared to be made up of chicken bones, *beef a-la-mode*, and maccaroni, so that they were totally unfit to put themselves under such a train of experiment. Now the sickly colonel, as well as the maccaroni looking officers, never wanted an excuse for flogging, as there was more drunkenness in this regiment than in any other in the service; and flogging follows drunkenness to a certainty.

Why now only fancy a number of men drawn out purposely to see a man's back flayed with a cat-o-nine-tails, and to behold large pieces of flesh torn away from the ribs of a tied up fellow-creature—blood and suffering as a matter of course. *Unfortunately it is something more than fancy it is a hard reality.* The men go home to eat? No! to drink? Yes! Then comes other drunkenness, and then comes other punishment with the "*cat.*" As to court martial, that must be a mere farce—a mere excuse for punishment—when the originator of the crime is not asked for or brought into the enquiry. But stop! a word or two is necessary just now in reference to flogging in the British army, and it will be fully understood one day or other, so that the sooner it is the better.

Great Captains—Dukes of Wellington, and so on—great captains state that drunkenness is the curse of the British army, but they don't state that flogging produces drunkenness, yet it does, although they don't say so; and let any impartial gentleman connected with the army, be questioned when he is out of the influence of his brother officers, and he will admit—they admit it daily—that flogging *as it produces drunkenness* is the great curse to that army which fights the fight—at present *in terrorem* for the English citizen.

Learn a secret ye infant legislators.

There are regiments where flogging and drunkenness are unknown!!!

Richard Biddulph was a mere drummer to the marching, no not marching but drunken, aye, and flogging regiment too, for the matter of that which has already been referred to, so that he had to beat the drum daily in order that his comrades might come forth to behold a man suffer corporal punishment. The drum rattled away merrily, just as though some marriage were about to be solemnized, and the men took their places mechanically round and about the fellow who was to suffer, who generally looked quite as unconcerned as the doctor who stood beside him; but really it is better to give a little in detail, so that your plain civilian may know something about that which used to be an every day affair with British soldiers.

Well, then the square was formed—the officers were at their places, and the drums were beating a finish, when a sickly, white-faced man was marshalled into the centre, under a sergeant's escort, who stripped off his clothes, and put his hands up to the halberts, so that they might be tied previous to the commencement of 500 lashes. The fellow's name was Jackson—Thomas Jackson—and this was his third appearance in that character. To be sure, he had only joined three months, and that accounted for his not having been punished oftener; but really, when he went up this time, there appeared to be some strange and fearful event about to happen, by his fixing his eyes so intently upon the colonel, who stood by during the ceremony. The man had joined for the sake of honour and glory; he had witnessed a man flogged—he had taken strong drink when he was flogged also. Again, and now a third time—500 lashes. Five hundred lashes! Yes, it was a third offence, and that was to be his punishment. The acticles of war were read over: there was a stillness—a deadly silence when the drummer raised the cat, swung it over his head, and made it descend upon the already-marked back of the unfortunate prisoner—again—again. The man had joined for the sake of honour—and oh, how he was disappointed; for glory—and here was ignominy. His head was turned towards the colonel, as though he were the representative of the system; and whether he went to the right or to the left, backwards or forwards, the man's eyes followed him, and fixed upon him. Drummer followed drummer with fresh instruments; and the doctor stood by, looking up at the sky, which was lovely, and not at the scene which was not. 1, 2, 3—350 lashes had descended, when the man fainted, and was put up again; 60, 70, he did so again. 80, 90—400, again, and was put up again. "Discipline," he fainted said the colonel, "example—discipline."

Now the lashes were bloody, and the man's back presented the appearance of a field of battle after a victory, yet the drummers did their duty. Lash after lash—Oh, it was dreadful! Oh, it was barbarous! Oh, heaven, it was devilish! Why, the face of the drummer is proverbially ferocious; and really, when associated with such scenes as these, it is wonderful they do not commit murder, and they would, if they dare go out of protection.

The doctor put his hand to the man's pulse, and took it away again, when another lash descended; the eyes, which were still fixed upon the colonel, lost a portion of their fire—a slight "Oh" escaped from

the lips—then the jaw fell, and Thomas Jackson, who went into the army for the sake of honour, was dead—aye, fixed to the halberts; he was a libel upon the law of corporal punishment, although the doctor didn't think so, but simply remarked, that he went off easily; and cited a variety of cases where men had died from similar causes. The colonel thought it strange, that a man should die from a mere flogging; so did the officers; so did the chaplain; so did the men; but they took him down from the instrument he was tied to, and buried him with funeral honours, because he was a soldier.

Richard Biddulph not only assisted to flog his comrades, but was now and then flogged himself, and was considered quite a hero amongst them for the manner in which he took his punishment. Still, it must be confessed, that these associations are more likely to make his heart harder than it now is, than to bring out any hidden kindnesses; but, whatever it does, you shall be made fully acquainted with, if you follow him into the succeeding chapters. But previous to parting with you for this month, let me entreat you, kindest friend and dearest companion, to allow the same spirit to operate which did originally on behalf of Richard Biddulph, who is, to a certain extent, a creature of circumstances, having had a cruel lesson taught him by his Christian master, before he was turned out upon the world. That is on account of the hero of this history, and now one word for the writer:

Great facts have been stated fearlessly, and will be stated fearlessly still, but pray do not attribute anything in the shape of exaggeration. No! After this work has passed through the Metropolitan, it will be published separately, when the whole subject shall speak for itself, and, if there be slight (?) faults in the systems adopted by society for its government, surely, those faults ought to be reformed—

Aye, and they shall!—

Yes, if you, dear reader, repeat with me the affirmation, "*They shall.*"

THE SMILE OF AFFECTION.

To H. B. By ——d.

AH! ah! darling maiden, thy clear eye is bright,
And shines like a star through the jealous black night,
Which tries to envelope sweet hope midst dark fears,
Blank sighs and full buckets of sorrowful tears.
Creating alarm and producing dejection,
Which all disappears *at thy smile of affection.*

The spring days pass onward and seem but short hours,
My path it is strew'd with sweet-scented flowers;
But the violet's breath, or that from roses,
No, nor a garland made up of small poses,
Can only create an eternal objection
When put by the side of *thy smile of affection.*

BEHIND THE SCENES;

OR,

THE INVISIBLE DRAMAS OF HUMAN LIFE.

Be this, or aught
Than this, more secret now designed, I haste
To know.

Milton—Paradise Lost.

On the sixth floor of a magnificent house of the Chaussée d'Antin in Paris, there resided, some years ago, a young man of the name of Mark Anthony Riponneau. He was a stout fresh-coloured young fellow, of about five-and-twenty years of age, endowed by nature with a round, good-humoured-looking countenance, a pair of light blue eyes set rather far apart, a nose slightly *retroussé*, furnished with a pair of nostrils of most amazing width, and a couple of large projecting lips of a most decided cherry-coloured hue. In short, all the separate elements which united form a true visage of happiness and content were there, had not a low forehead and a thick shock of black *thatch*, so stiff and so strong that it could be likened only to the bristles of a hair-brush, imparted to his physiognomy a mean and envious appearance, denoting more of pig-headed obstinacy than of firmness or intelligence. Mark Anthony was a clerk in the office of the Minister of Finance, with a salary of about 1800 francs a-year; and with this sum he was obliged to content himself, though he was far from being content. Employed in the Budget of the State, he had learned all the illusions, and in his position as clerk in a government office, the constant association with men of influence and wealth, and the sight of that ever-flowing tide of money which rolled unceasingly through his hands, succeeded in completely disgusting him with his own situation in the world. Mark Anthony, as I have said before, received a salary of about 1800 francs a-year; he had no other resources for increasing his income to look forward to; so that each expense he was obliged at any time to incur was invariably foreseen, calculated, and arranged beforehand. Thus, by dint of strict sobriety and occasionally "supping small," he was enabled to appear at all times tolerably well dressed; and, by dint of great circumspection in his movements, he maintained his coats in a state of decent preservation, when, upon the shoulders of a gesticulator, they would long since have been worn completely threadbare. Riponneau never permitted himself the slightest movement of arm or limb out of the bounds of the strictest moderation, or even to draw a breath of greater magnitude than its fellows, until disencumbered of every garment liable to be damaged by a too great freedom of action. But it must be said that, during these moments, he amply indemnified himself for his previous six or eight hours' confinement; and it was by a piece

of pantomime, both elaborate and extraordinary, that he would in general accompany the following exclamations :—

"To have but a miserable 1800 francs, and to feel within oneself the germs of every noble thought."

These germs of every noble thought, be it stated, properly speaking, as consisting in a desire for all the luxurious pleasures of the world.

"Ah!" Mark Anthony would continue, "to be poor, and to see in front of one there, on the first floor of that noble mansion, a certain Monsieur and Madame de Crivelin. They are rich—all smile on them; the world flatters them—they are happy."

Here Master Riponneau would give a mighty stamp upon the floor.

"If I were only as this M. Donen, who occupies the entire second floor of our house, what a different use I should make of his fortune from what he does! But what matters it? He is happy in his own way, since, being able to live everywhere, he confines himself to his own rooms; whilst with me, I must deprive myself of everything. Besides, had he no fortune, he would have glory, consideration. Thunder and lightning, how happy he is!"

Riponneau would accompany this passage of his griefs with a clattering of the feet perfectly terrific.

Then would come fresh exclamations; first upon the hosier who occupied the shop on the right; then upon the confectioner on the left, and upon all the lodgers in the house, one after the other; for, with the exception of our friend Riponneau and one or two others, the house was tenanted by persons of wealth and consideration. Lacqueys, dogs, and horses, swarmed in the court-yard; from the kitchens exhaled the most appetizing fumes. On the staircases, when descending in the morning to procure the milk for his breakfast, Mark Anthony would encounter a host of pretty chambermaids in snowy aprons, perfumed from the essences of their mistresses' toilets. Then he would run up against the jolly red-faced cooks hurrying on their different missions. His boots, blackened with great difficulty by his own hands, paled before the mirror-like brilliancy of the varnished shoes even of the valets-de-chambre. The happiness of the master insulted him through the servant.

Then, in the evening would come the delicious strains of the concerts, the murmurs of the balls, and the sounds of dancing feet; and sometimes, through an open window, would peep a beautiful head, fair or dark, crowned with a garland of flowers—a light and graceful figure, radiant in the folds of the many-coloured silk, or veiled in the mazy vapours of muslin; at one time, the gentle languor of unoccupied happiness; at another, the ardent fever of pleasure. All these things surrounded Mark Anthony with a burning atmosphere of desires, in the midst of which he incessantly gravitated—opening his chest to this balmy air, his lips to these divine phantoms—unable to seize anything, grasping at emptiness, embracing shadows, and finally reaching those transports of impotent rage under the influence of which he would stamp the floor with his feet, beat the walls of his little aparment with violent blows of his clenched fists, and perform sundry other interesting pantomimic acts of an equally edifying and curious description.

One evening, when the exasperation of our friend Riponneau had

reached a fearfully turbulent height, he heard a gentle knock at the door of his apartment, and almost immediately there entered the room a man of about sixty years of age, enveloped in the folds of a robe-de-chambre of wadded India silk drawn in round the waist by a heavy silken cord. The features of this unexpected guest were expressive and intellectual. Under a forehead, the height of which was in appearance increased by the baldness of the entire of the fore and upper parts of the head, there sparkled a pair of vividly bright grey eyes, through which pierced a glance of hidden raillery; while, as if in compensation for their too sarcastic expression, the entire of the lower portion of the face, and especially the mouth, around which played a gentle and melancholy smile, was of almost feminine grace and beauty.

"My neighbour," said he to Reponneau, in a low and musical tone of voice, "every one is master in his own apartment. I have not been present at the taking of the Bastile, nor assisted at the revolution of July, not to recognize this great political principle. But all liberty has its bounds, otherwise it encroaches on that of others. You have the liberty of crying out, but in a certain degree only, for I have the liberty of sleeping; and if your liberty infringes on mine, it becomes tyranny, and mine slavery, which is contrary to the principles of the two revolutions of which I have just now spoken to you."

Mark Anthony felt a strong desire to get into a passion, but his neighbour did not give him time, and continued as follows:—

"Besides, it is not for myself that I complain; I live willingly in silence or in uproar; but I speak to you on the part of your little neighbour, Mademoiselle Juana, the sempstress, whom I saw come in this evening looking so pale and ill, and her eyes red with tears and the fatigue of work. The poor child is gone to bed, hoping to sleep, as she has told me. Well, my dear neighbour, for her sake, for the sake of that poor girl, do not study your characters quite so loudly."

"Eh!" said Mark Anthony.

"Besides, continued the neighbour, in the same gentle tone, "I have seen Talma, and believe me, my dear sir, that it was not by means of fierce gesticulations and loud cries that he produced his greatest effects. Look here, in Manlius, for instance, he but raised his finger thus, and looked half round while he repeated these two verses:—

> "C'est moi qui, prevenant leur attente frivole
> Renversai les Gaulois du haut du Capitole."

And the applause throughout the entire house was always deafening. Believe me, monsieur, good declamation . . . ."

"But, monsieur," interrupted Riponneau, "I am not a comedian."

"Ah, bah!" said the old neighbour, "you are then an avocat?"

"No, no," replied Riponneau.

"You are too young for a deputy. What are you, then, if I may ask without being thought impertinent?"

Mark Anthony hesitated for a moment, and at length replied:—

"I am poor, monsieur, the happiness of the rich afflicts me, and I amuse myself in my own way."

The neighbour regarded Riponneau with an expression of interest;

there was perceptible on the features of the old man a struggle between sarcasm and benevolence. Benevolence carried the day. He took a chair, and, with that air of mild authority which is the prerogative of old age and experience, he said to Riponneau:—

"Ah! you are poor, and consequently unhappy. Let us have a few moments conversation together, neighbour. You know that liberality is even found amongst the poor, and I who am happy should like to bestow upon you a little of that of which you stand in need. I desire to share some of my happiness with you."

And how, might I ask, neighbour, can you manage that? for, if I am not mistaken, you live alone."

"Yes."

"You work from morning till night."

"Yes."

"You rarely stir out."

"Rarely."

"In what, then, consists your happiness? and what could you give me?"

"Nothing; but yet I should consider that I had done much for you could I but remove a certain something from your heart. It is envy that is gnawing there, that is withering away all the pleasures of your youth, as the worm at the head of the tender sapling."

"Me envious!" said Mark Anthony, colouring.

"We'll see, young man. Are you married?"

"No."

"Have you a mistress?"

"No."

"Have you no family who . . . .?"

"I am an orphan."

"Are you in debt?"

"No."

"No wife, *ergo*, no children; no mistress, *ergo*, no rivals; no family, *ergo*, no ties; no debts, *ergo*, no bailiffs. In a word, you are exempt from all the plagues of humanity. If, then, you are unhappy, that not coming from exterior causes independent of your being, your misfortune proceeds from an interior cause inherent in your nature. This cause is envy."

"Well, and supposing that were to be the case," said Riponneau, "supposing I envied the happiness of every living thing round me, where would be the harm of that?"

"The harm is in suffering that which is foreign to your nature, which is, moreover, profoundly unreasonable."

"Bah!" exclaimed Riponneau, "it is not unreasonable to desire fortune."

"It is unreasonable to desire the chagrins, the despair, the perpetual uneasiness, the incessant torments, which accompany it."

"Commonplaces all these, my dear neighbour; the empty condolences of the poor man with his fellow; the insolent derision of the rich man when it is he who uses similar language."

The old man reflected for some moments, and, after a silence of considerable duration, he said to Mark Anthony:—

"Come now, answer me sincerely,—Whom do you envy amongst those who surround you? In whose place should you wish to be?"

"In whose place?" cried Mark Anthony. "Why there is not a single person in the neighbourhood who is not happier than I am; and since, as far as wishing goes, the field is open, and as we rob no one by taking in imagination the goods of others, think you that I should not much rather be in the position of the Crivelins than in my own?"

"Indeed?"

"Why, hang it! last week I did not close an eye all night from the noise of the *fête* which they gave. The most magnificent equipages encumbered the streets; the most celebrated names were announced by stentorian lungs at the doors of their saloons. Those who entered burned with impatience to reach the wished-for goal; those who were leaving regretted their departure; and upon the staircase, up and down which I passed at least ten times during the night, I heard upon all sides nothing but such expressions as—'What amiable people! what gaiety! it is easy to see that they are happy!' And others said—'Their daughter is going to be married to the young Count de Formont. What a beautiful marriage that will be; youth, beauty, fortune, rank, and station on both sides. They are happy, but they deserve it."

"Ah!" said the old gentleman, "so you heard all this on the staircase, eh?"

"Yes, certainly I did."

"Well, if you had gone into the drawing-rooms you would have heard and seen still more. On all sides joy, laughter, felicitations, and upon the features of M. and Madame de Crivelin that air of satisfaction and happiness which the sight of the happiness we confer on others ever affords; and on all sides assurances of friendship and esteem, and the devotion of the Count de Formond, and the repressed joy of Adèle de Crivelin, and their furtively exchanged glances, and the gentle and benevolent smiles of the old people when they would surprise some of these glances and think of their early days; and the pride of the father, and the exulting love of the mother, delighted with her daughter's success. All this, I say, formed a charming picture. It was the same at midnight, at one o'clock in the morning, at three, at five even; but at daybreak the curtain fell, the play was over, and the drama of real life commenced."

"Ah, bah!" said Mark Anthony, "I suppose the Crivelins are deeply involved, and, like many others, hide their ruin under an appearance of luxury and splendour."

"No."

"Perhaps madam is no better than she should be?"

"She is the very best of wives and mothers."

"Some fault on their daughter's part?"

"She is an angel of purity and virtue."

"Well, then, what on earth can it be?"

"A good action—nothing but a good action—forgotten for these last fifteen years, and which has all at once presented itself to them under the form of a hideous, yellow, dissipated looking rascal, a low thief, who has rubbed off the dirt of his tatters upon the silk damask of those

gilded sofas which an hour previously had sustained the light forms of the young and beautiful dancers."

"I don't understand you."

"Listen to me, then. This man, clad in a dirty suit of cast-off livery, had remained all night in the antichamber. Amongst the crowd of servants he had escaped the observation of the domestics of the house; but as the saloons began to thin, and the antichambers also in consequence, they began to remark his presence there, and looked on him, it must be said, with a very suspicious eye; but the rogue was by no means disconcerted with this demonstration, and only stretched himself out more at his ease on the benches. At length came the moment when the last guests had taken their departure, and our ragged friend still remained at his post. They ended by asking him whom he was waiting for.

"'I am waiting for my master, M. Eugene Ligny."

"'There is no such person here,' they replied.

"'I tell you that he is here; ask your master, he'll soon find him.'

"The domestics grew angry, our ragged friend loud; and M. de Crivelin appeared at the door of the antichamber to inquire the cause of the disturbance.

"'It is this man, sir,' replied the valet de chamber, 'who refuses to leave the house on the pretence that he is waiting for his master.'

"'And what is his master's name?"

"'The person I seek,' said the unknown lacquey, 'is named Eugene Ligny, and I shall not stir a peg until I have spoken to him.'

"Scarcely had he pronounced these words, when M. de Crivelin started back as if he had received a dagger in his heart; he turned deadly pale, and fixed his eyes with an expression of mute terror on the countenance of his strange visitor; then, with difficulty concealing his emotion, he gave orders to his domestics to retire, and invited the man to follow him.

"Petty annoyances generally come in the train of great catastrophes. A house in which one has just given a ball to upwards of 500 persons is seldom in order; the doors having been taken off their hinges and removed for the convenience of the dancers, left the apartments open to all eyes. M. and Madame de Crivelin had kept but their own bedchamber and that of their daughter secluded from the general invasion. It was now broad daylight; Madame de Crivelin was in the hands of her femme de chamber, when her husband came to beg that she would retire to her daughter's bedroom for a few moments, and let him have their chamber for an interview of the greatest importance.

"'Ah,' said she, laughing, 'I would lay a wager now that it is M. de Formont who pursues you. But I suppose lovers don't require any sleep. Cannot you put him off to some more seasonable hour?'

"'No, it is not that, it is——for mercy-sake retire until I come for you.'

"'But what *is* the matter, then?' cried Madame de Crivelin; 'you are pale—ill—what is it?'

"'Nothing, my love, nothing; but I beg of you to leave us.'

"Madame de Crivelin retired, but carried with her a feeling of uneasiness and anxiety which she in vain endeavoured to control, and which

soon gained also upon her daughter; for Adéle was not yet asleep, and seeing her mother enter her room pale and anxious, she questioned her, and began to tremble in her turn. Here, then, were these two poor women enclosed in the narrowest corner of their splendid apartments, anxiously awaiting the issue of a conference as singular as it was unexpected, and at the bare idea of which only M. de Crivelin had been so visibly agitated. With whom was it? What did he say? And what powerful argument had been made use of to induce him to give a similar interview at such an unseasonable hour? Adéle fancied that some terrible accident must have happened to her lover; Madame de Crivelin lost herself in a labyrinth of confused and impossible suppositions.

"During this time, let us see what was passing in the bed-room, in which M. de Crivelin was closeted with the dirty servant.

"'You have recognised me then, Eugène?' said the stranger.

"'You here!' said M. de Crivelin. 'You living!'

"'When you believed me dead, that's pleasant, is'nt it. What would you have—it's all right. Order me a glass of wine and a slice of ham, and you'll soon see if I am a ghost or not.'

"'Come, come, Jules, it is not for this that you are come here: speak, speak then, unhappy man.'

"'I'll tell you what it is; for these last six hours, I have been waiting in your anti-chamber—I am dying of hunger and thirst—I want to eat and drink.'

"'What is all this about?'

"'I want to eat and drink, I tell you. Come, go and get me something yourself, if you are afraid of your domestics soiling their hands by serving me.'

"Crivelin left the room without replying. He returned in a few moments with a plate, which he placed before his strange guest.

"'Now,' he said to him, 'speak, what would you have.'

"Jules sat down to his supper, and while eating, spoke as follows:

"'Listen to me, Eugène; you remember a letter you wrote to me seventeen years ago—here it is.' The epistle ran thus:

"'You see, Jules, your mad career has terminated as I foretold. From disorder you have passed to faults, from faults to crime; and now, a disgraceful condemnation hangs over your head. Since you have been enabled to effect your escape from prison, profit by your liberty, and fly, but fly alone. Drag not with you an innocent child, who has but just entered the world into that wandering existence which you must hasten to conceal in a far distant land. Leave me your daughter. When the vengeance of the law overtook you, misfortune overtook me also: my daughter is dying. If God preserves her, yours will be to her a sister; if it pleases the Almighty to deprive us of her, your Marie shall take her place. I send you some money, sufficient to enable you in another country, to regain the position you have lost in this.'

"'That's your writing, Eugène, is it not?'

"'It is.'

"'Eight days later,' continued this man, 'you departed, carrying with you the two children into Italy, both aged then about two years; you were on your way to rejoin your wife, who had been obliged to

quit you in order to receive the last adieu and pardon of her mother, who died at Naples. You had married her against the wishes of her relatives, and this noble family had forbidden your presence at the reconciliation. Your mother-in-law being dead, you rejoined your wife. As to me, the better to assure my flight, I had deposited on the banks of the river a letter, in which I stated that I was unable to survive my shame; and a month afterwards you received the news of my death. At that very time your daughter died at Ancona, and you made the usual declaration of it to the authorities, under the name which you then bore. You then continued your journey, allowing all the strangers whom you encountered on your way, to consider the child which accompanied you, as your daughter. You yourself, charmed with her grace, her beauty, and her affection for you—you, I say, called her your daughter; travelling slowly, dreading the moment when you should be obliged to tell your wife that her child was dead. Then, a sudden thought came into your mind. Your wife, led by her brother, M. de Crivelin, to the death-bed of her mother, had quitted Adéle three months after her birth, at that age when the features of children change so perceptibly with almost every succeeding month. Could not Marie, the daughter of Jules Marsilly, dead as you thought, replace in a mother's eyes, the lost Adéle? Your wife fell ill in her turn; the news of her daughter's death might prove fatal to her; you decided upon deceiving her; Marie Marsilly became Adéle Ligny.'

"'Since you know so well the sentiments which dictated my conduct,' said M. de Crevelin, 'can you blame me?'

"'I blame nothing,' replied the drunkard, 'I merely recount facts.'

"He drank a couple of glasses of wine, and proceeded as follows:

"'Your *ruse* succeeded beautifully, it succeeded even beyond your hopes; not only was your wife delighted with her charming little daughter, but her uncle, M. de Crevelin, who could never pardon you for having become his brother-in-law, became dotingly fond of the child, and eight years afterwards, left her his entire fortune, naming you her guardian, on condition that you added his name to your own. And this is why you re-entered France under the name of Eugène Ligny de Crivelin.'

"'But I have never deceived any one; I have never denied my name.'

"'You are incapable of doing so. Only by degrees you dropped the name of Ligny, and called yourself de Crivelin; and, as I had seldom heard mention made of this name in my youth, I should never have suspected that the wealthy M. de Crivelin, was my old college chum, Eugene Ligny, had not I seen the other day, posted at the doors of the Mairie of my arrondissement, the marriage banns of Mademoiselle Adéle Ligny de Crivelin, with the Count Bertrand de Formont.

"'When I saw this, I asked myself how it was, that the Adéle who died at Ancona, was alive and well in Paris.'

"'It is a falsehood,' said M. de Crivelin, who fancied he saw a loop-hole by which he could escape from his embarrassing position.

"'My good man," said the brigand, with a slight laugh, 'do not play a character which you are ignorant of. I passed through Ancona the day after your daughter's death, and every one was talking of your

despair. Besides, if necessary, we could procure the acts; so just listen to me quietly.'

"The rascal finished his second bottle, and continued as follows:—

"'You can understand that, once upon the straight road, the history of your romance has been very easily made. You put my daughter in the place of yours, and now you have perhaps almost reached the point of persuading yourself that she is indeed your own child.'

"'Oh, yes,' exclaimed M. de Crivelin, 'she is my child, my hope, my happiness. Come, what do you wish, what do you demand?'

"'Let us first put the question in a correct point of view,' said the visitor, 'and then, perhaps, we shall be able to come to a proper understanding.

"'First of all, you have stolen my daughter; that, if I do not mistake, is a crime by no means approved of by law. Afterwards, in order that she might inherit the fortune left her by your brother-in-law, you have produced an extract of birth which you have applied to my daughter, when the proof of your own child's death lies at Ancona. *Secundo*, in order to publish the banns of the pretended Mademoiselle Ligny de Crivelin, you have made use of a title equally false. These facts are incontestible. Now let us reason:—

"'For having affixed a signature not my own at the bottom of a piece of stamped paper, I have been condemned to fifteen years' hard labour at the galleys. I am miserable and dishonoured, and I owe my absence from the bagne at this present moment but to the general supposition that I am dead. You, on the contrary, for having falsely used an authentic act—for having deprived others, the rightful heirs, of an immense succession by means of this act, you are rich, honoured; you swim in opulence and luxury: this is not just.'

"'But what would you do, unhappy man? Would you carry off my Adele and her mother, for my poor wife is a true mother to her? Would you destroy her? Oh! I would prefer, fifty times over, to tell the truth; for the tribunals would acquit me, I am very sure.'

"'That remains to be seen," replied the visitor;' 'but the question is not yet exhausted, and here is an important point;—the will left by M. de Crivelin is made in favour of Mademoiselle Adéle Ligny. If I prove that the heiress is not the Demoiselle Ligny, I ruin her, I ruin you, I ruin your whole family. This is a piece of folly I have no desire of committing. Besides, I am too indulgent a father to inflict such useless cruelty for nothing. But you know that it is written in the moral code of all honest men that a benevolent action is never lost; in consequence of this maxim I appoint myself your benefactor. This fortune, which I could snatch from you all, I leave you; this is just the same as if I bestowed it. This happiness, which, by one word, I could destroy for ever, I respect; it is as if I caused it. Your wife, who would die of this discovery, I let live; it is precisely the same as if I had saved her life from drowning or fire. This cherished daughter, whose prospects in life I could blast for ever, I permit to marry her lover. What is this I do, then? I make you rich and happy; I save your wife's life; I marry my daughter to a man of honourable name and noble family. Upon my word, one cannot act more virtuously, more benevolently than that. Why, my bounty actually overflows,

and, as it is said that a benevolent action never goes unrewarded, why you shall give me a million of francs.'

"'A million! just Heaven!' cried M. de Crivelin.

"'A benevolent action never goes unrewarded,' said the rascal.

"'But you forget,' said M. de Crivelin, 'that I could send you to the Bagné.'

"The villain rose, his eyes flashing, his mouth foaming with rage.

"'No menaces of this kind,' he shouted, 'or I force you to beg for mercy on your knees; or I compel your wife and my daughter to come here and kiss the dust of my shoes. I give you two hours to make up your mind; in two hours' time I shall be here.'

"Thus speaking, M. de Crivelin's visitor quitted the house."

"This is a very sad history," said Riponneau.

"Oh," said the old gentleman, "this was but the commencement; for in the adjoining room were the mother and daughter, whom one of those good faithful domestics who never fail to tell you whatever is disagreeable, had warned that M. de Crivelin was closeted with a man who had all the appearance of an assassin, and that that circumstance had much alarmed the good people of the antechamber. This charitable intelligence, joined to the agitation which Madame de Crivelin had perceived in her husband's manner, induced her to lend an ear to what was going forward in the neighbouring apartment. On seeing the dreadfully agitated state into which her mother was thrown, on hearing the stifled cries which burst from her overcharged bosom, Adéle listened in her turn, and both learned at the same time the horrible secret which struck them both with an equal blow; the secret which whispered to the mother, This is not thy daughter; to the daughter, This is not thy mother. This was the reason why, on entering his daughter's bed-chamber, M. de Crivelin found them both weeping, sobbing, and holding each other convulsively embraced; for Madame de Crivelin no longer wept the dead child which she had scarcely known; she wept for the child she had brought up, whose mind, in her divine maternal power, she had fashioned on the model of her own—the child that she had passionately loved, and that had returned her love with an affection no less ardent and sincere.

"It was then above all that the drama began with its anguish, its transports, and its tears; and during the eight days that that has lasted, monsieur, all has been despair, anguish, and terror in this house. And yet, on the following day, they were obliged to go to a magnificent dinner given by the Count de Formont's mother; and, in order that the secret of their misfortune should not transpire out of doors, these three happy persons whom you have envied went there; and, as they were all three more serious than usual, and looked pale and cast down, they were overwhelmed with joyous felicitations upon the fatigue caused by their splendid *fête*. Their healths were drunk; the future bride and bridegroom were toasted, and these happy people were obliged to smile, and talk, and laugh—tears in their eyes, sobs rising to their throats, and despair and anguish rankling at their hearts."

"But what have they done? what do they mean to do?" enquired Riponneau.

"A large sum of money has rid them for the present, of their

terrible visitor; but he is liable to return again at any moment, and, what is more, in a few year's time, his punishment will be nonsuited, that is to say, that, because he has been enabled to evade the bagne during twenty years, he will be as clear in the eye of the law, as the man who may have remained all that time fastened to his chain; and then he will no longer speak with the moderation of one who is fearful for his own safety—he will be the absolue master of the family."

"In the meantime, impelled by the fallibility of their preceding existence, they live during the day as they ought to live, to prevent suspicions, but they weep at night. It is there, at their melancholy fireside, that all three watch and weep—there pass those long conferences, mingled with bitter tears, and vows never to separate from each other. This is not all, Monsieur, Adéle loves M. de Formont, she loves him because he is brave, generous, and noble-minded—because she is proud of being loved by him; and it is precisely because she is loved with this pure and noble affection, that she is unwilling to deceive him—she is determined that the happiness of this loved being shall never be destroyed by the apparition of that miserable drunkard, who might rush into the presence of her husband, and declare himself the father of his wife. Adéle will not marry the Count de Formont."

"But what can we do? what can we say?" have cried Monsieur and Madame de Crivelin.

And this poor child has replied; "As it is for me that you suffer thus, it is for me to take upon myself the blame and misery of this rupture."

"She has kept her word, Monsieur; during these last eight days, she has endeavoured, by show of affectation and indifference, very foreign to her own naturally open and affectionate manner, to estrange her lover from her side; she endeavours to chill his affection for her by her coldness and reserve; you may judge what this costs her. As I said before, the hour comes when the comedy finishes, and the drama of real life begins, and then the torments she has caused her lover, fall back with agonising power upon herself. In the morning, she weeps for the pain she must cause—in the evening, for that which she has caused. And this is not all; every day M. and Madame de Crivelin behold their child sinking beneath the unequal combat she sustains against herself—against her love—against the misery she causes, and that which she feels within her own heart. This morning, when the physician called, he found her suffering under a violent attack of fever, and there, now she is ill. This is nothing in the eyes of the world—a mere nervous indisposition, which, in a few days, will have altogether disappeared; and the Crivelins are no less a happy family. And you, you, the very first, you must stamp your feet; and beat the walls with your fists, because the pleasures of these happy people importune, and afflict you. Do you desire their pleasures, young man? Oh! at this very moment, how willingly would they exchange their rich apartments, their sumptuous equipages, and their millions, for your garret, your umbrella, and your eighteen hundred francs a year!"

A FEW WORDS UPON THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF THE LATE MRS. HARRIET DOWNING.

Our literary friend "The Athenæum's" sympathetic paragraph concerning the death of this gifted lady, has gone the round of the London, as well as the provincial newspapers; so that we do not lay claim to anything in the shape of early intelligence or news, but simply take up the subject for the purpose of giving a hasty sketch of the life and writings of the departed; premising, first of all, that it may be interesting to our readers.

Well, then, passing over the early portion of Harriet Downing's life, we find the first evidence of her poetic talent displayed in a work called "Mary," which was reviewed favourably by the "Quarterly" contemporaneously with some poems by Mrs. Hemans; and it is singular to perceive the identity of religious feeling as well as of unbounded enthusiasm, which is to be found in the joint writings of these talented ladies. "Mary" received golden opinions from all sorts of people, which was proved by the bright and smiling guineas which came streaming into the lap of the mother of five darling children, who wrote that poem as a means of increasing her independence.

Next we find her name attached to various pieces of poetry which were scattered over the pages of magazines and newspapers, breathing the kindest and holiest aspirations towards the whole human family. Then came "The Bride of Sicily," a dramatic poem, which went through two editions and received the encomiums of the press.

Up to this time it must not be supposed that Harriet Downing had not formed many literary attachments; for she not only corresponded with many "Spirits of the Age," but had the pleasure of their most intimate society. There was a smile *always* upon her happy countenance, and wherever she went she carried that smile with her, so as to cheer the wretched by her example, and to stir on various impulses to active and remunerating service. Let an author have a work ready, or an artist a picture, or a poor dressmaker a dress upon her hands, there was sure to be a publisher, or a gallery, or a friend wanting just such a one as that referred to.

The children grew up and had to be educated, fed, and clothed out of the mere profits arising from her pen, and really those children do not now disgrace her memory, but rather reflect some credit upon the industry of her genius. In the after part of her life, Harriett Downing had a settled and positive income, but in the early portion she depended mostly upon the profits arising from

her works, and fortunately they were enough to support her in a very respectable manner.

Next in succession we find her writing prose for "Fraser's Magazine," which very soon called forth the especial notice of the critics. "The Remembrances of a Monthly Nurse" had a thousand and one fathers and mothers too as they came out monthly without a name, or even an initial. It was said in one paper that Theodore Hook was the writer, by another, that Dr. Magin created them, and by a third, that the Countess of Blessington was the authoress; whilst all agreed that they were clever —very clever—productions. Harriet Downing enjoyed this amazingly, and never allowed any one to take off her literary mask whilst she continued those papers, no, not even to the day of her death.

It is but justice here to state, that "poor dear Fraser" was the best paymaster in the world, and never sent a cheque without the kindest imaginable note as an accompanyment, which made her love that man—as you must, dearest reader—more and more. It is a fact with re gard to this publisher, that he was a prince when he paid his contributors, for he always took the kindest view of a half page, and many pieces of poetry, by Harriett Downing, such as the "Chained Eagle," &c., were most liberally dealt with. In an evil hour, however, Harriet Downing wrote one paper of "Remembrances" for "the Old Monthly," for the sake of her dearly beloved friend Heraud, and Fraser never forgot it. If she had been guided by interest, there is no doubt she would have kept to Fraser, but somehow an old friend has charms that quite disarm interest, and Heraud was a very old and very worthy one. Besides writing in the "Old Monthly," Harriet Downing contributed many papers anonymously to the monthly periodicals, one of which will illustrate the peculiar power she had of christening her offspring; "Three Notches from the Devils Tail:" whilst the Annuals and Books of Beauty contained illustrations of the versatility of her mind. As did also the "Sunbeam," and the "Psyche," two short-lived but elegant publications, edited by Mr. Heraud and Mr. Marston. Almost the last effort of her genius was a dramatic poem, called "Satan in Love," which was dedicated to Prince Albert, and had for its object the proof that love is universal, and that there is no object that was ever created out of its influence. There were many criticisms of this work at the time, but all appeared to agree that there was the strangeness as well as the strength of genius pervading the whole.

After the publication of "Satan," the authoress went into partial retirement, left the world and its fantasies, and settled down at Chipping-Norton, in Oxfordshire, where, attended by two of her children, she died. Poor soul! Her last letter was to her youngest son Henry, which was full of affection, as well as

stimulants to write on the strong and true side, for the sake of the oppressed poor of our common country; and that son answered, that he had, and would continue to do. She died! As a mark of respect to her character, eight ladies of the town, accompanied by her family, followed her earthly remains to the grave; and a tablet is about to be placed in the church to her memory.

Mrs. Harriet Downing's mind is fully developed in her writings; but those who had the pleasure of her society, could better appreciate the generosity of her disposition, as well as the sympathy and enthusiastic turn of her genius; for whether in the actual word, or in that she pourtrayed in her writings, there appeared to be but one impulse—that of creating universal love and good-will towards *all.* Yes, throughout the whole of her writings one spirit prevailed—the spirit of universal sympathy; and, whether amongst her own family, in the circles she mixed in, or when in ordinary society, it was as apparent as noon-day; and it never deserted her to the last. Before closing this brief paper, we ought to state, that many letters passed between Charles Dickens and Harriet Downing, in which were displayed the hearts of the two; and really, upon comparison, there appears to be an identity of feeling, for they each are full of affectionate sentences —of mutual praise as well as joint encouragement to pursue the true path of genius for the benefit of the world.

But earth now covers the worldly remains of this kind-hearted lady, whose whole life appears to have been one continuous struggle in the cause of philanthropy; and we are certain, that if other authors were to follow her example, they would attain, not only the reputation, but the golden opinions of the world, which it was Harriet Downing's fortune to gain: for not only did fortune smile upon her genius whilst living, but even now, "The Remembrances of a Monthly Nurse" are about to be republished, when, we have no doubt, they will be a profitable speculation to the publisher, as well as tend to perpetuate the remembrance of one whose kind spirit breathes through every paragraph of her writings, and says to others, "*Now, go thou and do likewise.*"

THE BRIDE-CAKE.

A TALE.—BY L. RUEGG.

"Now mind, I shall expect a slice of cake and a pair of kid gloves from you when you are married, Mr. Denison, that I certainly shall; and I should think you would not forget me."

These words were addressed by a good-looking maiden (perhaps she might have been rather on the shady side of maidenism) to a fine-looking young fellow in the well-known library at S——. The female, Miss Norris, was the respected proprietor thereof, and the gentleman addressed was one of her frequent visitants. A greater intimacy might have existed between the pair than between Miss Norris and the generality of her customers; but the lady was on such good terms with all who knew her, that joking and being joked with on the delicate subject of matrimony was no very unusual thing with her. The reader, then, may wonder why we introduce our little tale with so common-place an observation. Let him wait awhile and we will show him.

Miss Norris, as we have said, was fast approaching the confines of that period which is usually allotted to young ladies to get a husband in; though what the limit of that period really and tangibly is, we do not pretend to say. We never yet knew of the precise period being fixed at which juvenility ended and old maidenism began. The line of demarcation between these two states was never yet definitely settled, and we fear it never will be generally agreed on; and yet all the world admit that there is such a line, and further, that it is so exceedingly perspicuous that it is immediately discerned even if a lady has one leg across it. However, it matters little to us; we may refer the reader to the ideal line without seeking to trace its visionary continuations or fix its existence.

We declare, we have got to the end of one paragraph and the commencement of another without progressing an inch in our simple story. We have diverged from the narrative itself towards a certain very indistinct visionary something, and are obliged to return to the very tangent from whence we started without accomplishing anything except diverting the reader's attention and almost losing the thread of the story. Miss Norris, then . . . . "Yes, yes, I understand," says some kind reader. Thank you, sir, you have saved us a deal of trouble and yourself the perusal of a few lines of tautology. Well, having settled what Miss Norris's age was, permit us to tell you what were her circumstances.

The lady, then, was comfortably settled as the principal proprietress of a large stationery shop and reading room in the populous parish of S——. Two or three sisters somewhat younger than herself assisted her in the business, and, I dare say, shared in the profits, whatever they might be. 'Tis true Miss Norris herself would often complain of the badness of the times; but as this observation happened usually to be addressed to some frequenter of the reading room rather in arrear with his subscription, it was supposed to be uttered more as a hint than a complaint. Indeed, some persons who professed to know the worldly circumstances of every one in the town, roundly declared that Miss Norris had no ground for grumbling about pecuniary matters, seeing that for many years she had drawn a very pretty income from her business, which income was somewhat swelled by a small patrimony that she inherited. It was matter of wonderment to many that the knowledge of these circumstances had not induced one individual amongst the many, many needy bachelors in the town to make Miss N. an offer; but the aforementioned persons uncharitably hinted that Miss N. attached herself so much to business, and paid such close attention to money matters, that she was slipping into the state which we have been talking about without thinking of aught except those things which fell within the scope of her daily avocations—viz., sorting and doubling newspapers, directing magazines and periodicals, and serving pens, ink, paper, and wafers to numerous customers.

Be the reason what it may, Miss Norris at the time we are speaking of had not any one to whom she could look as a future husband; and, indeed, she appeared so careless of the matter that, as we have shown, she could, even when not engaged in business, talk and joke about it quite unconcernedly. The young man to whom she addressed the words had been just engaged with her in a discussion upon matrimony to which they had been led by the perusal of a flaming marriage in the pages of the *Morning Post*. The gentleman had descanted rather warmly and glowingly upon the happiness of the marriage state, but had had some difficulty in making the lady as believing as himself. She had expressed herself sceptically upon the point, and had at last told him roundly that she thought a woman much happier in celibacy than amid the cares and the troubles, the discords and the jars, of wedded life; and when the gentleman talked of connubial bliss she only laughed and muttered "rubbish," and said that she had never seen any of it, although she knew hundreds of married couples. It was in vain for Mr. Denison to combat her, and he therefore brought the conversation to a close by very warmly asserting that he would get a wife himself soon, to which the lady replied in the words we have quoted.

Now some of the gossips in S—— would go out of their way to

discuss the fitness of Mr. Denison as a matrimonial partner for Miss Norris,; and all agreed that he was a vastly fit and proper person. First, he was so good-looking, and then he was so affable; his conversation was so polished that he could sustain his part in any company, and yet so simple that the most meanly-educated could understand it; his gait, his manner, his dress, were all so gentlemanly, that really it was a wonder what Miss Norris was about that she did not set her cap at him, especially as Mr. Denison was even more affable and attentive when in Miss Norris's company than in that of any one else.

So reasoned these good folks, whilst, in the meantime, the two parties immediately concerned might, for aught that they exhibited, be the only persons unconscious of the matter. Truth, however, will compel us to state—especially since we have let the reader into the gossip affecting Mr. Denison—truth compels us to state, that an accurate observer might have detected a little emotion in the countenance of the lady whenever Mr. Denison entered her shop,—that there was a little more cordiality in his reception —a little more hearty shake of the hand; though it was *so little* that few except those who were watching for such indications would have remarked them. Indeed, there was also a little more animation in her really pretty dark eyes, and occasionally, when alone, there was an abstractedness about her the likes of which she had never before exhibited; yet, as this might have been connected with matters of business, it is, perhaps, hardly fair to introduce it here.

However, one fine morning our hero entered the shop as usual, and extending his hand, said—

"Miss Norris, I am come to wish you good bye; I have obtained a situation in the north of England, and shall be obliged to quit this pretty town early in next week."

"Then we shall see you again," said the maiden.

"Why, yes, certainly," said he; "I must not part with you so quickly; I suppose I must find time to look in again before I start by the coach on Monday; but as I have to bid my relatives good bye, I shall hardly have time to see you before that day."

"Then I am sure I shall not bid you good bye now," said the lady; but why—why—how came you to think of leaving, Mr. Denison? I am sure I did not dream of such a thing; I thought you would spend your days here; I could not have imagined it. Bless me, how surprised people will be."

Mr. Denison exhibited a little confusion, but answered in a jocular manner; and, having penned an address where he might be written to "in case any one wanted him," he suddenly espied a friend on the opposite side of the street, shook Miss Norris heartily by the hand, and made a rapid exit.

All that day Miss N. exhibited a restlessness, and, we are con-

strained to add, a pettishness of manner strangely at variance with her usual quiet conduct. She had evidently been greatly surprised, for she would stop in the midst of her duties to her customers, and mutter, "Well, I could not have thought it; how strange—how very strange!" And that some unpleasant feeling was at work in her bosom was evident from a very unusual abstractedness, and from something like a sigh occasionally escaping from her bosom.

Time waits for no man or woman either, and though the old gentleman at one time appeared to Miss Norris to be very dilatory (this was during the week), and at another (and this was when Monday and Mr. Denison arrived) to have been striding on at a most inconscionable pace, yet still the veteran paid no attention to the thoughts or wishes of the thousands whose destiny he could so powerfully effect, but continued to proceed on his long journey with the same measured, restless step as ever. Monday arrived in due course, and with it, as we have intimated, came Mr. Denison, with carpet-bag in hand, and attired as if for a long journey. He was full early, for the coach was not to start for more than two hours.

"Well, Miss Norris," said he, with forced cheerfulness, "I am off on my journey; do you not wish it may be a pleasant one?" He extended his hand and looked into her face with an expression that said as plainly as if it had been uttered—"Oh! why will you let me go."

The maiden took the proferred hand, and a thrill of anguish passed through her whole frame. It was that feeling of utter loneliness and misery which those who are bidding adieu to a much-loved being, perchance for ever! have—God help them!—felt the full bitterness of. It lasted but a moment—but what a moment was that! Its duration had needs be short when its influence is so tremendous! But her pride came to her relief; she shook off the feeling, and, in a tone of firmness—ay, of almost unconcern—she wished him prosperity and trusted he would be happy. She then shook his hand heartily, and, in the midst of a repetition of the most commonplace compliments he took his departure.

He had not been gone five minutes before he came back for his umbrella, and entered the shop so suddenly that he nearly struck down Miss Norris, who was behind the door looking through its little glass window. He searched in vain for the article for some time, during which the confusion of the pair became almost painful. At length he suddenly recollected that it was packed up with the rest of his luggage; and, apologising for the trouble he had given, he shook her hand again as heartily, and yet in a more tender manner than he had done before. Once only did she raise her eyes to his face, and then she saw that it was flushed, and that

his eye was moist; but not a word beyond simple expressions of friendly feeling and good will escaped her; and when he withdrew his hand, it was relinquished without an effort to retain it.

It is not essential to our story that we should state what the feelings of each were after that parting. The reader can readily imagine what were those of a young man of limited income and great bashfulness of manners, who felt himself obliged, by his worldly circumstances, to leave an object of affection in utter hopelessness. He can also readily picture the uncomfortable state of a lady who must have felt that her misery was of her own making.

Having again assisted us in our narration, he must do us the kindness to take our hand (we hope we are not too unreasonable) and jump with us over five long years; and all that we can tell him of what happened in that period is, that Mr. Denison got safely to his new abode, and that he had during all that time steadily fulfilled the duties of his situation. That Miss Norris was Miss Norris still, and that, as such, she was evidently on the other or wrong side of that line which has puzzled us so much; and that increasing years had brought with them a slight infirmity of temper.

At the period where our readers and ourselves have just arrived, Miss Norris had risen at her usual early hour, and had hardly remarked to the sister next in seniority on the beauty of the morning, before she exclaimed—"Well I declare, this very day five long years since Mr. Denison left us; poor fellow, I wonder how he is getting on." She thrust her head farther through the opened casement as she spoke, and bestowed a sigh upon the fragrant creeper that was climbing up to the window. Then followed a cross word for her sister and a scolding for the maid; and expressions of pettishness escaped her till they sat down to breakfast. The second cup of bohea was poured out, and with her favourite dish Miss Norris's temper was gradually attaining its equanimity, when the servant entered with the morning letters. A packet of rather unusual size caught her eye, and induced her to depart from her usual custom of finishing her meal before attending to business.

"Why what have we here?" said she. "Dear me, what can it be? Why it bears the N—— postmark, and surely, surely I know the hand-writing." She was so excited that she could hardly stop to break the seal; she almost tore the envelope open, and there lay a small piece of bride-cake, decorated with white satin bows, and an embossed card bound with silver lace, and on which was neatly written—"With Mr. and Mrs. Denison's best respects!"

Poor creature! The hope that had so long animated her—the fancy she had so dearly yet so secretly cherished, were annihilated in a moment. That alone which could have made life desirable

to her was lost for the want of asking. She was a being by herself in the world, and all hope of peace or comfort was gone for ever. She pressed the parcel convulsively between her hands, until its rich contents fell in crumbs at her feet, and mingled with the scalding tears of bitter sorrow which she plentifully shed. "Oh!" cried she, in the bitterness of her soul, "oh! had I known it would have come to this! had I ever dreamt that my foolish, wicked pride, or my desire to make a prudent match, would have lost me Edward Denison, I would have gone on my knees to him ere he left the town. But I am a lost and hapless creature. Henceforth the world will have no pleasures for me; I have no friends—no one to care about me—none to pity or to comfort me; I am left to myself alone!"

Should any of our readers not immediately perceive the lesson which "The Bride-cake conveys, let us be permitted to apply it. There are so many of both sexes who, like Miss Norris, tamper with their affections from false delicacy, from a reprehensible pride, or, worse by far than all, from interested feelings, that we cannot think the simple history of Ann Norris altogether uncalled for. The best and purest feelings of our nature are often stifled at the moment when, perhaps, they would be productive of a life of consummate happiness; and repentance comes at a time when it is ineffectual—when those who would have made fit and loving helpmates for life have sought in others the pleasures which we desired, and are sharing with others the happiness which might have been ours.

SONNET.

BY RICHARD ROTHWELL.

SPRING with her earliest smile and song appears,
Forth flies to greet her the soft southland breeze,
While sullen Winter from her presence flees,
And April blesses his retreat with tears.
The sunbeams linger on the budding trees,
With perfect greenery commingling gold;
List! 'neath the elm the busy hum of bees—
Th' inviting flowers their nectar'd cups unfold;
There floats the butterfly (a wingëd flower!
Gorgeous simplicity!) from shrub to knoll,
And, hark! how Nature's choristers now pour
Of full rich harmony the vocal soul!
Nature's renascent! Hope's exultant voice
Shouts to earth, air, and sea, "Rejoice! rejoice!"

MOMENTS OF RECREATION.

No. III.

I HAVE just been witnessing the departure of a party of travelling friends, who commenced their journey within this the sixth hour of a cold winter morning, leaving me "to chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancy" alone. Determined to shake off the spirit of blue-devilism, which I found fast getting possession of me, I betook myself to reviewing the late busy scene, the predecessor of my present lonely one, and have arrived at the conclusion that few half-hours in life are more actively employed than the one which immediately precedes a morning journey. It is indeed a half-hour of the last importance. The very thought of it renders its elder brethren, the hours of the night, sleepless and uncomfortable, and its near approach is announced to the eyes and ears of drowsy mortals by the flashing of lights, the creaking of doors, and the murmuring growls, "not loud but deep" (intended to enact whispers), of sleepy and sulky servants. Then comes the misery of tearing yourself, limb by limb, from your warm and doubly endeared roosting-place—the shudder with which you enter the cold uncurtained atmosphere that surrounds it—the desperation with which you plunge your head and hands into the basin of half-freezing water which stands ready to chill your blood to the proper philosophical temperature for adieus, but to which flesh and blood are most sensitively repugnant; while the forms of servants and friends are flitting about in light and shade, with pale faces and red watery eyes, looking like restless spirits that have been disturbed before their time. They share the *trouble* of your departure, but are strangers to the livelier prospective interests which divide your travelling mind. Gropingly you collect and don your garments, taking the while furtive reviews of trunks and portmanteaus—with blundering fingers turn the last key, and with hurried steps descend the stair-case, trembling with cold and fear of being too late.

"Well, this is a little more comfortable—a cheerful fire and a well-covered breakfast-table. What's the hour?"

"A quarter from six."

There is no time to be lost. Then begins the crash of elements; the water hisses, the toast crackles, the round of beef is shaken to its centre. Eggs are broken up with as little ceremony as Butler's disruption of the chaotic mass, and swallowed, if the party be all males, with the celerity of Wantley's dragon.

"I'm not in the least hungry, but we have a long stage before us."

"I never *can* make a breakfast at this time of day, but wind and tide wait for no man; there is no such thing as laying in stock after we are out of port. Come, commodore, another slice?"

Other half-hours go on in a common jog-trot way, or, as I have heretofore remarked, loiteringly—lolling and considering what is to be done next; but this little fellow gallops along helter-skelter, sweeping down with his "tiny scythe," as one of our bards expresses it, whole regiments of masticatory perishables, kicking about bundles and band-boxes, stumbling against piles of portmanteaus; giving his orders with the air of a Stentor and the voice of a Lord Provost, and bustling and fretting as if he had not a minute to live, The final one arrives; the carriage is at the door, and the poor half-hour expires, stifled with embraces and adieus, and goes to the tomb of all the half-hours under a parting salute from the coachman's whip.

"Have mercy on my hat! You are sitting upon my hat!"

"Deuce take this off window; it won't pull up."

"One square inch more, if you love me."

"Where has he put my secretaire? Are you sure my parcels are all in?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well, all's right. Go on."

"Good bye."

"Good bye."

"Good bye."

Human life has been aptly compared to a journey; and the *half-hour which precedes a journey* may, with equal truth, be said to contain an epitome of human life, crowding into one scene, in lively exercise, a sample of almost every vicissitude of feeling by which the mind is liable to be agitated throughout the whole drama. Hope, fear, anxiety, selfishness, gladness, and sorrow—all crossing and jostling each other in and out of the same breath, and "love, last lingering," bringing up the rear. If there be the smallest spark of kindness between the departer and the departee, it is sure to kindle into warmth at the moment of separation. Even the person you hate the sight of by your side, you begin to relent towards, and almost to love, when he is going away. But the solitary survivor of cheerful companions or valued friends setting out upon a distant journey, especially if he be, like me, left alone in the grey dawn of a November morning, has always an inundation of reasons for loving them with more than a passing love. Nothing can be less sentimental than travelling preparations: nothing can be more deeply contemplative, too, than the mood in which *he* finds himself suddenly plunged.

Gone! they are *gone?* That little sorrowing and forgiving word, how it falls upon the heart with leaden weight, seeming to

symbolize the transit of all things. They are gone! They, however, have hope, fresh interests, morning air, and day-spring, all opening upon their onward road. *Their* valedictory sadness shares all the chances of being speedily rattled away by chariot wheels, by the reasonable care of making the best settlement they can of their persons with reference to their labyrinth of packages and their scant of elbow-room, by road-book discussions, by conflicting calculations of time and distance, by contested elections relative to upper and lower houses to be driven to; or, on the other hand, by startling recollections of forgotten keys, omitted "last injunctions," or neglected prospective arrangements (to be repaired at the next stage) touching that land of promise whither their well-freighted *ark* is so rapidly conveying them. But for me, what remains till man and housemaids rise again? A deserted hearth—the hush of loneliness—a sense of change without its joyousness—unnatural candles flaring their untimely light, like funeral tapers, on the cold remains of the unfinished breakfast (for me, alas! unfinished, having had no excuse for eating without appetite), and empty chairs standing here and there like grave stones, suggesting thoughts of the departed—a dead calm succeeding to a stirring gale.

> O give me back my last half-hour,
> Or let me sleep again.

There is always a feeling of unspeakable discomfort in such parting for *elderlys*, both to the travellers and to those whom they are leaving. The *cares* of travelling increase upon us the longer we live, and in equal ratio with the decrease of its pleasures; and if the sorrows of parting be less lively than in our earlier years, they become more selfish and personal. It is our *own* share in the transitoriness of life that affects us most when we see it instanced before us; and a man is never more "touched with sad presages" than at the moment when he either sets forth upon a wintery journey, or is left behind. But look back through one of the Claude-Lorraine glasses of memory—even though it should be a dimmed one—upon those happy days of our *first journeyings*, when times and seasons were of small account, if *change* were in view; when there was no cloud on the horizon and no hollowness in friendship; when, if we left kind friends, we were only going to friends still kinder; and we shall marvel to recollect how delightful such *moving scenes* were once. Then the light and joyous spirit of youth shed its sunshine on all travelling days throughout the year, and parting sorrows were but the dew on the rose, or like April showers, followed by the rainbow. To be in motion was present gladness; novelty was before us, and within us a garden of sweet spring hopes, where no root of bitterness had yet found entrance, furnishing a fresh banquet for every stage.

Happy, happy days! *One* of your blooming, smiling, innocent, and trusting *half-hours* back again were worth years of world-chilled manhood. But we came not here solely to sun ourselves and gather flowers, though we may find *some* to the last, if we cultivate the soil of experience judiciously. "The bliss of ignorance" belongs but to the poet's age, or to very early childhood. It neither *can* be permanent, nor *dare* we desire that it should.

In those "happy days," our notions of perspective, both physical and moral, were as inaccurate as a Chinese landscape, however bright and fine the colouring!

Shall I ever forget my first journey, and the transport with which, at seven years old, I looked forward to its promised pleasures, especially the fairy-land to which it was to conduct me!

I had never been upwards of three miles from home in my life before, and going up the first hill, and crossing the first bridge, presented terrors which had not entered into my account. The upward strip of road, seen at a distance, hung before my unpractised eyes, like a perpendicular ladder, which the carriage never *could* ascend; and the high, one-arched bridge, seemed as mysteriously perilous as the broken arches in the vision of Mirza. Nevertheless, implicit faith in the assurances of my travelling companions, soon calmed my anxiety. The hill when approached, became easier of access, and we made our way up it, without falling backwards; and the light span, which had appeared only available for safe footing to brownies and fairies, expanded into a firm road, which neither shook nor crumbled beneath the carriage wheels; and elate in the pride and strength of my new experience, I felt as if I had laid in a stock, sufficient to bear me over all future difficulties. I was going with my parents to visit my two elder brothers, who were at school in the county town, at the distance of thirty-five miles from the Scottish Border, on the verge of which our then residence was situated. I was the spoiled child of a numerous family, (now, alas! myself and one brother, are all that survive of two generations!) but I had neither been teased nor caressed out of loving them all fondly, the absent more especially; and I was carrying with me my whole fortune, a new guinea, to divide between them. This piece of intended munificence exalted by tenderness, and increased my impatience, but was "poor indeed," to the *mine* of my expectations from the anticipated wonders of the town of D———. No sleep had I the night before, save broken slumbers, interrupted at each knelling of the clock, with fears of being too late, or busy with dreams, in successive snatches, of all the towns I had read of or seen in picture-books; garlanded with toy-shops, and peopled with happy boys and girls. I feel now the intolerable length of that night—the balmy breath—the heaven of that morning, and the unutterable purgatory which I endured, when

(cooped up in the carriage—that *first* haven of my wishes)—I was dragged along the tediousness of that everlasting thirty-five miles! I dare say I made no *reflections* at the time, on the difference between expectation and reality; but I wish all useful lessons could be as indellibly impressed, as was my feeling of this day's experience of it. Its stamp remains on my nerves to this hour. I love change, I love motion, on horseback, on water, in air, if I could find wings; but the restraint of carriage-travelling, has ever since been to me, like Johnson's impression of the aggravated imprisonment of being shut up in a ship.

My parents travelled with their own horses, and our mid-day halt to afford the poor animals the rest of which *I* felt no need, seemed to me the cruellest of all kindness! Roads and inns were not in those days what they are now. The former were of a description to make reasonable people thankful when they could compound between discomforts by sharing with their horses such respite and refreshment as might be expected at the latter, even when of no higher pretensions than the species of way-side cottage,—of which my parents thought proper to avail themselves to stretch their wearied limbs—denominated a half-way house. It was thatched, one-storied, flanked by a peat-stack and pig-stye, and by the double-duty cattle-shed, which, upon occasions like the present, performed *one* part of the promise of "*entertainment* for man and horse," which, with some wonder, I read inscribed above the door. Small entertainment could I figure here! and the prospect of delay made it still more forbidding. I was diverted for a moment by the oddity of stepping upon a sanded floor; by the swinging sign of the "Cat and Bagpipes"—(an emblematical and somewhat enigmatical invitation to hospitality and hilarity, then in approved vogue on the Scottish Border), by a black-hooded old woman with a "cutty pipe" in her mouth, plying a spindle, which I mistook for some sort of top, wondering to see an old woman so employed; but the *sleeky*-tongued landlady's welcomes and commendations of the "bonnie young gentleman" fell unheeded on my ear, beyond procuring for her the ungrateful return of my thinking her the very ugliest and oddest-looking person I ever beheld. And I went the round of Joseph and his brethren, King Charles, *in full view* in the "Royal oak," hiding from his pursuers; the Seven Champions; the allegorical picture of "Keep within due Compass;" a pipe-clay parrot, bright in green and red, with prodigious beak, and the largest of all round eyes, looking at nobody but me, a Toby Philpot, of like material, whose tankard was crested with what was the likest thing possible to real froth, and various other curiosities, which were the ornaments of the walls and mantel-shelf of our hostel parlour,—though not without admiration, yet rather to beguile the time, than with the slightest mixture of

childish longing to appropriate any one of them. Again and again I reiterated the survey, with lessening satisfaction, through the optics of my impatience. They, doubtless, shared the wreck of the clay walls they embellished, which have long since perished, together with the one-arched bridge, and numerous prouder and costlier edifices subsequently beheld; but associated with the novel impressions, and with the warm and restless feelings of my *first journey*, they still hold their place in the gallery of memory, more vividly and distinctly than many of the productions of a Raphael, a Carlo Dolci, or a Canova, seen in later days.

I cannot forbear relating here a trivial anecdote connected with this memorable house of entertainment, which illustrates, not less than the above, the power and durability of juvenile impressions; because I think it originated the first germ of a certain inquisitiveness into human character and national distinctions, which I have been sometimes most unjustly suspected of employing invidiously. My father had applied to a countryman at work on the road-side, to inform him which was considered the best of two, within sight and hearing of each other, each claiming to be *the half-way house?* It was therefore a question put on dangerous ground.

"What's your wull, Sir?" was the reply, which I found to be the customary one, in cases of like difficulty. The question was repeated:

"Trowth, Sir, I could na say; Jamie Halliday's is the best, may be: but Andrew Rule's is as gude's ony."

"A true Scotch answer," remarked my father: and to Andrew's we went. *Why* my father termed the man's reply a Scottish one (for I knew it was with no reference to the dialect, which, though we were English, was familiar around us) *why* he gave the preference to the house, which, to my apprehension, stood second in his informant's mind; and what the precise grammatical distinction could be, between "the best," and as "gude's ony," haunted my mind as riddles through many a long day, and contributed to fix my recollections of the cottage of Andrew Rule.

The reader may possibly think he has had enough of these juvenile reminiscences, and will excuse me if I am not disposed to be equally communicative concerning my *promised joys* in the town of D———, which, as I am treating of travelling, I may, with strict propriety, be allowed to pass by. To say the truth, I have forgotten whether they were joys or not after the first moment of embracing my brothers; on which a sweet sad, ray of light still falls, which would carry me "far, farrer than I can tell," into the depths of other years, were I to indulge my rambling infirmity, out of the turnpike road I am upon. But before I leave it, one more picture shall close my chapter. Would I

could transfer it to the hands of the amiable and talented author of Chapters on Churchyards!

The town of D———, in its widely spread valley, long lies before the traveller's view in delusive proximity, as he approaches it by the winding elevation of the southern road. It is the centre of what may almost be termed an amphitheatre, of hilly outline, beautifully diversified. The soft blueish haze of a summer evening was upon it, through which only the summit of majestic Criffel could be discovered; and he stood, like the guardian giant of the landscape, gathering the robes of his night-watch around him.

> "Now on our sight that beauteous city gleam'd,
> Low, distant, swath'd in mist, like early days—
> Ting'd by the westering sun the summits seem'd
> A flock of sea-birds floating on blue waves.

And if these verses had been within the treasures of my nursery memory, doubtless I should have applied them, and longed for the wings of a bird to fly, and be amongst those pictured ones. But the sun was quite down, ere our wearied horses brought us as we drew near the town, somewhat below its level; and a previous turn and descent of the road, had for some time shut out entirely the beautiful oasis I had been gazing upon with so much admiration and impatience, when suddenly, we rounded an extensive walled enclosure, which includes the most remarkable feature belonging to the town of D———. The wall was not high, and the ground within gently rising, I could perceive towards the centre an immense edifice, tall, massy, surmounted by a spire or turret, and surrounded by what appeared to me through the dim light, to be lesser buildings stationed irregularly, but thick as a plantation—some of them shewed more conspicuously—they were *white* and *square*. "O, this is the town at last," cried I, "but how quiet it is; where are all the people!"

"Multitudes, multitudes, are there," replied my mother. "Their mortal remains; but where are they?" Need I describe the chill that fell on my young heart, on the discovery that I beheld a church and churchyard. The myriads whose dust and ashes mouldered there, had once been happy travellers like me, enjoying life, light, warm sunshine, and gay hopes. They were gone upon their last journey, and this was my first. *They* and their remembrance had perished from the earth. I was entering the sunny precincts they had quitted, but with the certainty of taking the same departure at last!

This is the departure for which few prepare joyously—all too negligently—none without being reproached at the last with the remembrance of innumerable omissions! For these there is a gracious and all-sufficient remedy, if it be sought and found in time.

But O, how many are there, who, folded in wilful drowsiness, though they cannot dismiss the haunting thought, postpone to the very last *half-hour*, all serious consideration of the unspeakably momentous interests of this, the only journey which is inevitable!

THE MOSSY BOWER.

"Why comes he not?" the maiden sigh'd,
As she paced the lonely dell,
While fluttering hopes arose and died
In her bosom's trembling swell,—
"It is the plighted hour,
Night wraps Ben Ledi's brow,
And here is the silent Mossy Bower,—
My Allan, where art thou?"

A rapid step sounds in the breeze
Meeting the maiden's ear,
And soon by the rising moon she sees
Her Allan hastening near.
His tread is fierce and high—
Wildly his tartans stream,
There's fire and triumph in his eye,
And his sword sheds a bloody gleam.

His forward haste, his brow's dark lour,
His bare steel's blood-dimm'd ray,
Spoke not a guest for lady's bower,
A gallant trim and gay.
"Where, Allan, hast thou been?
Why frowns thy brow with wrath?
Why flames thine eye so stern and keen
As if its glance were death?"

His brow relax'd, and half he smil'd
At her words of love and fear;
Then hurrying told of perils wild,
Fierce fray and foeman near.
"'Tis Fate's grim hour of woe,
Lov'd Edith, hie the hence,
Speed thee away like mountain roe,
I turn for thy defence.

They come, like ocean's stormy surge
Rous'd by the tempest's swell;
Their shouts ring in the mountain gorge—
My own lov'd maid, farewell!"

One glance—a last—he sought,
The hour of blood to cheer;
Her form with deep emotion wrought—
Were those deep workings fear?

Woman's soft heart may trembling sink
Like a gentle dewy flower;
But her lofty soul knows not to shrink
In danger's deadliest hour.
She snatch'd her lover's hand—
Bright shone her dark eye's ray,
And with an air that spoke command
She hurried him away.

Through tangling brier and thorn she press'd
Swift down the rocky steep,
Till she reached where in its secret breast
Dark yawn'd a cavern deep.
"Now the foe may prowl in vain,
Leave not thy dern retreat
When the rolling night-mist shades the glen,
At the mossy bower we meet."

Day lagg'd along its lingering hours
As they would ne'er be done,
And in her father's stately bowers
The while fair Edith shone.
Night came, and a darker hue
Spread deep'ning o'er the skies,
With light foot skimming the heathbell's dew
To the mossy bower she hies.

In vain around their vengeful snare
The foe close couching drew;
When a lover's life is woman's care
Ought she can dare and do.
The mountain maid leads on
Her trackless, stealthy path,
Threading the thickets wild and lone,
Till pass'd are the toils of death.

She paus'd; she cast her softening eye
Back on her native glen,
And all her childhood's grief and joy
Rush'd on her heart again.
But Love's soft spell is strong—
Onward they swiftly hied;
Soon clansman's shout and minstrel's song
Hail'd the chief and his lovely bride.

W. M. H.

AN EARLY ACQUAINTANCE.

A SKETCH.

THOUGH not a native of the west of Scotland, I had occasion to spend several years in the earlier period of my life, in that district of the country. During my residence there, which extended from my eighteenth to my twenty-fourth year, I formed an intimacy with several individuals whose age, circumstances, and habits, were similar to my own. But of these there were none for whom I felt so strong an attachment, as for a young man of the name of Robert M'William.

He was one of the best principled and most amiable individuals with whom it has ever been my lot, before or since, to have been acquainted. His father, though only a member of the working classes of society, had, by means of his own industry, and a small reversion left him by a deceased relation, been able to give to him the advantages of an education much superior to what is characteristic of the generality of the children of our operatives.

Robert, when he had attained his sixteenth year, was articled for four years to a Solicitor of eminence, in his native place. Through the influence of his employer, who, from his propriety of conduct and professional acquirements evinced a marked partiality for him, Robert, immediately on the expiration of his apprenticeship, procured a superior situation in India; and having suitably equipped himself for so long a voyage, he set out for that distant part of the world in the year 1800.

His father accompanied him part of the way to Greenock, whence he shipped for London, and from thence to Calcutta. The separation between Robert and his father was, as might be expected, of any affecting nature: but both consoled themselves with the hope that they should meet again under happy circumstances.

Robert duly arrived at his destined place; and for several years thereafter occasionally corresponded with his parents and with me. But about this time, circumstances called me to the Continent, and as during my sojourn there, I was not any length of time in one place, I heard no more of my old and esteemed acquaintance.

After an absence of six years I returned to the west of Scotland, and while passing through the wood of Maners, on my way to the village of Drumanan, I heard at a little distance before me, in an indistinct sort of tone, as if the speaker had been desirous of disguising his voice, the words uttered, "Your money or your life, Sir!"

"Neither, Sir!" responded a second party, in a perfectly audible and courageous tone.

By this time I was within forty yards, and though from the darkness of the night—it was about eight o'clock in the evening, in the month of October,—I could not recognize the speaker,—I heard sounds of feet and voices, which indicated that a violent scuffle had commenced. I hastened to the spot, and found one man, apparently midle-aged, lying on another who seemed to be rather young—the stronger party threatning to shoot the weaker if any further resistance to rifling his pockets was offered. I rushed to the aid of him whose life was in danger; and while attempting to drag the other off the person below him, he presented a pistol to my breast. I wrenched the weapon from him, and threw it among the adjacent trees. By this time the weaker party regained his feet; and betwixt us we speedily succeeded in completely vanquishing the assailant. Notwithstanding the resistance he made, we dragged him to the nearest house, which was but little more than a quarter of a mile distant.

In this abode, which was a very humble one, we found a glimmering light, with a woman of a very weak and sickly-like appearance, sitting at the fire-side. The female invalid was greatly alarmed at our singular and unexpected appearance; but scarcely had we been a minute in the house, when looking the young man in the face whose life had been in such eminent danger, she exclaimed, "O, my Robert! My Robert!" and with a supernatural effort, rose to embrace him. The truth instantly flashed on my mind, that this was none other than my old acquaintance, and on that of our prisoner, that it was none other than his own son in whose blood but half-an-hour before, he was about to imbrue his hands. The young man recognized the voice of his mother, although her feature had been sadly changed by sickness. But no one can form any conception of the surprise which all of us at first felt on recognizing each other under such strange circumstances.

A full explanation soon followed. Robert's father experienced a rapid transition from competence to absolute penury, in consequence of a sudden and extensive depression which some time before had taken place in the branch of business in which he was engaged; and to add to his misfortunes, his wife had become indisposed. They left the town in which the greater part of their past life had been spent, and removed to the little solitary house adjacent to the eastward of the wood of Maners, in the hope that the husband might procure as much employment in the country as would at least supply their more urgent wants. In this he was disappointed; and goaded almost to desperation by his own privations, as well as by those of his sickly wife, he had that evening

for the *first* time, resolved on the desperate expedient of committing highway robbery.

His son, Robert, had newly arrived in this country from India, for the purpose of transacting business in London, and naturally, when so near his parents, resolved on a visit to them. He had been unconscious of the reverse in life they had encountered within the last eighteen months; but as he had been successful in the world himself, he administered to their present exigencies, and before he departed again, he settled upon them the annual sum of sixty pounds, and had the satisfaction, before he left their roof, of seeing his mother completely convalescent.

TURKISH SONG.

THE SERASKIER'S BRIDE.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Oh! how my fond heart flies,
O'er Hebrus far away,
To our Moslem tents that proudly rise
In the desert's trackless way!
I see thy moonlight brow
With its jewell'd crescent shine,
And thy conquer'd foes before thee bow,
As thy Zoë's heart to thine,
Amurath!

Lov'd of my soul! I mourn
Those hours so swiftly fled,
When we watch'd the star of eve return,
As the blissful moments sped;
When in the cool kiosk,
Soft as the falling dew,
We have heard ascend from glitt'ring mosque
The sweet strains of Alla-hu,
Amurath!

Still in these jasmine bowers
I breathe the musky breeze
As it sweeps o'er young pomegranate flowers,
And the golden orange trees.
But vain this gorgeous bloom,
Unless 't were shared with *thee;*
Like sunlight on the joyless tomb,
In vain it shines for me,
Amurath!

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Mary Aston; or, the Events of a Year.

Books are, like society, of a varied character: one grave, another gay: one carrying us into scenes of cheerfulness, another into those of sorrow and suffering. Sometimes we are amused and cheered, sometimes instructed and elevated; and in all these cases we enjoy the advantage of an infinite variety.

"Mary Aston" may be considered as a union, a sort of alternation, of these different species of literary society. A happy talent of description, and a buoyant cheerfulness of spirit, are the merits which strike us on our first introduction. In a world so full of sadness, we would be the first to hail every glimpse of an innocent hilarity; we would welcome every gleam of sunshine in the moral as well as the physical world, that might help to send us on our way rejoicing; and in truth our author seems to have caught the dancing epidemic, for he opens to the time of the Polka, and closes to the same measure.

But not to be carried away with the light graces of our author's cheerful tone, from allowing due praise to his more sterling qualities, we must acknowledge that in this tale, laid among the higher classes of society, we have the life of the true English gentleman painted in most happy colours. The author appears to have enjoyed with the utmost zest the scenes which he has described. The substantial country landed proprietor, patriotic, energetic, hospitable, stands out upon his canvass, surrounded by all the auxiliaries which fill in the fair picture of a peaceful, happy, and honourable country life. The tale is singularly one of domestic manners, polished indeed, but abounding in all the rejoicing liberality which so happily distinguishes the character of the country gentleman. There is so much individuality, so much reality, in the assemblage gathered together for country enjoyment, that the reader is constrained to feel himself located among them, partaking of their festivities, and enjoying the same abundant hospitality. Thus domiciled we are carried through all the variety of field sports, and rural occupations; the chase abroad, and the chase at home, mirth and music, sweetened by the soft influence of female society, these constitute scenes faithful to life, and which well depict the cheerfulness of so enjoyable an existence. In all this we have spoken chiefly of the scenes, because there is a tone of freshness and feeling thrown over them peculiarly reviving to the heart, and which seem at once to recal those agreeable country-relaxations which most of us have, at some time or other enjoyed, and which, being distinguished by an honesty and freedom, seem to relieve us from the shackles of an artificial and every day ex-

istence. The society thus assembled are fit denizens for the homes thus painted, the characters not being indeed elaborately painted but exceedingly well sketched, the whole forming a happy group of which every individual adds to the enjoyment of every other; the true but little practised secret of pleasure in society. But as a tale would indeed be destitute of interest if without a heroine, our author, not aiming at dramatic effect, has throughout his recital, kept one fair and gentle creature constantly in the fore-ground, throwing around her a species of interest which he has happily conducted to a crisis which may be easily guessed at by the experienced world; we mean of course, the happy and holy state of matrimony.

St. Patrick's Eve; or, Three Eras in the Life of an Irish Peasant. By the Author of "Charles O'Malley."

This is a small volume from the pen of Mr. Lever. It is got up in imitation of the "Christmas Carol" and the "Chimes" of Mr. Dickens. It is not equal in merit to Mr. Lever's other works. As a specimen of its matter, we give a scene which may be called

A MISTAKE.

Owen and his father exchanged glances; the same idea flashed across the minds of both that the visitor was a magistrate come to take information against the Joyces for an assault; and however gladly they would have embraced any course that promised retaliation for their injuries, the notion of recurring to the law was a degree of baseness they would have scorned to adopt.

"I'll take the 'vestment' I never seen it at all," said the old man eagerly, and evidently delighted that no manner of cross-questioning or badgering could convert him into an informer.

"And the little I saw," said Owen, "they knocked out of my memory with this;" and he pointed to the half-healed gash on his forehead.

"But you know something of how the row began?"

"No, your honour, I was at the other side of the fair."

"Was young Mr. Leslie in fault—did you hear that?"

"I never heerd that he did anything—unagreeable," said Owen, after hesitating for a few seconds in his choice of a word.

"So, then, I'm not likely to obtain any information from either of you?"

They made no reply, but their looks gave as palpable a concurrence to this speech as though they swore to its truth.

"Well, I have another question to ask. It was you saved this young gentleman, I understand. What was your motive for doing so, when, as by your own confession, you were at a distance when the fight began?"

"He was my landlord's son," said Owen, half roughly; "I hope there is no law agin that."

"I sincerely trust not," ejaculated the gentleman. "Have you been long on the estate?"

"Three generations of us now, yer honour," said the old man.

"And what rent do you pay?"

"Oh, musha, we pay enough; we pay fifteen shillings an acre for the bit of callows below near the lake, and we pay ten pounds a-year for the mountain; and bad luck to it for a mountain! it's breaking my heart trying to make something out of it."

"Then, I suppose you'd be well pleased to exchange your farm, and take one in a better and more profitable part of the country?"

Another suspicion here shot across the old man's mind, and, turning to Owen, he said in Irish, "He wants to get the mountain for sporting over; but I'll not lave it."

The gentleman repeated his question.

"Troth, no then, your honour; we've lived here so long we'll just stay our time in it."

"But the rent is heavy, you say."

"Well, we'll pay it, plaze God."

"And I'm sure it's a strange wild place in winter."

"It's wholesome, anyhow," was the short reply.

"I believe I must go back again as wise as I came," muttered the gentleman. "Come, my good old man, and you Owen, I want to know how I can best serve you for what you've done for me; it was my son you rescued in the fair."

"Are you the landlord—is yer honour Mr. Leslie?" exclaimed both, as they rose from their seats as horrified as if they had taken such a liberty before royalty.

"Yes, Owen; and I grieve to say that I should cause so much surprise to any tenant at seeing me. I ought to be better known on my property, and I hope to become so; but it grows late, and I must reach the valley before night. Tell me, are you really attached to this farm, or have I any other, out of lease at this time, you like better?"

"I would not leave the ould spot, with yer honour's permission, to get a demesne and a brick house; nor Owen neither."

"Well, then, be it so; I can only say that, if you ever change your mind, you'll find me both ready and willing to serve you. Meanwhile you must pay no more rent here."

"No more rent!"

"Not a farthing; I'm sorry the favour is so slight a one, for indeed the mountain seems a bleak and profitless tract."

"There is not its equal for mutton—"

"I'm glad of it, Owen; and it only remains for me to make the shepherd something more comfortable. Well, take this; and when I next come up here (which I intend to do to fish the lake), I hope to find you in a better house;" and he pressed a pocket-book into the old man's hand as he said this, and left the cabin; while both Owen and his father were barely able to mutter a blessing upon him, so overwhelming and unexpected was the whole occurrence.

We subjoin another extract. It throws some light on a particular phase of Irish society; perhaps its most appropriate heading would be,

THE NEW AGENT.

The new agent had commenced his campaign with an activity before unknown. Arrears of rent were demanded to be peremptorily paid up; leases, whose exact conditions had not been fulfilled, were declared void; tenants occupying sub-let land were noticed to quit; and all the threatening signs of that rigid management displayed, by which an estate is assumed to be "admirably regulated," and the agent's duty most creditably discharged.

Many of the arrears were concessions made by the landlord in seasons of hardship and distress, but were unrecorded as such in the rent-roll or the tenant's receipt. There had been no intention of ever demanding them; and both parties had lost sight of the transaction until the sharp glance of a "new agent" discovered their existence. So of the leases; covenants to build, or plant, or drain, were inserted rather as contingencies, which prosperity might empower, than as actual conditions essential to be fulfilled; and as for sub-

letting, it was simply the act by which a son or a daughter was portioned in the world, and enabled to commence the work of self-maintenance.

This slovenly system inflicted many evils. The demand of an extravagant rent rendered an abatement not a boon, but an act of imperative necessity; and while the overhanging debt supplied the landlord with a means of tyranny, it deprived the tenant of all desire to improve his condition. "Why should I labour," said he, "when the benefit can never be mine?' The landlord then declaimed against ingratitude at the time that the peasant spoke against oppression. Could they both be right? The impossibility of ever becoming independent soon suggested that dogged indifference, too often confounded with indolent habits. Sustenance was enough for him, who, if he earned more, should surrender it—hence the poor man became chained to his poverty. It was a weight which grew with his strength—privations might as well be incurred with little labour as with great—and he sunk down to the condition of a mere drudge, careless and despondent. "He can only take all I have!" was the cottier's philosophy; and the maxim suggested a corollary, that the "all" should be as little as might be.

But there were other grievances flowing from this source. The extent of these debatements usually depended on the representation of the tenants themselves, and such evidences as they could produce of their poverty and destitution. Hence a whole world of falsehood and dissimulation was fostered.—Cabins were suffered to stand half-roofed; children left to shiver in rags and nakedness; age and infirmities exhibited in attitudes of afflicting privations; habits of mendicity encouraged—all, that they might impose upon the proprietor, and make him believe that any sum wrung from such as these, must be an act of cruelty. If these schemes were sometimes successful, so in their failure they fell as heavy penalties upon the really destitute, for whose privations no pity was felt. Their misery, confounded in the general mass of dissimulation, was neglected; and for one who prospered in his falsehood, many were visited in their affliction.

That men, in such circumstances as these, should listen with greedy ears to any representation which reflected heavily on their wealthier neighbours, is little to be wondered at. The triumph of knavery and falsehood is a bad lesson for any people; but the fruitlessness of honest industry is, if possible, a worse one. Both were well taught by this system. And these things took place, not, be it observed, when the landlord or his agent were cruel and exacting—very far from it. They were the instances so popularly expatiated on by newspapers and journals—they were the cases headed "Example for Landlords!" "Timely Benevolence!" and paragraphed thus:—"We learn, with the greatest pleasure, that Mr. Muldrennin, of Kilbally-drennin, has, in consideration of the failure of the potato-crop, and the severe pressure of the season, kindly abated five per cent. of all his rents. Let this admirable example be generally followed, and we shall once more see," &c., &c. There was no explanatory note to state the actual condition of that tenantry, or the amount of that rent from which the deduction was made. Mr. Muldrennin was then free to run his career of active puffers throughout the kingdom, and his tenantry to starve on as before.

Of all worldly judgments there is one that never fails—no man was ever instrumental, either actively or through neglect, to another's demoralization, that he was not made to feel the recoil of his conduct on himself. Such had been palpably the result here. The confidence of the people lost, they had taken to themselves the only advisers in their power, and taught themselves to suppose that relief can only be effected by legislative enactments, or their own efforts. This lesson once learned, and they were politicians for life. The consequence has been, isolation from him to whom once all respect and attachment were rendered—distrust and dislike follow—would that the catalogue went no further!

The little volume is tastefully got up, and contains several excellent illustrations,

Stray Leaves from the German; or Select Essays from Zschokke. Translated by the Rev. W. B. Flower, B. A. Nos. I. II. III.

The German author, from whose works this translation is made, has long been distinguished among the divines of his own country. He is a man of decided piety and great talents; and Mr. Flower has done good service to the cause of religion, by clothing his "Stray Leaves" in an English dress. We give as a specimen of the author's manner a quotation from his

MEDITATIONS ON PROVIDENCE.

There may be moments, and hours, and weeks of pain, which shake all our courage, and extinguish all our hopes.—At some period misfortunes may ally themselves against us on all sides, and make us confused in our holiest convictions, and even shake in our soul, belief in the Eternal Providence.

Oft through fear, oft by argument, we see malice triumph, and justice enslaved; we see the righteous Christian, who, with modesty, has laid the foundation of much good in quiet; we see him misunderstood, calumniated, and persecuted, whilst any self-interested, cunning, or powerful miscreant, is favoured with success in all his undertakings:—we ask ourselves with doubt—what? does not the eye of Providence watch above the stars?

Alas! how many a pious, quiet, and once happy family, has become the sacrifice of war!—In what manner had they transgressed, that their dwelling, the abode of all domestic virtues, should become the prey of the flames?—The sorrow-stricken father—how has he transgressed, that the whole of his property, for which he has worked so uninterruptedly, and so laboriously the whole of his life, should be taken away from him in a few hours? Those nights of sorrow—those days of care—those thousand drops of perspiration, which he has shed for the weal of his family—the sorrows and hopes of a long life—have all these been in vain? How has the poor infant sinned, who was the sole pleasure and love of its parents, that the lust of booty, and of warring hordes, should have sunk it and its family into the miserable situation of the deepest poverty; that it must haplessly press its way through life in indigence, and perhaps afterwards, when its parents shall finally have left it, must wander an outcast from street to street in search of foreign aid? We shudder when we see the most lamentable sacrifices, and ask:—does blind and cruel chance sport with the children of men, or does a higher Providence watch over us?

At the death-bed of a sick child, a comfortless mother kneels. The favorite, whom she bore with pains, and nurtured with tender care, lies before her like unto a fading flower, and all her best joys in this world fade with it. She raises him with crying eyes, weeping to heaven, and again fixes them passionately on the patient angel. She kisses his wan face; for the last time he opens his eyes, and once more smiles with sweet innocence on the good mother; once again he stretches out his little hand to his mothers, as though it were a farewell. Alas! he is very loath to leave a faithful mother's heart! But love is torn from love, and heart from heart. The mother faints powerless over the soulless body of her beloved. Have then all her pains and all her sorrows been in vain. All her thousand hopes indulged in vain—a thousand tears shed in vain! In vain were the devout burning tears of her loneliness, as she prayed to heaven for the recovery of her child. Must there then be in this world insatiable grief—and no attention from above? Darkly she looks into the night of life, as if she sought aid, salvation, and God: and the sobs from her oppressed and heaving breast seemed to ask heaven, if there be a Providence, why does it forsake me?

When the floods of swelling streams sweep away numberless families, with their dwellings, and bury them in the depth of the waters—when earthquakes destroy whole towns with their inhabitants, the righteous and the wicked—when, as it happened a few years ago in a neighbouring country, mountain heights loosen and roll down, and in one moment extirpate a whole vale full of joyous and happy herdsmen—men and women, young and old, strangers and natives—and bury them under an immense mass of ruins, so that no traces of them can ever again be seen: who can remain without fear—who casts not a searching glance into the train of accidents of Eternal Providence?

But let us only look into ourselves with clear judgment, and we shall soon find out that Providence has not ceased to watch and to act, that the Deity is not fled from the world, but we shall find out the causes from which the want of our confidence in Providence, and the fickleness of our wavering faith have arisen.

GENERALLY,—and who can deny it?—MOST MEN ONLY BEGIN TO THINK OF AIDING PROVIDENCE IN THE MIDST OF THEIR MISFORTUNES. As long as they lived content in quiet, happy circumstances, it rarely, often never, occured to them, to reflect on the dispensations of God as regards the fate of those whom He has called into life. Thus the invalid first begins to esteem the happiness of his days in health, he despised the thought of sickness, and lived without moderation in his pleasures, till they became poison to him. But when want presses from all sides on failing man, then it is that he raises his eye to heaven, and under the weight of his misfortunes inquires, does Providence also watch over me? But in this harassing situation, in this timid state of mind, he is the very least suited properly to convince himself of the wise and enduring dispensations of Divine Providence. His heart is too much engaged by other matters, to give itself up to quiet and continuous researches. He only thinks of that of which he is afraid; he only feels what troubles him; and because his harassed mind cannot gain a sudden conviction of God's wise rule, because it cannot immediately make itself acquainted with all the circumstances which alone could instruct him in the higher wisdom of Divine counsels, he becomes perplexed and doubtful. He only sees the present oppressing moment, and does not see the co-operation and plan of life. From the wondrous chain of millions of other events, he tears the single occurrence by which he has been grieved. No wonder then is it, that a mind, weak and inexperienced in the observation of the Divine government of the world, takes the individual for the whole, the secondary matter for the primary—that it deems itself and all things the games of blind, dead chance.

If in quiet day when our soul was capable of inquiries of a higher nature, if we had then inquired into the dark hand of the Eternal Ruler of the world in the life, and in the destiny of men; we should have acquired an exercise of power over our minds, which the greatest misfortune could not shake. If we had in many a lonely hour thought more on the curious, happy, and sad circumstances of our own life, then we should have more than once exclaimed with glad astonishment:—See there was the hand of God! We should have seen how many a matter, which seemed to us an incurable evil, often bore the best fruits of our whole life, for the good of our family. We should have recognised that if the one or the other of our most ardent wishes had been fulfilled, we should have been obliged to forfeit our present happiness—our present station. We should not be able to deny that many a thing for which we once toiled, prayed, and sighed in vain, would eventually, in the course of affairs, have proved to ourselves, and to others a misfortune. We should allow that many a dreadful occurrence, which once severely pressed on us in our life, produced a most beneficial effect upon our heart and habits of thought, and that now in the happy and golden hours of life, we owe much to this improved and wiser mode of thinking.

The Local Historian's Table Book; or, Remarkable Occurrences, Historical Facts, Traditions, Legendary and Descriptive Ballads, &c. Part 51. By M. A. RICHARDSON.

WE have, on several former occasions, referred to this curious and interesting publication. We re-introduce it to the notice of our readers because of the opportunity which it gives us of presenting them with the following

ANECDOTES OF FAIRIES.

The most noticeable characteristic of the greater number of fairy tales is not only the resemblance which they bear to each other, but the analogy which subsists between those of two different districts—even of one country and another. Thus the fairy tales of Northumberland and Durham have a remarkable affinity to some which are prevalent in the Highlands of Scotland and in Wales, and, indeed, perhaps the whole of the more northern states of Europe, although the close connection which formerly subsisted between us and the latter sufficiently accounts for the similarity of detail; but it is not so easy to assign cause for the connection with the legends of more remote regions. This circumstance tends to show that there has been one common stock whence all these varieties of one ancient legend have sprung; for on relating an anecdote of this kind nothing was more rational than for the narrator to individualize his tale, by placing its occurrence on some tangible and well known spot of ground in his immediate vicinity. Not that anything of plagiarism is here implied, but the multitude of similar details would lead us to suppose that they must have occurred in a lesser number of places; nevertheless this remark is more *particularly* applicable to the tales of King Arthur's knights. These shreds of floaty tradition, whose origin is lost in the remote mists of unfathomable antiquity, possess peculiar interest to the man of observation. They are not merely remarkable as being the remains of a system of mythology, closely interwoven with the history of remote ages, associated with all that is fresh, beautiful, and sparkling, and far from the noise and bustle of men; airy beings whose chosen scenes are the forest, the lone heath, the gurgling stream, the plashing waterfall, and the sandy untrodden beach. They are, we say, not only remarkable on these accounts, but it makes matter for just surprise that the faithfulness of tradition during so long a series of ages, has handed down to us, in all their freshness and originality, the beautiful and wildly imaginative tales of those tiny beings, whose exploits were first related by men whose race has long since been run, whose toils and troubles are overpast, and the green earth knows them no more.

"The broad daylight of knowledge," says Chatto, "which has been shed on the human mind within the last fifty years, has caused fairies wholly to disappear, though on many a moor and in many a glen the emerald rings traced by their tiny feet, twinkling in the dance to the sound of 'aërial minstrelsy,' are still to be seen. No good-looking young countryman, six feet high or thereabouts—for whom all the girls of the village are dying as fast as slighted love fed only on milk and meal can make them—is any longer under the apprehension of captivating a female fairy by his 'manly beauty,' and of being violently seduced by her; and no poor woman, when out shearing, is any longer afraid to leave her comely child under a stook of corn lest it should be carried off by the fairies, and a rickety bantling, peevish as a sick monkey and ugly as sin, left in its place. I never met with any one who could positively assert that he had ever received benefit or injury from the fairies, or who had ever witnessed their revels; though I have heard several persons tell of fairies having been

seen by their immediate ancestors. I however knew an old man whose dog had *pointed* a troop of fairies; and though they were invisible to himself, yet he plainly heard their music, sounding like a fiddle and a pair of very *small* pipes. He believed that they were dancing under a small green hillock in the direction of which the dog pointed. Many years ago, ere 'George the Third was king,' a girl who lived near Nether Witton, returning home from milking, with her pail upon her head, saw many fairies gambolling in the fields, but which were invisible to her companions though pointed out to them by her. On reaching home, and telling what she had seen, the circumstance of her power of vision being greater than that of her companions was canvassed in the family, and the cause at length discovered in her *weise*,* which was found to be of four-leaved clover; persons having about with them a bunch, or even a single blade, of four-leaved clover, being supposed to possess the power of seeing fairies, even though the elves should wish to be invisible; of perceiving in their proper character evil spirits which assumed the form of men; and of detecting the arts of those who practised magic, necromancy, or witchcraft."

The village and vicinity of Nether Witton, indeed, seemed to be rife of these tales:—A cottager and his wife, residing at this place, were one day visited by a fairy and his spouse with their young child, which they wished to leave in their charge. The cottager agreed to take care of the child for a certain period, when it had to be taken thence. The fairy gave the man a box of ointment, with which to anoint the child's eyes; but he had not on any account to touch himself with it, or some misfortune would befal him. For a long time he and his wife were very careful to avoid the dangerous unction; but one day, when his wife was out, curiosity overcame his prudence, and he anointed his eye, without any noticeable effect. But after a while, when walking through Long Horsely Fair, he met the male fairy and accosted him: he started back in amazement at the recognition, but instantly guessing the truth, blew on the eyes of the cottager, and instantly blinded him. The child was never more seen.

Another tale relates, that a messenger having visited a country midwife or *howdie*, requested her professional assistance in a case where so much secresy was required, that she must be conducted to and from the destined place blindfolded. She at first hesitated, but her scruples were overcome by a handsome present, the promise of a future reward, and assurance of personal safety. She then submitted to the required condition, mounted behind the messenger on a fleet charger, and was carried forward in an unaccountable manner. The journey was not of long continuance, the steed halted, she dismounted, and was conducted into the cottage, where the bandage was removed from her eyes; everything appeared neat and comfortable. She was shown the woman "in the straw," and performed her office; but when ready to dress the babe, an old woman (who, according to the narration, appears to have been the nurse) put a box of ointment into her hand, requiring her to anoint the child all over with it, but to be careful that it did not touch her own person. She prudently complied, though wondering at the motive. Whilst this operation was going on, she felt an itching in one of her eyes, and, in an unguarded moment, rubbed it with a finger which had touched the mysterious ointment. And now a new scene forced itself upon her astonished vision, and she saw everything in a different light. Instead of the neat cottage, she perceived the large overhanging branches of an ancient oak, whose hollow and moss-grown trunk she had before mistaken for the fireplace; glow-worms supplied the place of lamps, and, in short, she found herself in the abode of a family of fairies, with fairies was she surrounded, and one of their number reposed on her lap. She however retained her self-possession, finished her task, and was conducted homeward in the same manner as she was brought. So far all went

* A weise is a circular pad, commonly made of an old stocking, but sometimes merely a wreath of straw or grass, to save the head from the pressure of the pail.

well, and the *howdie* might have carried her secret to her grave, but in after time, on a market day (in what town the legend saith not), forgetful of her former caution, she saw the old nurse among the country women, gliding about from one basket to another, passing a little wooden scraper along the rolls of butter, and carefully collecting the particles thus purloined into a vessel hung by her side. After a mutual but silent recognition, the nurse addressed her thus:—

"Which eye do you see me with?"

"With this," innocently answered the other.

No sooner had she spoken, than a puff from the withering breath of her unearthly companion extinguished the ill-fated orb for ever, and the hag instantly vanished.

Another version says the *Doctor* is presented with a box of eyesalve by his conductor: on using it he sees a splendid portico in the side of a steep hill; through this he is shown into the fairies' hall in the interior of the mountain. He performs his office, and on coming out he receives a second box; he rubs one eye, and with it sees the hill in its natural shape; then, thinking to cheat the devil, feigns to rub the other, and gallops off. Afterwards he sees the fairy's husband stealing corn in the market, when similar consequences befal him as those which occurred unto the woman.

At Chathill Farm, a few miles north of Alnwick, is a fairy ring, around which the children of the vicinity delight to gambol. They have a superstition that if they run more than nine times around it some evil will befal them. Consequently, impelled by a sort of obstinacy and that unaccountable temerity and curiosity not confined to babes but possessed by children of larger growth, venturing even to the brink of ruin, they run around the circle with impunity the appointed number of times, but cannot be induced to overstep the bounds they have assigned. In the sweet precincts of the solitude of Brinkburn, the villagers point out a shady green spot as coveting the graves of the tiny people, and truly a more suitable place could not have been devised as a scene of so purely poetic a belief.

A widow and her son, a little boy, lived together in a cottage in or near the village of Rothley, Northumberland. One winter evening the child refused to go to bed with his mother, as he wished to sit up for a while longer, "for," said he, "I am not sleepy." The mother, finding remonstrance in vain, at last told him that if he sat up by himself the fairies would most certainly come and take him away. The boy laughed as his mother went to bed, leaving him sitting by the fire. He had not been there long watching the fire and enjoying the cheerful warmth, till a beautiful little figure, about the size of a child's doll, descended the chimney, and alighted on the hearth. The little fellow was somewhat startled at first, but its prepossessing smile as it paced to and fro before him, soon overcame his fears, and he inquired familiarly—

"What do they call thou?"

"Ainsel," answered the little thing haughtily, at the same time retorting the question—

"And what do they ca' *thou?*"

"*My* ainsel," answered the boy; and they commenced playing together like two children newly acquainted.

Their gambols continued quite innocently until the fire began to grow dim; the boy then took up the poker to stir it, when a hot cinder accidentally fell upon the foot of his playmate; her tiny voice was instantly raised to a most terrific roar, and the boy had scarcely time to crouch into the bed behind his mother, before the voice of the old fairy mother was heard shouting—

"Who's done it? Who's done it?"

"Oh! it was my ainsel!" answered the daughter.

"Why then," said the mother, as she kicked her up the chimney, "What's all the noise for? there's nyen to blame."

Among the romantic thickets, the projecting rocks and the deep whirling

pools of the sequestered ravine of Whittle dean, near Ovingham, Northumberland, spots are still pointed out by the neighbouring villagers as the favourite retreat of harmless fairies and weeping lovers. Of one of these latter the old people of Warden relate a curious story, and although it may not *exactly* relate to the subjects under consideration, it possesses many points of similarity, and its introduction may therefore be pardoned. A young woman, who died of love, was buried in Warden churchyard, when a singular and uncommon species of yellow flower, similar to that of the mustard, grew on her grave; and what is still more remarkable, it never again appeared after the season in which the broken-hearted nymph was laid beneath the verdant sod.

As a termination to these scraps, we append one of those more purely poetical beliefs which are now very rarely to be met with. On the north side of Cheviot, in the midst of its green slypes and heathy solitudes, there is a chasm called the "Hen Hole." This cleft is so deep and so narrow, that the rays of the sun can never be said to illumine even its rugged sides, and, as might be expected, there is frequently to be seen therein a *snow egg* at Midsummer. In the days of old, a party of hunters were chasing a roe upon the green hills of Cheviot, when they heard issuing from this chasm the sweetest music they had ever heard, and forgetting the roe, which scoured away unheeded, they were impelled to enter, and could never again find their way out.

The Kind and Benevolent Call to the People of God to come out of Babylon. Illustrated and Enforced. By WILLIAM JONES, M.A. Author of the "History of the Waldenses;" "Biblical Cyclopædia," &c., &c.

THIS is one of a series of Lectures which Mr. Jones lately delivered to his congregation on the subject of prophecy. On this subject we know of no greater contemporary authority than our revered author. As we have reason to believe that the series of Lectures to which we refer, will soon make their appearance in a handsome volume, we defer any lengthened remarks on the pamphlet before us. We shall then have an opportunity of adverting not only to the Lectures themselves, but to the subject of which they treat. In the meantime we content ourselves with quoting the conclusion of the present lecture, which appears at a most seasonable moment:—

But it is time that I drew this lecture to a close. What, upon the whole, is the use that we are called to make of the subject which we have now had under consideration? After what has appeared, from this course of lectures, to be the real character of the church of Rome—her corruption in doctrine; her idolatrous worship; her tyranny, and intolerance, and oppression—lording it over God's heritage, and making the commandments of God of no effect by her traditions; can any unprejudiced person doubt for a moment that in papal Rome we have Babylon the Great, the mother of harlots and abominations of the earth, against the vials of the wrath of Almighty God are now pouring out upon the earth, and concerning which the call in my text is gone forth:—"Come out of her, my people, that ye partake not of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues?" Confidently may it be affirmed, that the history of that apostate church is written in blood: and the bare perusal of its sanguinary proceedings against the faithful, leaves on the mind impressions of the utmost detestation for the spiritual tyranny exercised by that infamous court. Providence never made use of so terrible a scourge to chastise mankind. No power ever outraged the interests of society, the principles of justice, and the claims of humanity to the same extent. Never did the world behold such

blasphemy, profligacy, and wantonness, as in the proceedings of this spiritual domination. It held the human mind in chains, visited with exemplary punishment every inroad on the domains of ignorance, and sunk nations into a state of stupidity and imbecility. Its proscriptions, massacres, and murders, and all the various forms which its cruelties assumed; the miseries which it heaped on the objects of its vengeance; its merciless treatment of them, and the grasp of its iron sway at one time seemed to leave no hope for the liberation of the human race, and surely nothing can appear more hideous than this power in its true colours; it leaves the mind full of horror at its cruelties. This, I am aware, may be deemed strong language and severe, but not more so than the facts that have been detailed in the foregoing lectures will be found fully to justify! But Babylon is foredoomed, and the hour of her destruction is at hand. Look at the context and consider it maturely: "And after these things I saw another angel come down from heaven, having great power, and the earth was lightened with his glory: And he cried mightily with a strong voice, saying, Babylon the Great is fallen, is fallen, and is become the habitation of devils, and the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird: for all nations have drunk of the wine of the wrath of her fornication, and the kings of the earth have committed fornication with her, and the merchants of the earth have waxed rich through the abundance of her delicacies." "And a mighty angel took up a stone like a great millstone, and cast it into the sea, saying, Thus with violence shall that great city Babylon be thrown down, and shall be found no more at all," verse 21. As sure, then, as this antichristian power arose, and reigned, and triumphed, so surely shall its overthrow come in the Lord's appointed time and way.

We have no doubt that Mr. Jones's Lectures will excite great attention when they appear.

English Churchwomen of the Seventeenth Century.

THIS volume contains memoirs, mostly brief (but some of them more copious) of women distinguished for their piety in the seventeenth century. The great fault of the book is, that the subjects all belonged to the Church of England; it would have been better had they been chosen from among the good of all denominations. We give, as a specimen, the account of

LADY JANE CHEYNE.

Lady Jane Cavendish was the eldest daughter of William, Marquis, afterwards Duke, of Newcastle, and was brought up in her infant years at Welbeck, the princely abode of her father. Her mother took much pains with her education, and she was the favourite of her grandmother Lady Ogle.

She had a naturally sweet and even disposition, which, being cultivated by good training, produced an even course of goodness. "Her soft yielding complianee, backed with magnanimity, was like polished marble, smooth and strong."

During her youth, she took much delight in her father's writings, and left a good stock of her own; for she loved to spend her leisure in writing pious meditations, as well as in reading good discourses. From her youth to her death-bed, she failed not of prayer thrice a-day; or, if her time was interfered with in the morning or at noon, she failed not to make it up at night. Whilst her father was abroad, she and one of her sisters were in a house of his garrisoned against the rebels, and, after showing her courage and loyalty during the siege, she became a prisoner there upon the house being taken. The treatment received by her and her sister was not such as might have seemed due to their rank and tender age; but upon the retaking of the house by the king's forces, she became petitioner to save her jailer's life.

Her troubles did not end here; her mother died soon after. Her father, to the surprise and sorrow of the king and of his friends, left England after his defeat at Marston Moor. He, as well as her brother, were banished and proscribed, their estates seized, and she was left to struggle with all her distresses. The losses of the marquis were reckoned, together with the sums that he had spent in the king's service, at more than £700,000. When the fifths were allowed to those whose estates had been seized, Lady Jane became a solicitor for her father and brothers, with much difficulty obtaining pardon for their lives; and when she found that all she could obtain was not enough for her father's support in his exile, she sold her own plate and jewels given her by her father and grandmother, and sent over the money to him.

Her filial duty in this instance was afterwards made known by Margaret Lucas, whom the marquis married abroad. This lady, having had an excellent education, devoted her life in a great measure to literary pursuits, combined with which, she imbibed unvarying loyalty from her family. She was maid of honour to Queen Henrietta, and attended her when she left England. At Paris she met with the Marquis of Newcastle, and was married to him in 1645, after which time they lived in such a manner as might best suit his ruined fortunes, residing chiefly at Antwerp. Their literary employments were their chief amusement; but she was obliged at one time to come over to England to try to procure some grant for the marquis out of his estates. In this attempt she was unsuccessful, but received liberal assistance from her own and her husband's relations, with which supply she returned to him, and they lived abroad till the Restoration. They survived it many years, both living to a great age. Her compositions in prose and verse were very numerous; and after her return to England with her husband, they lived chiefly in retirement on his estates.

The marchioness also related of Lady Jane that she would not engage herself in marriage till she had obtained permission from her intended husband to send over to her father a considerable share of her own fortune; which afterwards, on being restored to his estates, he repaid.

In deciding upon her marriage, which her father's absence left to her own choice, though not without his consent sanctioning it, she resolved to enter into no family which had ill-treated her king and her father, however advantageous might be the offer. But she accepted of Mr. Charles Cheyne or Cheney, a gentleman of ancient family, in whose principles she could trust. Nor did her expectations deceive her; for she lived happily with him at Chelsea for nearly fifteen years, employing herself in charitable works, working with her needle when not busied with her books and writing, and continuing her religious course, in which she loved to observe the fasts of the church as far as the tenderness of her conscience permitted. If she had any quarrel with the place, it was from the multitude of formal visits which she could not avoid receiving from London and returning.

In her last sickness her sufferings were not often severe, and she was spared what she naturally dreaded—extreme pain; for during the fits which came upon her, her senses were lost for the time. In her intervals of speech she used it mostly in devotion, and in many gentle, cheerful, and obliging expressions to her husband, children, doctors, and other her mournful attendants.

In the three weeks' interval, during which there were good hopes of her recovery, "she used often to say, that though she resigned herself wholly to the wise disposal of a good God, yet she, being in expectation of being called away in her first fits, looked upon her recovery as a gracious kind of disappointment(these were her own words) by God Almighty. This she did, she said, not out of discontent at her sickness, which she thankfully acknowledged was tolerably easy, but (as having conquered the world, and being now in her passage to a better) out of her tuition of a glorious crown that, she trusted, awaited her in heaven."

"Now was the time when all the powers of her soul, all her virtues and graces, were summoned together with united force to make up the complement of her devotions, wherein she professed, to the equal comfort and grief of those that heard her, her confidence in God, her patient submission to the will of him, her holy resignation, her indifference to life, and her preparedness to die; of which, amongst many others, there were two remarkable instances: one to a reverend father of our church, whom she told with great unconcernedness, as he was discoursing piously to her, that she was not afraid to die; not that she had or feared any trouble or discontent here, but that she might enjoy the blessings of that better world. The other, to her sad and afflicted husband, whom, as he was at her bed-side praying to God that he would restore her again to health, that she might live and glorify him, when those that went down into the pit could not praise him, she stopped in his prayer, and with a comfortable look and strong voice (though a great difficulty of speech had some time before possessed her) said, 'She would glorify God, whether she lived or died,' and then recommended her children to his care.

"These dear children of hers, as she often had in health, so she did now more frequently in her sickness, instruct, charging them to apply themselves much to reading; especially to be diligent in constant prayers to God, to be observant to their dear father, and transferring that obedience they had to herself upon him, to pay him now a double duty, and to be entirely loving to one another: then, and not else, they might assure themselves of all good things from God and their father; further enjoining them to be respectful to those that had the charge of them, and ever to give ear to their just and virtuous advices, and carefully to decline the company of vain and impertinent persons.

"As it was her only trouble in all her sickness that her indisposition made her incapable of giving that attendance to the offices of religion—praying, meditating, reading, as she used to do; so, in the close, it was the great affliction of all about her, and that which of anything she herself showed most sense of, that her speech failed her; upon the loss of which, she had no other means of expressing those pious ejaculations she in her last sickness incessantly poured forth, but by sighs, and eyes and hands lifted up to heaven, whither we may presume she is gone to increase the number of saints, whom the church this day commemorates, and to enter into the joy of her Saviour."

Her funeral sermon was preached at Chelsea on All Saints' Day, 1669, by Dr. Adam Littleton. She died in her forty-eighth year, leaving three children, one of whom died soon after, and was buried with her; as was also her husband about thirty years afterwards, being then Viscount Newhaven.

Lady Elizabeth Cavendish, sister to Lady Jane, was married to the Earl of Bridgwater, and is thus mentioned in his epitaph:—

"*Here lies interred John, Earl of Bridgwater, Viscount Brackley, &c.* Who desired no other memorial of him but only this;—that having, in the nineteenth year of his age, married the Lady Elizabeth Cavendish, daughter to the then Earl, since Marquis, and after that Duke, of Newcastle, he did enjoy almost twenty-two years all the happiness that a man could receive in the sweet society of the best of wives, till it pleased God, in the forty-fourth year of his age, to change his great felicity into as great misery by depriving him of his truly loving and entirely beloved wife, who was all his worldly bliss. After which time, humbly submitting to and waiting on the will and pleasure of the Almighty, he did sorrowfully wear out twenty-three years, four months, and twelve days, and then, on the twenty-sixth day of October, in the year of our Lord 1686, and in the sixty-fourth year of his own age, yielded up his soul into the merciful hand of God, who gave it. 'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.'—Job, xiii. 15."

This Earl of Bridgwater is highly spoken of by Sir Henry Chauncy, who knew him well, and gave a character of him in his history of Hertfordshire, in which he especially mentions his loyalty to the Church of England and to the

king. He was buried by his countess, for whom he made an inscription of greater length than that for himself, enumerating her children by name, and proceeding in the highest strain of panegyric, in which mention is made of her religious and charitable virtues, as well as of her other excellences.

The Eclipse, Commemorated by a Series of Popular Essays on the Wonders of the Heavens, the Dignity of Man, and the Mutual Relations of Nature, Science, and Religion. By PHILIP CATER, Author of "The Great Fiction of the Times."

MR. CATER is a minister of the gospel, and the substance of this little volume was preached to a crowded congregation in Canterbury, on the 24th November last, the moon having on that evening experienced a total eclipse. The author's object was to take advantage of a great natural wonder, to lead his hearers from Nature to Nature's God. We are not favourable to the appropriation of the pulpit, on the Christian Sabbath, to other purposes than those of inculcating the distinguishing doctrines of the gospel; yet, on the other hand, it is not to be denied, that the announcement of such a sermon as that which forms the ground-work of this little volume, could scarcely fail to attract many persons not in the habit of attending any place of worship, and thereby an opportunity be afforded of a word in season being addressed to them.

In this tasteful little book there is a very large amount of interesting information connected with the science of all astronomy—the most sublime by far of all the sciences—and he who makes himself master of its contents, will possess no ordinary share of intelligence. We give, as a specimen of Mr. Cater's pleasing style and manner, the chapter headed

IMMENSITY OF THE HEAVENS.

Our country is called Great Britain; but her greatness, like that of ancient Tyre, consists not so much in the extent of her territory as in the extent of her merchandize; or, not so much in the number of her square miles as in the number of her moral and scientific attainments, and philanthropic institutions for increasing the happiness of mankind. Inferior in point of magnitude to few, but superior to many other islands of the sea, she is still but an inconsiderable portion of that globe whose dimensions and magnificent arrangements commanded universal praise, "when the morning stars together sang, and all the sons of God shouted for joy."

So remote is the centre of the earth from its surface, that we know no more of what its interior—that is, its deep interior—is composed of, than we know of what the sun or the moon is composed of. And even its islands, and seas, and countries, and continents are as yet by no means fully investigated or explored; though man whose duty it is, and whose profit or pleasure it is, to push his inquiries into remote regions, and into all sciences and all subjects, is not in a certain sense the creature of yesterday, whose days upon earth are as a shadow; but a being whose days are nearly coeval with those of the world. Indeed, so vast and so gigantic is this rolling globe of living and lifeless dust, that were it a ball of red-hot iron, it would not become cool till after the lapse of more than fifty thousand years!

But this great globe, and all which it inherits, dwindles into insignificance when compared with the more stupendous planets of the skies. The two interior ones, it is true, are less than the earth; the first in a great but the

second only in a slight degree. The first exterior planet is likewise much inferior to it; and, what is most surprising and perhaps most inexplicable, as being so singularly at variance with the magnitudes of kindred bodies, the largest of the asteriods must be a very little world indeed, being only 160 miles in diameter! But in the boundary world of our system, we discover a planet whose diameter is 35,000 miles, being 27,000 miles more than that of the earth. But the sixth and seventh exterior planets are the greatest of all; the latter being a thousand times, and the former more than a thousand times, larger than our world; indeed, at one time they were supposed to be superior to the sun itself. By what rule or by what necessity the three outmost planets should be so tremendously greater, or why the four newly-discovered planets should be so much smaller and so much unlike the rest, we cannot say. How much are we taken by surprise, and how many appeals might be made to our ignorance with regard to the magnitudes, and movements, and relative positions of the stars, and, indeed, with regard to all God's works in all places of his dominion.

But what shall we say to the immensity of the glorious orb of day, a body not only a thousand times, but even a million times, larger than our earth, and consequently much larger than all the planets put together. Those spots on its surface, apparently so small, and about which so many conjectures have been hazarded, are some of them thousands and others of them millions of miles in extent. So vast, indeed, are the dimensions of the sun, that it is said if a person were to stand on some certain point to survey its surface while it passed in review, that more than 20,000 years must elapse before the survey would be completed!

The sun shining in his strength, no man can stedfastly behold, yet its distance from the earth is no less than 95,000,000 of miles; but who can imagine what that distance is, or what the ninety-fifth part of it is? Who can properly conceive of that mighty interval of space which a million of miles must necessarily describe? You might count sixty a minute *every day*, and yet more than three weeks would elapse before you had counted a million, and six years must elapse in counting the number of miles between the earth and the sun; and if it were possible to perform a journey to it, and to perform it at the rate of 100 miles a day, that journey could not be accomplished in less than 2,600 years.

But what is *our* distance from the sun compared with that of the outmost planet of the system? No more than 95,000,000 is to be compared to 1,839,000,000, so that an inhabitant of that world, travelling at the rate of 100 miles a day, would not accomplish his journey to the sun in less than 500,000 years!

It is then no easy thing to form an exact notion of that space occupied by the eleven planets and the other elements of the solar system. If the swiftest race-horse ever known had begun to traverse this mighty interval a full speed at the birth of Moses, he would only as yet have accomplished but half his journey!

This is wonderful: but it is not half—no, nor yet a thousandth part so wonderful as other facts concerning the immensity of the universe. What is the distance of the nearest fixed star? It is 41,040,000,000,000; or forty-one billions and forty thousand millions of miles. Such words or such figures can impress but a very inadequate idea of a distance so vast. But a celebrated astronomer has calculated that a body moving with the velocity of a cannon-ball would take 700,000 years in reaching the nearest fixed star; and it has been calculated by another eminent astronomer, that if Sirius and the sun were left alone they would take 33,000,000 of years in falling together. We may give utterance to such words—we may speak of millions, or billions, or trillions of miles; but the mind is overwhelmed with the contemplation of such immeasurable distances; such knowledge is too wonderful for us, it is high, we cannot attain to it; the more we think of it the more we are lost.

Oh! the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and the knowledge of God; how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!

"He telleth the number of the stars, he calleth them all by their names." But *we* cannot tell their number, nor call them by their proper or celestial names: for Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, or Sirius, are titles by no means descriptive of the nature, the relative positions, or the relative uses of the celestial orbs. In a fine unclouded night the naked eye may discover thousands; but, aided by the telescope, it may discover hundreds of thousands, and a multitude which no man can number. It is certainly true that a little babe bears a far greater proportion to the population of our globe than all the elements of the solar system bear to the number of the stars and to the empire of God. If we were to take the wings of the morning and alight on some fixed star, even there should we see other suns and other systems glittering in illimitable regions; whose numbers and whose distances would be as unutterable as those we now behold.

Through a telescope there may be discovered a multitude of cloudy spots, called *nebulæ*, one of which it is said is a thousand times larger than the earth's orbit, notwithstanding that orbit is 190,000,000 of miles in diameter. But the most amazing fact connected with the immensity of the universe is this: light travels at the amazing velocity of 200,000 miles in a second of time; but it is supposed that even at this rate time enough has not elapsed from the creation of the world for the light of some of the celestial bodies to reach our earth!

"How distant some of these nocturnal suns!
So distant (says the sage) 'twere not absurd
To doubt if beams set out at nature's birth
Are yet arrived at this so foreign world,
Though nothing half so rapid as their flight.
An eye of awe and wonder let me roll,
And roll for ever; who can satiate sight
In such a scene? in such an ocean wide
Of deep astonishment? where depth, heighth, breadth,
Are lost in their extremes; and where to count
The thick sown glories in the field of fire,
Perhaps a seraph's computation fails."

It is right we should give some idea of the spiritual purposes to which Mr. Cater turns his astronomical discourse. Here is the conclusion, which he entitles

A VOICE FROM THE HEAVENS.

Now, more solemn than all other considerations, is the reflection that "He who commandeth the sun, and it riseth not, and sealeth up the stars:—who alone spreadeth out the heavens, and treadeth upon the waves of the sea:—who maketh Arcturus, Orion, Pleiades, and the chambers of the south;—who doeth great wonders past finding out, yea, and wonders without number"—is the God with whom we have to do. Unlike all earthly ties, the tie which binds the creature to the Creator, can never be dissolved. You may be able to assert that you have no father, or no mother, but you cannot assert that you have no God; there may be the family, or the kindred, or the government with whom you have to do; yet more than all and above all, there is the God with whom you have to do: and more inconsistent than the ox which knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib, is the man who knows him not, and in whose words or in whose ways there is no grateful recognition of the Father of all mercies and the Creator of all worlds.

By virtue of that existence, that dignified existence you derive from God, an obligation is laid upon you to honour him and obey him; and this obligation never can become obsolete, and never can be neglected, or set at nought with impunity, or in any kind of consistency with your truest happiness and

peace of mind. If you believe in one God, you do well: but if you believe in him, and at the same time dishonour him—you have reason to believe and tremble too: not because you belong to one persuasion, or because you do not belong to another persuasion; but because you belong to that numerous class of wicked men who shall be turned into hell, with all the nations that forget God.

Destroy if you can the authority of Moses and of Christ,—the veracity of the Bible, and the claim of Christians to sound wisdom—yet the heavens, the work of God's fingers, you could not destroy; and the fact of your existence and preservation, you could not destroy;—and the obligations of the creature to the Creator, which existed anteriorly to the Bible itself, you could not destroy: therefore every glittering star, and every wave, and every storm, and every beating pulse, and every good gift, and every perfect gift which cometh from above, would be a swift witness against you and condemn you: for the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and godhead, so that they are without excuse who worship an idol, or, who in any way worship and serve the creature more than the Creator, who is God over all blessed for ever.

But how can I have to do with him, or how can my mind and your mind come into profitable contact with the Father of our spirits. When I think of his mysterious existence,—of his amazing power—when I consider the heavens the work of his fingers, and the moon and the stars which he hath ordained,—I am ready to ask, what is man: I am ready to sink under a consciousness of of my own weakness and insignificance: I am made to feel like one who earnestly desires an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest, and the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

Now there is one God, and one Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus. This is the distinguishing doctrine of Christianity; and must ever give a tone and a character to all the consistent followers of the Lamb. Moses was the Mediator between God and the Jews, but Christ is the Mediator between God and man,—in all the varieties of the human race—in all the conditions of social life, and of all the kindreds, and nations, and people, and tongues upon the face of the earth. So exalted, and so well qualified is he to sustain this office, that his promise is, "Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, I will do it." Come then and prove the promise true. In his name come to God: even to his mercy seat—come with intense earnestness, and with holy importunity of soul. "But will God indeed dwell upon the earth? Behold the heaven and heaven of heavens cannot contain thee?" But thus saith the Lord, heaven is my throne, and the earth is my footstool: but to this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word.

Beware of false perceptions of religion, for as the light of heaven may be viewed through a medium that will give it a colour, and a character, and a direction which it does not really and naturally possess, so the rays of divine benevolence intercepted by the bad passions of the human heart, may appear to lose their celestial nature:—and religion itself may seem unlovely and morose, because it is seen through the distorting medium of prejudice, or through the infirmities and even the criminalities of those professing to be connected with it. But viewed as an emanation from the Father of lights, it is a beautiful thing, and a blessed thing after all. Learn it then from the flowers of the field—learn it from the stars of heaven, and learn it from the word of God—these are sources of information, and of consolation too, pure and undefiled, and wells of living water, springing up into everlasting life.

Diversities of religious character, as affected or modified by youth or age,—by learning or ignorance,—by riches or poverty,—by the manners and customs of rude, or civilized life, there certainly are: and illustrations of religious subjects, like the stars in the sky for multitude, and as the sand which is upon

the sea shore innumerable there may be; but after all, the christian character is built up on the practical acknowledgment of those truths which are commonly reported and most assuredly believed among us.

The existence of many, alas! of too many mistakes and disputes about christianity cannot be denied; but it cannot be denied also, that there are mistakes and disputes upon almost every subject; and this state of things is inseparable from the present imperfection of the human mind. But would any one neglect the study of astronomy, or geology, or medicine, because there are disputes about it? Why then should religion, the most momentous thing of all, be neglected or set at nought, merely because all men are not yet perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment about it?

It is said that many profess christianity, and teach it, not from any love they have to it; but from a desire to buy and sell and get gain: this I fear is an assertion that admits of no dispute; and that such a practice, especially in its more glaring forms, is favourable to infidelity cannot be denied. But is not the love of money the root of all evil? Does it not make men sacrifice honesty and truth at the shrine of secular interest and worldly advantage? Does it not make men swear one thing while they believe another thing, and preach what is good, and practise what is evil; and does it not inspire them with loud praises, not of religion, but of certain modifications of it, or establishments of it, for the very same reason, that Pagan idolaters in ancient times, cried out, and cried out full of wrath, and cried out for the space of two hours, "Great is Diana the goddess of the Ephesians."

Infidelity can see all this; but it cannot see, or it cannot acknowledge that it is only the development of a principle, common to human nature; or of an incident common to all the affairs of human life. Let the old and exploded system of astronomy be revived, and let it be revived with great honours and emoluments connected with the profession of it, and the teaching of it, and let the rulers believe in it, then away would go all sound reasoning, and all incontrovertible evidence to make room for authoritative decisions on the subject. In that case, if a man were to teach the system of Sir Isaac Newton, and even to teach it with all the wisdom of that distinguished philosopher, he would be stigmatized as unauthorized or schismatical, and even pains and penalties might be inflicted on account of his errors in astronomy similar to those which are, and which have been inflicted on account of errors in religion.

But why should I think myself relieved from the responsibility of the creature to the Creator, and of the awful wickedness and awful consequences of forgetting God, on account of the false pretences, the vain assumptions, and the interested motives of a certain part of mankind? What if some men are hypocrites, (and, "think'st thou religion only has her mask)," can their hypocrisy make christianity of none effect? or disprove it, or lessen its importance? Can we deny that there is scarcely a blessing of creation or Providence that has not, through the perversity of man's mind, been abused, and prostituted to purposes for which it was never designed; and yet the blessings of creation and Providence are good things after all; and on no account to be despised or set at nought.

But the greatest obstacle to the progress of religion is the innate desire of the human heart to indulge in the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life: hence it is, that all systems, institutions, or teachers, whose design it is to pander to these appetites or unlawful propensities, find such a welcome in those quarters where the truths of the Bible, or the wonders of the heavens are appealed to in vain.

But brethren, of some of you we hope better things, and things that accompany salvation though we thus speak. Think not that there is any real antipathy in science to religion,—or any thing *really* contradictory to the Bible in the natural world: go then, like David, to the volume of creation: try to read it, and try to understand it: if possible, make yourself acquainted with the living and the dead, who have had better eyes, and better instruments, and

better minds for observing and understanding the wonders of the heavens than you have; but neglect not your own observations, however rude or uncultivated, they will be of most signal advantage in your attainment of astronomical science:—go, like David, in the spirit of meditation and of prayer—ascend, like him, from nature up to nature's God;—cultivate a manly piety—long after that elevation of soul which will not unfit you for the duties of life, but which will enable you to rise above the passions—the sensualities and the groveling and degrading pursuits of mankind. Aspire to the character of noblemen in the liberal, in the intellectual, and in the religious sense of the term;

> As man was made for glory, and for bliss,
> All littleness is an approach to woe;
> Open thy bosom, set thy wishes wide,
> And let in manhood: let in happiness;
> Admit the boundless theatre of thought,
> From nothing, up to God: which makes a man.

Green's Second Book for Children.

THIS is one of those books for which the children of the present generation *ought to be* particularly grateful, as the recipients of knowledge, and for which all parents who value the intellectual excellence of their offspring, *will be* grateful. It is an educational work altogether of an improved standard, and calculated to be of great service, not only to children, but to mothers. The author has a remarkable felicity of adapting his definitions to the capacities of the young—he does not assume that they know more than they can be expected to know, and therefore his language is simple but expressive; and he has called to his aid a profusion of appropriate and pretty wood-cuts, which render comprehension inevitable. The work is deserving of a large sale, and we doubt not it will meet it.

A New Mode or Method of more Speedily and Effectually Tanning Hides and Skins. By ALEXANDER TURNBULL, M.D.

DR. TURNBULL, of Russell Square, has long and deservedly enjoyed the reputation of being one of the first physicians of the day. In diseases of the eye and ear, he has no superior—a fact which has been abundantly attested by many of the most popular periodicals and journals of the day. To him humanity is indebted for the discovery of aconitina, and various other powerful agents now in general and successful use among the medical profession. The genius which has raised Dr. Turnbull to distinction in the medical world, has lately led to an important discovery in the art of tanning leather. Dr. Turnbull has taken out a patent for his discovery; and its nature and advantages are described in detail in the pamphlet before us. A good deal of the pamphlet is necessarily occupied with technical matter, and consequently is not suited for transfer into our pages. Among the recommendations of this new discovery, are these: the process of tanning will be performed in a fourth-part of the time required by the mode at present in use. It will also be done at considerably less

expense, while the leather will be very greatly superior to any which can be prepared by the present process. Another and very great benefit which will be derived from Dr. Turnbull's mode of tanning, will be, that it gives a greatly increased weight to the leather.

But perhaps it will give a better idea of the advantages of Dr. Turnbull's process, if we quote his own words from the pamphlet before us:—

"My method," says he, "of extracting lime from hides or skins, when the hair has been removed by lime, and my method of removing the hair without the use of lime by the means before described, are such decided improvements, that hides and skins when so prepared may be tanned in the common or ordinary manner by terra japonica purified as above, and by other ordinary tanning matter, with much greater facility than heretofore; and the leather thus produced is of far greater weight, and much better quality than any heretofore produced."

Dr. Turnbull then proceeds to specify some of the peculiarities of the process. His statement on this point will be read with interest by scientific men, as well as by those more immediately concerned.

"Having thus stated the nature of my improved methods of tanning hides, and the plan of separating or extracting the japonic or catechuic acid or catechin, or other extractive and deleterious matter from the tannic acid, and preventing the formation of gallic or ellagic acid in the tanning liquor, and the manner of carrying them into effect, I think it essential to state, that I do not claim the principle of tanning hides or skins by sewing them into bags, nor by simply filling them with liquor; but I do claim, and my invention consists in, the following improvements in the tanning of hides and skins. First—I claim the discovery of the means of extracting the lime with which hides and skins are impregnated in removing the hair, by the application of sugar or other saccharine matter, whether obtained from honey, sawdust, turnips, potatoes, or other substances. Second—I claim the discovery of the means of removing the hair or epidermis from hides or skins without the use of lime, by the application of sugar or other saccharine matter, whether obtained from potatoes, sawdust, beetroot, turnips, or other substances. Third—I claim the discovery of the means of removing the hair or epidermis from hides and skins without the use of lime, by the application of muriate of soda or common salt. Fourth—I claim the discovery of the means of separating the japonic or catechuic acid, or other extractive or deleterious matter, from the tannic acid in terra japonica. Fifth—I claim the discovery of the means of obtaining tannic acid from the refuse or deposit of the terra japonica, in purifying terra japonica. Sixth—I claim the discovery of the means of preventing the formation or generation of gallic and ellagic acid, when oak bark, sumach, divi divi, valonia, and other materials are used. Seventh—I claim the discovery of an improved means of tanning leather by means of endosmosis and exosmosis with the materials and in the manner before described, and without the aid of hydrostatic pressure. Eighth—I claim the discovery of an improved mode of tanning by means of a general and constant agitation and circulation of the tanning liquor, composed of the materials before mentioned, from top to bottom and from bottom to top of the pits. Ninth—I claim the improved method of tanning hides or skins in pits in the common and ordinary manner, by first extracting the lime from the hide, or removing the hair without the use of lime, and using terra japonica when purified, or other tanning liquor in the manner before described."

AN ESSAY ON PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.

BY MRS. LOUDON.

ADDRESSED TO HER MAJESTY'S MINISTERS.

CHAPTER I.

A system of public instruction is necessary to moral order.

Could we hope to prevail with all parents who are capable of training their own children, or who are in circumstances to give them trained attendants, to adopt just views of moral training, still would our task, inspired by good-will to all, fall short of its accomplishment; for the preponderance of the masses is much too great for any improvement commenced only on the children of the educated classes to penetrate downwards under ages, if ever. Or, even were the ultimate and not very distant completion of the scheme by such means certain, what could justify us in choosing the more tedious process? What right have we to fling away one generation of children, much less, perhaps, many successive ones?

Society requires a new base. To give it such, every young child now in existence, whose parents are unable to give it good moral training, should be rescued at once from the corrupting influence of evil training, and placed within the sanctuary of the infant school for the greater part of each day.

This cannot be done effectually by any instrument of less power and consistency than a system of public instruction directed by the concentrated intelligence, and deriving vigour from the concentrated authority, of the nation, as represented by its parliament; and permanently supplied by a rate levied, like the poor rate, on property; for, as claims of the helpless, want of *instruction* and want of *food* stand on the same footing. If, on religious and moral grounds, the bodies of the less fortunate members of a Christian community should not be allowed to starve, neither should their minds; while, as a mere selfish consideration, *property* is even more immediately concerned in the mental than in the physical destitution of its neighbours. Property, in paying a moral training rate, would be assuring itself, not only from occasional violence, but from all the ten thousand every-day petty depredations of unconscientiousness.

A national or public system of instruction, then, should not only be calculated to diffuse throughout all those ranks of the

community who know how to desire such blessings, the humanising and elevating influences of early moral training, but should, in an especial manner, provide for bringing home to the very hearths, and pressing upon the acceptance of the poor, the ignorant, and the therefore helpless, "without money and without price," an effectual supply of those influences; for, surely, they stand most in need of such, who, while they are the least able to pay for them, least know how even to *wish* for them. To grant educational aid, therefore, as has been proposed, only to those who desire knowledge, and who are able and willing to make some "spontaneous effort" towards its attainment, carries on its face the stamp of a wrong principle; a principle both insufficient in power, and injudicious in direction. It is leaving to him who cannot stand the broken reed to lean upon, and placing the crutch in the strong man's hand. It is not only sending the physician to those who are whole, but refusing his aid to those who are sick.

Official reports, as sometimes quoted directly, at other times made the data of statistical calculations, by Lord Brougham, when, some years ago, he brought the subject of the insufficiency and inefficiency of the schools then in existence before parliament, show that the class from which the worst species of criminals are "from generation to generation regularly recruited, consists chiefly of that portion of the day-labouring population who, almost from necessity, suffer severe and constant difficulty in obtaining the means of subsistence," (these are his lordship's words) "and whose children, consequently, are not only without the means of obtaining early moral training in any well-ordered school, but are subjected to evil influences in the streets from experienced villains, who, in many instances, train them purposely to be their future tools."

Can one word more be necessary to prove that society cannot, by any sophistry, be justified in waiting, with its eyes thus open to the frightful consequences, till this thus destitute class shall have "quarter pence" to spare to pay for their children's schooling, before it interferes to rescue those children from becoming the thus permitted criminals of the rising generation; for whom our carpenters are sawing out wood to make them gibbets, because we will not employ them to make them desks and benches; and our masons laying brick to brick to build them gaols, because we will not employ them to erect them school-houses? For, however false, dangerous, and degrading to human nature the doctrines of those who endeavour to make these poor creatures believe that, because neglected by society, they are not responsible beings; however true it be that man, under all circumstances, is accountable for the use he makes of the natural faculties, sympathies, and instincts of his *human* nature; it is no less true that the portion of society which enjoys the light of education and religion has no

right to make the task of the less fortunate portion so much more arduous than it necessarily need to be, first, by suffering the evil training of the young by hardened adults, and, secondly, withholding that training of the moral and intellectual faculties in *infancy* and childhood which so greatly assists the development of the natural powers of man.

His lordship follows up his remark, as to the class from which criminals are recruited, by saying—

"The question, then, is reduced to this: How shall we so deal with this body, this portion of the people, as to prevent their offspring from growing up with vicious and improvident habits, and train them to form habits which will make profligacy, improvidence, and crime foreign to their nature?" He then answers his own question thus: "Planting a sufficient number of infant schools for training and instructing *all* the children of those classes of the people will at once solve the problem of prevention." The history of infant schools shows that they are calculated to prove (to use again his lordship's words) "the most efficacious preventative of crimes,"—"that their introduction is one of the most important improvements in the civil polity of this country that has for centuries been made." Yet the reports alluded to show that, of such schools, there existed at that time "not above a third of the demand."*

His lordship then shows, from statistical calculations, that, on an average of all England and Wales, not "above one in twelve" of those requiring education are receiving any, even including all the ordinary or general schools, which are not open to pupils until they have attained the age, in some, of six, in others seven, others eight, others nine, and even ten years; and also that this ill-timed and insufficient average amount of instruction is unequally distributed, "being most abundant in places where it is least wanted," and "scanty exactly in proportion as the circumstances of the people require that it should be abundant;" the average sinking, with the increasing necessity, as low as "one in fifteen;" so that "in the great towns of England there is so considerable a deficiency in the means of elementary instruction provided, whether as regards endowed schools or schools supported by voluntary contributions and private exertions, that, in such places, there are nearly one half of the children of the poor destitute of all means of education."

Needs there more than these authenticated facts to prove that the mixed yet unconnected principles now at work are not merely insufficient in power, but that they are also, from their want of connection, capricious and blind in operation; and, therefore, require to be replaced, by not only a greater amount of power, but

* The number is slightly increased since, but is still immeasurably short of the demand.

by a power consolidated and given one great aim, and thus rendered consistent and clear-seeing?

The reports referred to by his lordship go on to show that this deficient amount of education is "defective in many essential particulars," and is also, in general, begun to be given much too late; "for that although the child is from the very cradle capable of receiving some portion of that sort of training which forms the basis of all education, yet that the ordinary schools are not open to children under six or seven years old; so that not only is all this valuable time thrown away, but, while good habits which might be implanted are not formed, evil ones are fixed which too often remain through life."

Surely this enumeration of facts, drawn from official sources, and of deductions made by a mind so able as that of his lordship, needs not the aid of additional arguments to prove the utter hopelessness of the scattered, casual, unguided principles of part payment by parents, part voluntary subscription, part endowment, and part government grant, operating to produce for centuries to come, if ever, that religious, moral, and intellectual improvement of the whole people which a systematic application to all classes of the very best education, based on *infant* training, would as surely bring about in all, as education, even imperfect as it has hitherto been, has already distinguished the most orderly, the most pious, the most reflecting, and the most refined classes of the community from the most abandoned and degraded class of criminals.

Will any one assert that there is no material difference between these two classes?

Then no one who cannot assert this can refuse education to the whole people! No matter at what sacrifice, whether of money, of private or party interests, or of *unchristian* animosities among *Christian* brethren.

But are they Christians who delay education on such pretexts, while they contend for power?

As Solomon discovered the true mother, so let government test contending sects. Let those be deemed the true Christians who, to rescue the children of the present generation from perishing before their eyes, while spiritual warfare rages, are the first to yield their own fierce claims to rule the consciences of others.

The fear of checking voluntary subscriptions need not, on the plan proposed, be taken into account. It might be a valid objection to giving partial assistance, but can be none to supporting a complete system by *rate;* as, in such case, the voluntary subscription would neither be requisite nor desirable. The hitherto voluntary subscriber would still pay his just proportion, according to his property, in the shape of a rate; while the selfish man, who had hitherto refused to give a subscription, would now be obliged to pay his rate.

This equal distribution of the burden of thus lighting and cleansing the whole public mind, is also demanded by the principle of justice. The benevolent man, who at present pays so much more than his share by voluntary subscription, suffers, notwithstanding, from the remaining darkness and corruption of society as much as the selfish man, who had refused to pay any portion. The selfish man, who refuses to pay any portion, benefits as much by the partial lighting and cleansing of the mind of some of his poorer neighbours, as the benevolent man, who has paid all the cost. Were our streets lighted, paved, and cleansed by voluntary subscription, how many of the selfish and unjust in spirit should we find, year after year, picking their steps across the foulness and darkness of their own doorways to enjoy the lightsomeness and cleanliness of such streets as the subscriptions of their more liberal neighbours had cleansed and lit!

If it be objected that it is not just that those who have no children should pay a moral training rate, it is replied, that social order, conscientious neighbours, and honest servants, concern the comfort of every man. We do not find that those persons who refuse to subscribe to the support of schools, think themselves, therefore, bound to take all the disorderly, dishonest servants into their houses, and deal with all the drunken, disorderly, dishonest tradespeople; leaving the sober, orderly, and honest to serve those whose voluntary subscriptions had rendered them such. Nor do we find that the swindlers, pickpockets, housebreakers, highway robbers, and murderers, are careful to make the *non-subscribers* to educational establishments their *only* victims.

The fear of stopping the payments by decent parents, who now make a laudable effort to send their children to school, is, in like manner, no objection whatsoever to a system so complete as to be independent of all casual support. Were a national system, the whole expense of which was defrayed by a *rate*, once established, those persons who were both able and willing to pay something towards the education of their children, would still contribute their just proportion in the shape of rate; those, on the other hand, who were able but not willing to pay for sending their children to school, would be obliged to pay the rate, and thus compelled to do justice at once to their own children and to the community; while those who were quite unable to pay either rate or school fee would yet have their children rescued from inheriting the ignorance, disorderly tendencies, and abject poverty of their parents.

If it be argued that this class have clergy to teach them, churches to go to, and their Bibles to read, it must be remembered that such people as are here alluded to are generally too ill dressed to appear in churches; and also, that when religion and morality have not been put into the early habits of the child, the adult rarely goes to church to seek them; and, further, that their

Bibles, if they had them, they, in many instances, could not read.

We do not trust to voluntary subscriptions to supply the fund from which we pay the army, the navy, or the salaries of public men. We do not leave the nation without a ministry, and the city of London without a police force, *waiting* till the beggars become *able*, and the pickpockets *willing*, to defray their share of expenses; and, from a refined sense of duty, come forward of *their own accord* to do so, in the face of *privation* and *self-denial*, as is irrationally expected that parents in the same class will do to procure education for their children. Yet can it be pretended that the objects of any of these necessary establishments exceed in importance that of securing to a whole people sober, orderly, kindly, and honest habits?

As to the laudable feeling of independence which some value so highly as to dread that even education, given unpaid-for, might impair it, let it show itself when *real* education, that is, moral training, has called it into being, by industrious efforts to rise into the class that are able to pay rates, and who, having done so, and paid their rates, may witness the lighting up of their children's minds, and of the lamps of their native town, with feelings of equal independence. This would surely be better than that society should *wait*, in darkness and in *guilt*, until virtue, knowledge, self-respect, and *consequent* feelings of independence shall spring up *unsown* in the bosoms of naked, starving, much-tempted, evil-trained paupers. As well might the agriculturists, grudging the first cost of seed, have let their fields lie fallow, year after year, *waiting* for one spontaneous crop from which to gather grain to sow them with in future. What would have been the result? Physical famine, equal to the moral destitution that exists, and must continue to exist, in certain districts, as long as the false principle is acted upon, of withholding government aid from each parish or district till its inhabitants have made some "spontaneous effort" to help themselves, and thus shown that sense of want of knowledge which their very ignorance hides from them.

Should all private schools, including those now called public, fall ultimately into disuse in consequence of the carrying out of the plan proposed, the masters and teachers of such, if competent, would not be aggrieved; as the establishment of a national system of instruction would cause a demand for efficient teachers, which for a length of time would greatly exceed the supply.

The deficiency in the number of teachers is lamentable; and not only is this the case, but very many of the present insufficient number are grossly inefficient; while many others fall, more or less, short of the desirable standard. How many of these self-constituted guides of youth are driven by the very poverty which has kept them ignorant to pretend to give to others an education

which they have never received themselves! And when the poor are the victims of such deception, who is there to stand between master and pupil? who to see that the worth in tuition of even the miserable pittance paid by needy parents with so much difficulty has been received by their children? Even among the more independent classes, how many parents are but indifferent judges either of what their children have learned, or of what they should learn! so that, if the teacher be ignorant or indolent, he may escape with impunity; or if he be eminently efficient, he may miss the high respect due to his superiority. How many teachers also, tolerably competent in point of mere learning, and thoroughly well meaning, but themselves the slaves of ancient customs and unexamined prejudices, compel their pupils to waste the precious years of youth in painful drudgery harshly enforced, and send them forth at last, having learned (from their master at least) little or nothing that is available through life for any good purpose, moral, intellectual, or practical! How many other teachers again, with tempers naturally unsuited to their task, untrained themselves in their own childhood, and without judgment or conscientousness to correct their tempers, are, by the ignorance of the public mind on the paramount subject of moral training, suffered to tyrannise over their pupils till they have destroyed every sympathy of the young heart, and rendered the children intrusted to their care for improvement *unamiable*, and consequently miserable for life themselves, and sources of misery to their future families!

These, however, are but the natural, inevitable results of education never having been reduced to a regular science, based on a thorough acquaintance with the science of mind. Surgeons are expected to understand the anatomy of the frames they are to operate upon. Is the texture of the mind, then, less delicate to handle than that of the body? Our universities, no doubt, give degrees which may be supposed to answer to the diplomas of the College of Surgeons. But, in the first place, it is not for a knowledge of the anatomy of mind that the degrees most frequently demanded in tutors are given, but merely for acquaintance with a certain number of the separate branches of learning, which rather adorn than constitute education. In the next place, there is no absolute law to prevent self-constituted teachers from operating on the minds of the young without possessing a degree of any kind. Thus it is that minds are mutilated, and some of children's noblest faculties destroyed, merely because the misdirection of those faculties has produced unruly symptoms. Without a favourable change in this the very foundation of the whole fabric, we cannot anticipate better things for the future. Neither can we expect that in a world in which the majority of mankind have still to struggle for their daily bread, that, even if the right prin-

ciples of education were more generally understood, the parents of intended teachers would incur the necessary expenditure without some fair prospect, both of pecuniary remuneration and of that consideration in society which is even more universally coveted than wealth itself. It is thus evident that, without the organized machinery of a complete national system, it is next to impossible to fulfil all the conditions necessary to render education an efficient instrument for the production of moral order and consequent happiness.

CHAPTER II.

Some details of plan.

The system, when completed, should be worthy of a great nation, and consist of a Model Department, a Minister of Public Instruction, Boards of Commissioners, Central and Local, with the whole series of Schools, Infant, Primary, Secondary, Finishing, Normal, Agricultural, Industrial, and Special; also Schools of Science and Schools of Art, embracing every branch of human knowledge, useful, ornamental, and curious in research, and accommodated with the necessary libraries, reading-rooms, lecture-rooms, orreries, observatories, scientific apparatus, work-shops, gardens, farms, &c. &c. The infant schools, with their play-grounds, everywhere; all the other portions of the series recurring at convenient distances in proportion as the demand for them and the possibility of supplying them with efficient teachers should increase.

The whole course should be thus calculated, in time, to carry *real* education, with every species of research, to the utmost discoverable limit, and yet should be open, as a matter of right, *to all;* while each individual's destination would indicate to his or her parents or their representatives, when to withdraw such persons from the general course and devote them to special callings by attendance on special sections, or when to devote them to daily labour by sending them forth direct from the primary schools to earn their daily bread; it being to be clearly understood that attendance for some hours of each day on the agricultural or industrial schools, or both, is to constitute the exercise and recreation of the pupils of the primary schools, that such pupils may thus be fitted for labour of every kind, and learn trades without the expense or loss of time of an apprenticeship.

If, however, after this withdrawal, such persons should find spare hours or spare days for partial attendance on any of the advance schools, the whole course or any part of it should continue to be still and always open to *all* such as desire so to attend.

The fees for such partial attendance, like the fees for regular attendance, to be always paid out of the education rate of the pupil's *own* parish, be the school he attends located where it may; each teacher to receive a fixed sum per head for each pupil who attends his school. This sum never to vary in amount, whatever be the rank or the number of the pupils. Such sums to be paid by the local commissioners out of the local rate of the parish or union to which the pupil belongs, without reference to where the school may be situated which his parents wish him to attend. This regulation identifies the pecuniary interest of the rate-salaried teacher with the success of his school as effectually as if it were a private establishment; while the amount of his income would thus depend, not only on his efficiency, but on his discharging his duties impartially to all; the non-attendance of a poor pupil being as great a loss to his pocket as the non-attendance of a rich one.

Nor need this power of attending schools out of the parish cause any intricacy in the accounts of the local boards; the teachers would merely have to send statements of the number of pupils who had attended their schools, with their names and addresses, to the local commissioners of each parish to which each set of pupils belonged, instead of sending in accounts to the parents of each child as in private schools; while each board of local commissioners, having only the pupils of their own parish to pay for, could easily check the teachers' accounts by a reference to the parents, and also, on receiving such accounts, know what amount of rate to levy. The local boards should give tickets to such adults as wish to attend occasionally on the schools of their own or any other parish; and those tickets, returned signed and attested, should serve as vouchers, entitling the teachers of the schools so attended to receive payment from the local boards.

These regulations would be of importance to prevent any parish from having a pecuniary inducement to suffer its schools to fall into decay; as it would, by this means, have its rate to pay notwithstanding—that is, so much per head for every pupil from the parish who attended any rate-supported school in any other part of the kingdom.

In the course of years, the very houses and farms of a neighbourhood which did not afford good schools, would be in danger of being forsaken, or at least considerably lowered in value. But, to defeat every possible device of avarice, it might, perhaps, be desirable, that attendance on some school, under certain regulations, were made compulsory. Then, as parents would naturally prefer having first-rate education at their own door, to the trouble and expense of moving to another parish to seek it, they would generally take care to use every means and influence in their power, to render the school nearest to themselves as perfect as

possible. However, as all persons possessing any property would have to pay the rate, whether they sent their own children to any school or none, they would, in general, be anxious, even from avarice, to send their own children to school, that they might reap the benefit of their unavoidable expenditure. Nor is it unreasonable to expect, that persons of the highest rank would, in time, become alive to the advantages of availing themselves of the very superior system of education to which they would be entitled in right of their rate, instead of paying four hundred pounds per annum for the expenses of one boy, as is not now uncommon. When a few such persons lead the way, and the public mind becomes accustomed to the idea of possessing a national system of public instruction, as a part of the national wealth, people will be in no danger of confounding its institutions with the old notions associated with charity schools; and ultimately, therefore, will be as little deterred by false pride from sending their children to those establishments, as from accepting the protection of our armies and navies.

What an invaluable resource would this prove to innumerable families, who, with limited means think themselves obliged, from their connections, to maintain a certain standing in society and who, under the present system, lead a life of painful struggle to do so, yet give their children anything like a tolerable education! To these, the education rate would prove a light burden—a mere subscription to a benefit-club, in comparison with its mighty advantages. It would be only the very rich, who would pay something more than the cost of educating their own families on the present system. Thus, it would be the very rich, who, in point of fact, would bear the burden of educating the very poor—an arrangement which appears to be about the most benevolent, and the most just, that could well be devised.

No teacher of any rate-supported school can be permitted to take one pupil from whom he is to receive, on any pretext, whether as board, present, price of books, or payment for accommodation of any kind, the slightest remuneration, either beyond or in lieu of the stated rate fee to be paid him by the local commissioners. Either, therefore, all the rate-supported schools must be day-schools, or, if it be found necessary to have boarding-schools, they must be distinct establishments, experience having proved, that even a lawful payment for board, when day-scholars and boarders are mixed, has the same bad effect as a direct bribe; the day-scholars, who are generally the poor, finding themselves so neglected for the boarders, who are more profitable to the master, that they cease to attend the school.*

* Sessional Papers, 196.—Boarders paying thirty and forty guineas a-year each, are educated out of charity property of 13,627 acres of land, while the schools thus munificently endowed, afford education, some to two, some to three, some to four, and some not to any free scholars.

CHAPTER III.

Application of foundation funds.

In consequence of the many such shameful abuses of educational foundations which have come to light, it would be desirable that, in every parish or union possessing any educational endowment, all funds, lands, buildings, &c., being the property of such endowments, should be, by Act of Parliament, vested in the local commissioners of education for that parish, in trust, towards the whole sum required as educational rate; and the difference only, if any, to be levied on the private property of the rate-payers. Thus, the inhabitants of each parish would be given an interest in correcting the abuses of their local charities, and the few individuals having a direct interest in continuing the abuse would be compelled to yield to the general feeling; while persons who for years had seen the poor robbed, and thought it no business of theirs, would thus be marvellously aroused to a perception of justice.

As to thus taking the property bequeathed by the pious for the education of the poor, entirely out of the hands of the old trusts, where, in so many instances, it is utterly lost, and devoting it to the maintenance of an efficient system for the promotion of the original intentions of the testators, the justice in spirit is manifest: all objections, therefore, to such a proceeding, are absurd. Shall a nation look on at such an abuse of a testator's intention to educate the poor, as an endowment of nine hundred pounds per annum, received and appropriated by an absentee master; while the locality which ought to be a school, is a sawpit, and is attended by one pupil only? *

The letter of the law is indeed a most necessary defence against the selfishness of individual interpretations, but it should never form a bar to the admission of the spirit of benevolence and justice, as recognised by the whole community through its representatives in Parliament.

CHAPTER IV.

Model department.

The model department of public instruction should have the minister of public instruction and the central board of commissioners at its head.

It should receive into itself every educational improvement

* Pocklington school. Evidence under Lord Brougham's Bill.

from every possible source, with the purpose of being to national education a living heart, and sending forth again the precious streams, so collected, vivified, and perfected, to circulate to every extremity of the kingdom.

It should employ a perpetual commission, the duties of which should be, first, to form from all the heterogeneous elements of education, a regular science, based on the natural laws which govern mind, influence its associations, and determine its habits; and secondly, to use all research and industry in perfecting the said science, and keeping the public mind in a state of perpetual progress, both as to the subjects to be studied, and as to the most approved methods of conveying knowledge.

It should display to the public one of each of the full series of schools always in active operation, and always open to the inspection of all who wish to derive practical instruction from seeing their machinery at work. It would thus perform the functions of a great normal college for the improvement of all teachers from all parts of the kingdom, by merely permitting them to occupy in succession its galleries as visitors. It should, however, further charge itself with the entire training of as many teachers as it is possible for its normal school or schools to be made to accommodate.

Upon this point, great exertions will for a time be required. For, as upon the infant school depends the general efficacy of the old system, the first thing to be done, is to find or prepare a sufficient number of well-trained teachers, to make it possible to plant infant schools proportionate to the population; in which the children of all those who are obliged to be occupied all day in earning their bread, shall be preserved from accidents, and from the evil training of bad people, and be in the care of persons trained for the purpose, and instructed in all the methods, already described,* of cultivating the moral faculties, and awaking the sympathies, by blending great principles with the daily transactions of the children's little existence; and thus, making infancy and childhood a rehearsal, with respect to motives and feelings, of what after-life ought to be. By inducing the children to play with each other without quarrelling. By checking all violence or bad feeling, not by correction, but by instantly awaking the opposite kindly sympathy. By habituating all the children to a perpetual interchange of good offices, with kindliness and obligingness of manners, and sympathy in each other's little troubles or little pleasures. By habituating them to be honest and just in all their little dealings with each other, down to the minutia of the lending and restoring of a pin or a marble. By fixing their attention on inspiring acts of goodness, put into the simplest tales and fables; until, in the manner so fully described in a former

* Former Essay on the Light of Mental Science applied to Moral Training.

essay, the natural instinct which desires our own approbation is rendered an enlightened conscience. For the child, whom the relation of a tale respecting honour and honesty has made so secretly ashamed and grieved at having a stolen marble in his pocket, that he is impelled to restore it, has rehearsed the principle which, when he becomes a man, will render an approving conscience necessary to his comfort. While, on the contrary, the child who, being subjected to the evil training of the streets, receives a shout of applause from his urchin companions on having successfully robbed an old woman's stand of gingerbread or apples, is prepared to grow up a housebreaker, and perhaps murderer, and end his days on the gallows.

Numbers in these schools will lessen rather than add to the difficulty of training, for the power of sympathy is increased by the influence of numbers; it is therefore invariably found, that a few untrained children, brought in among a large school of trained ones, do, *unbidden*, all that they see done by the greater number.

As soon as some of the children have learnt a few letters of the alphabet, or made any other small acquirement suited to their years, their being appointed monitors and made to teach such to the still younger ones, is not merely a convenient arrangement for the conduct of the school, but it constitutes another important portion of moral training; for thus we have, in addition to all other social virtues, the exalted duty of imparting our knowledge to those more ignorant and our aid to those more helpless than ourselves, being rehearsed by and practically put into the habits of multitudes of little creatures, by means which cannot fail, if the *natural* laws which govern mind be adapted to the purpose according to the laws which connect effects with their causes.

Is it to be supposed, that children could go forth from years of training like this, juvenile offenders, such as street training has multiplied, until it has become matter of difficult legislation to know how to deal with them?

But the deficiency of efficient teachers is so great, that the teaching to train becomes a paramount consideration, and must go hand in hand with the training of as many infants as we can find teachers at all capable of training. It is probable, therefore, that it may be found necessary to concentrate, for some time, the whole resources of the nation on the early steps of the system; namely, the infant school, the schools for preparing teachers, and the institutions for the training of mothers, nursery governesses, and nursery maids, in the process of infant training, as given at length in a former essay.

No supply of infant schools can do away with the necessity for those institutions. They are indispensable to the classes that do not generally send their children to infant schools. Nor is it to

be desired, that any young child should be separated from its mother, whose mother can remain with it, and can be made fit to train her own child. Especially when mothers, in the rank to have the assistance of teachers and servants, can be supplied with nursery maids, nursery governesses, and finishing governesses, all purposely trained for their calling.

To remedy the deficiency of teachers for the infant schools as quickly as possible, the government should, during the unavoidable delay of organising the system of national instruction, authorise a provisional board to take into schools for preparing teachers, all persons of moral habits, mild tempers, good intellectual powers, and kindly obliging manners, with a cheerful countenance and pleasing tone of voice, who can already read and write fairly, and who are willing to become teachers, and carefully instruct them in the whole process of infant training, together with a knowledge of the conditions of health.

In thus selecting the persons to be afterwards sent out as teachers of infant schools, the qualification of amiability of temper must in no one instance be dispensed with. No person with a defective temper can possibly do justice to children, even with the best intentions. Neither is the seemingly trifling consideration of a cheerful kindly expression of countenance to be dispensed with. Children imitate countenance; and it is one of the laws of sympathy, that we cannot contract the brow to frown, without feeling inwardly disposed to severity. The child, therefore, who frequently imitates a frown, becomes, gradually, of a less sweet temper before it has reason enough to combat the sympathetic influence. Beside which, the child who sees a frequent frown on the face of his teacher is certainly less happy; while happiness is the climate absolutely indispensable to the health, both mental and physical, of children.

But, to obtain a choice of teachers, we must offer money remuneration, and social consideration, sufficient to draw into this noble service of the state those who are most capable of assisting us. The establishment of a system of public instruction would render this much easier. Teachers connected with the system would thus become portions of a great national establishment, and, like the members of other public services, would receive their salaries out of money collected by the authority of the state for a great public service, namely, the maintenance of moral order. The dignity of the office would thus be preserved. And, when its importance shall be better appreciated, when it shall be fully understood, that the moral trainer of the infant is preparing the ground in which the members of the sacred profession are to sow the seed, that thus the preacher to adults and the teacher of infants are labourers in the same field, dressers of the same vine, the stubborn stems of which the preacher might in vain attempt

to bend if the teacher have not trained the tender shoots; then would the profession of the moral trainer of youth obtain its true position, as second only to the sacred profession. This consideration would, probably, render persons of the highest rank and proudest prejudices willing to adopt the profession of teacher, as connected with the state establishment, and thus greatly accelerate the completion of the system, by bringing to the aid of the government establishment the classes who already possess instruction and refinement; and many of whom have even already studied mental philosophy, though only as a speculative science, for their amusement; but who, notwithstanding, could more easily be made to perceive the advantages of adapting the natural laws of mind to the practical purposes of infant training, than those to whom the whole of the subject was altogether new.

And, as the classes alluded to are those which experience the greatest difficulty in finding suitable positions for their sons, the *National Establishment of Public Instruction* would prove an invaluable resource to them. They would thus see the younger branches of their families provided for by the state, yet entitling themselves to the gratitude of their country by *real* and valuable services; and, at the same time, from the nature of the studies and occupations connected with those services, almost necessarily rendered amiable and happy themselves. While, as soon as the schools of the establishment shall be completed and brought into full operation, the action and reaction of the system will be such, that the course of education necessary to prepare young men for these offices will cost their parents only the payment of their *education rate.*

It is probable that the prejudice which has hitherto denied to the instructor of youth his true position in society, has its origin partly in this profession not being connected with the state. Indeed, if this consideration were not taken into account, it would seem difficult to discover why instructing and elevating the minds of our countrymen should be thought a less honourable service than the slaying of our fellow men of other countries, even in defence of our own country, and at the risk of our own lives. A feeling of grateful veneration towards those who arm to defend the women, children, and old men in the hour of danger, is easily understood; and such being in part the origin of arms, persons of the highest tone of feeling have naturally, at such emergencies, flocked into the profession, and thus strengthened the prepossession in its favour. But now, in time of peace and security, when the army is thought of only as a means of providing for sons; when parents and young men calculate what interest money invested in a commission will pay; although an army is still necessary, as a precautionary defence, the first rank (after the church) could not rationally be refused to the profession, the duties of

which ought to be to mould and elevate the human mind, provided that profession were a national establishment; and provided, above all things, that the candidates for admission to its offices were required to pass through ordeals of preparation, and tests of fitness, calculated not only to keep out the ignorant pretender, and all with whom, from vulgarity, whether of mind or manner, association would be painful, but to be a *guarantee*, that to have been admitted, the candidate must necessarily have been proved to possess those qualities, both natural and acquired, which most adorn the human being. For to this elevation should the standard of fitness be ultimately raised. This it is that would entirely change the face of things, as, it must be confessed that the instructors of youth have not hitherto been denied due rank in society *entirely* from prejudice. Too great a majority of self-constituted teachers have been really ignorant, while even the learned minority, who have commanded the admiration due to their ability or their industry, have yet, generally speaking, been eminent only for some separate branch of learning, comparatively of minor importance. The case will be very different when efficiency in moral and intellectual training, founded on mental philosophy, practically applied to education, becomes the indispensable requisite; for then, the qualities and acquirements thus implied in the trainer of infancy and youth, will be such, that the standard of admission to the office of teacher, under the state education establishment, must necessarily rise so high, that the mere fact of belonging to such a profession will constitute a moral and intellectual rank worthy of real ambition.

Add to this, that on the appearance of any defect in moral conduct or in temper, or any want of conscientious diligence, the office is forfeited; and he may well command the veneration of society who has not only passed the ordeal of admission, but maintained his high position through a series of years.

Let but a sufficient number of young men of influential families, impressed with these enlightened views of the subject, come forward together, and take upon them these highest of human duties, and all the old, partly prejudices and partly well-founded, objections to granting this profession the rank to which it ought to entitle itself would at once vanish; and as the *State Education Establishment* would, in this case, be linked by ties of blood with those who give society its tone on matters of conventional estimation, it would be likely ever after to maintain its position.

This would not only bring to a focus, bearing upon the future improvement of society, all the instruction already in the country, but also secure to the rising generation the minor, yet not unimportant, advantages of accent, idiom, and manner. The circumstance of the whole infant population of the nation being thus

submitted at once to such refining influences, would work like the spell of the enchanter; and, simultaneously with the great moral movement, coarseness of thought and expression, vulgarity of tone, ungrammatical language, and clumsiness of manner, would all disappear in a single, or, at farthest, a second generation. Nor are these expectations extravagant; the extravagance is in refusing to believe that certain influences, which invariably do produce certain results on as many as are subjected to them, would not produce similar results on all were all subjected to them.

During the years that the children of the present generation remain in the infant schools, every exertion should be made by the State Education Establishment to have a sufficient number of primary schools ready for their reception; not, indeed, so much for the sake of the further instruction in learning, however desirable, as because the young children, on quitting their first asylums, would still be of too tender an age to be flung on a state of society in which so much corruption would as yet remain among the adults of the old generation, who, in their childhood, had possessed no such advantages. It is one thing to assert that nothing can be done without infant schools, another thing to suppose that they can do everything.

This second step, also, would be rendered much easier by the aid of the already educated classes. By their co-operation, in short, we should be enabled both to complete the machinery of the system of public education, and also to raise the standard of admission as teachers to its highest elevation in a much shorter period than would otherwise be possible. If, however, the force of prejudice should prove unconquerable, and prevent these classes giving us their aid, it is not the less the duty of government to proceed, though more slowly, no doubt, yet as quickly as they are able, with such instruments as they can command.

In this case, indeed, it may be necessary, at first, to give the charge of infant asylums to many persons who are capable of little more than preserving from evil training, and putting in practice a few plain rules drawn up for their use by persons at the head of the system, understanding the science of mind, and its application to moral training. But, ultimately, when the difficulties of establishing the system are got over, and there has been time to train one generation of teachers from infancy by selecting from all the infant schools the best trained pupils, of the sweetest tempers, and clearest intellect, and preparing them for future teachers by a special course of teaching to train, and by passing them through the whole series of schools;—then we shall be enabled, though after a much longer interval, to raise the standard of admission to the post of teacher under the State Education Establishment to the *full* height already suggested. And then it would be desirable that the teacher of every infant school should thus be fitted by his

acquirements to pass on as teacher through the complete series of schools, and eligible, both by law and ability, to rise to the rank of minister of public instruction.

Indeed, teachers having been themselves trained in their infancy is a condition of due preparation so important, that when the establishment shall be complete, it should never be dispensed with. At present we must submit to the necessity, and meet the urgency of the case, by working with the best tools we can find, and such as we can hastily prepare. Though we cannot (all at once) do everything, we can immediately do something; we can, at least, preserve from street training, and in this we have not a moment to lose. Each generation of little beings whom we are permitting to grow out of that tender age at which they are most susceptible of training, we are thus subjecting to sufferings which we might, in a great measure, prevent, and robbing of portions of happiness which our privileges of light and leisure render us accountable to diffuse among them.

It is a solemn consideration, that the *training* of the rising generation may be *neglected*, but cannot be *delayed!* While we are *idle*, those great universal teachers (circumstances) are *at work*. The greater part of those infants whom we are *not* training for *good*, they *are* training for *evil*. Too many, alas! for the convict ship, the gaol, and the gallows.

Can any of us, then, lay our heads on our pillows with an approving conscience, who have allowed the day to pass without endeavouring to forward this great object—moral training for the whole infant population, as far as any mite of influence we may each of us possess can go towards its promotion?

CHAPTER V.

Is religion the obstacle?

But some have conscientious scruples. Is religion, then, the obstacle? Is that religion which says, "Suffer little children to come unto me," perverted into a source of delay which devotes generation after generation of those children to destruction?

There is something wrong here, no matter how specious the pretext.

If, then, we be not prepared to declare that we are willing to see the moral plague of suffering and crime continue to rage for yet an indefinite period, we *must*, while the points which are found difficult to reconcile are being argued, give, at least, asylums from street training to the whole infant population, with the *plain*,

simple, moral training already described, which cannot offend any conscience; and followed up by primary schools for the reason of continued shelter already assigned, and conducted on the same broad and simple principle.

Whatever more a child's parents and pastor may choose to teach it at their leisure, the child cannot, in the meantime, be the worse for having been habituated, for some years, to be kindly and honest, for the love of God and its neighbour, and to feel the happier itself for being so. Is not this religion—all the religion a child can well understand? Surely this is not separating religion from education! Until some such sanctuary, then, be provided, where "babes," too young for the "strong meat" of mysteries, shall be fed with the milk of human kindness, teaching them to do as they would be done by, and sheltered the while from the evil training of hosts of adult thieves and murderers, who need them for their tools, what hope is there for humanity? Give the meat to all who will, but give the milk to all.

While the mind of Christendom remains in its present disgraceful state of civil warfare, while the ministers of peace are buckling on their armour and drawing their swords upon each other,* who is to save the innocents from the hand of the destroyer?

While the missionaries of the Gospel of peace are bringing "railing accusations against each other," who is to bring the heathen and the savage to the knowledge of the truth?

In short, while the shepherd of each flock is too intently occupied in proving that all his Christian brethren are without the pale of salvation to have an argument or a hand to spare to lead the erring and the ignorant within what ought to be their peaceful fold, who is there to keep the wolves from the sheep?

Christians! put up your swords; "you know not what manner of spirit ye are of!"

What drove the inquiring mind of Gibbon without the pale? Not the scoffs of the heathen; no—it was the misdirected arguments of the two great divisions of the Christian world. Each exhausted every resource of rhetoric to prove the errors of his brother's creed, rather than the truth of his own; and Gibbon, thus convinced by each that the other was in the wrong, rejected both.

* See Dr. Chalmers's denunciation of the Church Establishments, English and Scotch.

CHAPTER VI.

Is expense the obstacle?

Is it the expenditure that we dread? Shall a nation calling itself great, the colossal fortunes of whose rich sound in the ear of the stranger like fairy tales or Arabian Nights' Entertainments, whose merchants seek the wildest speculations to employ their surplus capital, refuse to purchase with that wealth the blessings of moral order? The pearl is beyond price. Should not a nation sell all she hath to purchase it? But are we sure that even in actual expenditure we should not ultimately be gainers? Are our prison systems, our criminal courts, our penal colonies, all maintained without expense? Every county town has its gaol. No one seems to murmur at the expense. County gentlemen meet and vote in a day thirty thousand, forty thousand, fifty thousand pounds, to build a new gaol. The penitentiary model prison, on the north side of London, cost eighty thousand pounds. In the name of the God of mercy, why are we so liberal to punish what we are so grudging to prevent? Let us give *real* education, based on early moral training, as unsparingly as we give the means by which we hope to deter from crime, and all this frightful apparatus shall become unnecessary. Then shall we, at no very distant period, be enabled to convert this magnificent model penitentiary into a great model moral training asylum for infants. Nor would this be the only temple, consecrated to suffering and guilt, which would change its destination and become the sanctuary of all the holy instincts and kindly feelings of many a young heart which had else been trampled down by overwhelming circumstances into the one general mass of wretchedness and corruption.

For, with nations, and with nations of children, as with individual children, the only effectual preventive of violent and unruly passions, is the culture of their counterbalancing influences, the kindly and gentle affections; the only effectual check on selfish conduct, the calling the human sympathies habitually out of self; the only means of lifting the being above grovelling desires, the presenting the natural faculty of veneration with objects worthy of its worship, and calculated to excite its enthusiastic admiration, and awaken the natural ambition of the soul to resemble what it approves.

Then, and then only, does the faculty which perceives the connection between causes and their effects, cease to be a servant of sin, and become an instrument for the production of good.

Hitherto, kings, parents, and teachers have directed almost all their efforts to the impossible task of disconnecting effects from

their causes, without intervening adequate interrupting causes. Thus they have attempted to prevent, by commands and threats, the evil effects of which (by neglecting to cultivate the moral faculties) they have permitted the causes; while they have lost sight of the great master fact, that in the necessary connection between cause and effect dwells the *secret* of power. This is nature's oath of allegiance to him who knows her laws. The knowledge of those laws is the sceptre by which alone intelligence can rule. And this knowledge is the power which he who made the laws of nature intrusted to man when he gave him intelligence to perceive those laws, accompanied, however, with moral faculties and human sympathies to check the use of that power for evil, and to urge its exercise for good. When, in short, he made that marvellous apparatus, a human soul, which, in its moral faculties, thus contains a *revelation* of the uses for which its intellectual powers were given; and which, by the profession of this light, is rendered responsible for the use it makes of this power.

Let society, then, represented by her rulers, have faith in this power, wielded by the guidance of this light, and she shall "remove mountains" of ignorance, sin, and misery which now weigh on her labouring bosom, and "cast them into the ocean" of the past.

THE CAPTIVE ARAB GIRL IN THE PERSIAN HAREM.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Oh! give me sweet music, the plaintive and tender,
Leave my tresses unbound, *they* at least shall be *free;*
Take those glittering gems, I abhor all this splendour,
It mocks the deep grief of a captive like me.
Oh! for one look of love, of that pure, hallow'd feeling,
That lit the dark eye of my Selym so dear,
When beneath the wild palm tree, his passion revealing,
He sportively call'd me his *Dur-el-Baheer!** .

No more shall I see him, my brave-hearted lover,
On his beautiful charger come bounding along;
No more his approach in the distance discover,
By the strain that he sings—my own Araby's song:
Though the jewell'd *Zenánah's* † cool fountains are flowing,
And odours, as sweet as blest Araby's, rise,—
Though *Mosella's* ‡ bright roses around me are blowing,
They revive not my spirit,—it withers and dies.

* *Dur-el-Baheer* means "Pearl of the sea."
† The apartment of the women in the Persian harem.
‡ The roses of Mosella are famed for their beauty.

THE GLEE-SINGERS;[1]

OR,

THE GUELPHS AND GHIBELLINES.

CHAPTER XIII.

We were but children then—young happy creatures—
And hardly knew how much we had to lose;
But *now* the dream-like memory of those features
Comes back, and bids my darkened spirit muse.

Mrs. Norton.

VALDO began his narrative :—

"I am a native of Sienna, and my paternal name is Leonelli. My father was of the inferior order of nobility, and very poor. He was the last of a family that had been impoverishing for a long series of years, and at the same time become gradually extinct. He married, from sympathy, a lady of the same rank as himself and similarly situated, being the last of a ruined family; and I was their first child.

"My father, who was a Ghibelline, had entered the army under the House of Hohen Stauffen. Excepting the necessary intercouse with his brother-officers which his professional duties required, he lived perfectly retired and restricted to the society of his wife and child; for he laboured under the unsocial diseased feeling produced by pride united to poverty. Pride and poverty! as unsuitable to each other as fire and water. Why, is it not as impossible to amalgamate them? Grief, hatred, anger, remorse—I verily believe that those active passions are less destructive to the health of both mind and body than these two opposing yet confederate furies, that resemble two hostile factions in a state which, in their wars with each other, jointly destroy the commonwealth.

"My father's poverty prevented his entering society on equal terms with those around him; his pride prevented it on *un*equal terms: therefore he relinquished society altogether, and his chief amusement, when exempt from military duty, was in educating me; and he and my mother were, in fact, my only companions, for the same feelings which drove him into retirement made him keep *me* also in seclusion. His poor but well-born son could not consistently be the scorned play-fellow of the prosperous, nor the

[1] Continued from page 30.

degraded companion of the low. My father became, in his self-imposed solitude, silent, melancholy, and indolent, and even sometimes austere. My childhood would have been a joyless one indeed, but for the birth of one welcome companion, my sister Rosara, which took place when I was seven years old. The presence of a female child brings a charm, a delicacy, a tenderness into household feelings, and none experienced it more than the sad and reserved family of Leonelli. This child became my darling plaything, and by degrees my idolized companion. Henceforth I never thought of any other. My mother's declining energies awoke, and my father became soothed and even cheerful. We wanted no heirs to inherit family wealth and honours, but we *did* want a gentle, cheerful, graceful child to shine like a sunbeam in our clouded home; to make dreamy sweet futurities, and to soften down the harsher features of present realities. Rosara, as she grew up, did all this. She was not a merry and high-spirited child, but she was serene and mild, and the most kind and affectionate creature in the world.

"I look back to our childhood as to a lovely dream. We always accompanied my father wherever his duty called him. In our garrison abodes I taught my little sister to know the different points of war of our trumpets, and to listen to their exciting voice without fear. I taught her to know the most distinguished leaders by their crests and banners, and to lisp their names; and I gave her the first rudiments of reading by showing her how to spell their mottoes. I used to lift her up in my arms to see the martial pageant as it passed by, and applauded her when she recognised her father.

"How happy we were when our garrison lay in such a situation that we could go beyond it and penetrate into scenes of rural beauty, which, from their novelty and the contrast they offered to the stern colouring of our general life, were doubly enchanting to us! How we have sighed a full deep inspiration of pleasure when we have found ourselves in some sweet valley, amid fresh, deep, cool grass, and wild flowers, and thickly-foliaged trees; and the clear blue sky above us, and the free wild birds singing around us, and no one there but ourselves—none to interrupt our happiness!

"We have launched our mimic fleet of fir-cones on the rippling rivulet, and watched them glide from us; ay, as joy, hope, and peace glide away from human grasp. But we were *then* no moralizers. We sat upon the rich moss at the foot of some old chesnut, while I adorned Rosara's head and neck with garlands or stringed berries, and she sat smiling, and repeating her artless assurances of childish affection. We gathered wild fruits, and filled acorn-cups with water from some pure spring, and spread our feast on leaves, and invited each other with mimic ceremony. We rambled through woods, exploring their dark recesses with an

ostentatious courage, concealing from each other the somewhat of fear that we felt; and I sometimes hiding myself in a rocky nook or hollow tree to observe the eagerness with which Rosara sought me and called aloud on 'Valdo.' We returned, hand in hand, to our parents; and while I related our adventures and discoveries, the quiet Rosara crept to the lap of her father or mother, silently and affectionately offering the share she had reserved of our fruits and flowers.

"We woke in the morning with the loud military reveillie; we lay down to sleep when the trumpet at night commanded the troops to be at rest. We sang together our vesper hymn; but I often forgot my boyish devotions in gazing with admiration on the holy look with which Rosara clasped her little hands and raised her melodious voice. I gazed, and thought I saw one of the cherubs that my mother's confessor used to describe to us. Oh! she was a creature of angelic promise. Woe to the heartless wretch that laid that promise in the dust!"

Here Brunetto solemnly uttered a fervent amen; and Valdo, looking his thanks for his comrade's sympathy, proceeded:—

"Rosara was very beautiful: her features were like yours, Antonio; but you have a haggard and melancholy look, such as never crossed her sweet countenance; and *your* complexion is very dark, and *she* was singularly fair for an Italian. She had an exquisitely soft and flexible voice, and many of your tones remind me of hers; but still I hardly think your voice is such as hers was.

"Our parents saw our affection with delight, and my father often said, 'Valdo, in your love for that charming and innocent creature you have a safeguard against the temptations of evil company. After enjoying fully the pleasure of such an associate, how could you relish an inferior?'

"Such was, with little variation, the tenor of our childhood; but it was not exempt from the sorrows that are the lot of humanity. Once Rosara and I were playing on the very verge of a precipice; a projecting stone gave way under me, and I was sliding down. Poor Rosara caught me and arrested my fall. *I* seized an old stump of a tree, but Rosara rolled down the face of the precipice. She was taken up by some peasants at the bottom, bruised and insensible, and with a severe cut on the back of her head. With what anguish of mind I followed her as she was carried home! With what agony she was received by her distracted parents! She had a dangerous illness, and we feared to lose her. Oh! with what a beating heart have I crept to her couch every morning to examine her countenance! and with what terror I stole the first look, lest it should discover to me the approach of death! With what intensity of feeling have I prayed for her recovery, till tears and zeal choked my utterance, and I rolled myself on the

ground half-suffocated! With what sleepless anxiety have I lain all night listening to every sound in her chamber! And she, dear child, spoke of death with sense beyond her years; comforted us with all the arguments she was able to draw from her religious instructions; repeated her little prayers; told us not to grieve for her, for she would like to be out of pain; and entreated her father to find some one to play with poor Valdo, or he would be so very lonely."

The narrator interrupted himself to dash the tears from his eyes, which he did with the manner of a person half angry with himself at being betrayed into feeling for one who had proved unworthy. Then, re-assuming his tranquillity, he continued,

"After long suspense, Rosara was spared to our prayers. Ah! how little does man know what he asks from Heaven! how little does he suspect, that while he exhausts himself in prayers for what he thinks a blessing, he is imploring a curse! Thus it was with us. Had Rosara died in infancy, we might have wept over her flowery grave with tender sorrow; we might have looked back with pensive pleasure upon her memory, as on a lovely but distant star; and I, the sole survivor of my race, should not have had the bitter pang of reflecting on my paternal name, my only inheritance, sullied by her, our darling.

"Well, Rosara was at length completely restored; and the danger we had so narrowly escaped of losing our treasure, only made us value it the more. Never shall I forget our ecstasy of delight on the first day that Rosara was again able to enjoy with us the pure open air of heaven, and to partake of the little festival we made to celebrate her recovery. There was a sheltered spot in a favourite valley, without the garrison, where some ilex and chesnut trees formed a natural bower. We wreathed their trunks with garlands of fresh flowers, and arranged roots of felled trees and large moss-covered stones for a table and seats. We spread a feast of the choicest grapes, figs, and melons, with honey, and bread, and iced water, and bowls of milk: and we carried Rosara thither in our arms (my father and myself), and a lively air from my mother's long-neglected lute welcomed her arrival. Alas! alas! I have heard some minstrel sing, or some wise man say, that the serpent leaves his slime on the fairest flowers. From her, from Rosara, that source of sweet and innocent feelings, my sorrows and my shame have arisen.

When I was about sixteen, I obtained an appointment in the same regiment with my father; and I still continued the companion of Rosara; though, when she saw me first in my military garb, she was half inclined to cry, as she said I was now become a man, and would not mind her any more. But when I re-assured her on this point, she gazed with childish admiration on my altered appearance, and declared how much my military trappings became me.

"The first small pittance of pay that I received, I applied to the purchase of a gift for Rosara—the first I could ever offer her from my own money. Ah! what a pleasant sound that has to the poor and dependant man! 'my own money—my own honest earnings!' The rich man has a great loss, that he can never know this honest pride, this fulfilment of hope deferred.

"The gift I bought for Rosara was a silver chain of delicate workmanship. How rich I felt when I was able to make this offering! and how richly repaid I thought myself by her delighted thanks!

"In the course of the following year, we experienced an irreparable misfortune in the loss of our good and gentle mother. For some time we had seen her cheek growing pale, and her form wasting. Her energy became extinct—her breathing oppressed; a heart sickness was upon her. She had been worn out in trying to make scanty means answer disproportionate demands. She had seen hundreds pass by her husband and her son in the career of life—she had suffered privations—she had endured slights from those to whom wealth alone is everything—she saw her children walking in the same narrow path, without a single cheering prospect to open before them. She shuddered, in particular, at the futurity of her beautiful and portionless daughter. She now vainly lamented the voluntary retirement in which she had lived for the sake of that unnaturally secluded girl. These things preyed upon her in secret; and she had not a moment's abstraction from them in even the most temporary amusement, or the shortest intercourse with society. In one undeviating scene, the home of poverty, she plodded on her cheerless round of struggles, and privations, and disappointments—but she never complained—she would not add one cloud to our atmosphere. We only read the truth in her increasing lassitude—her languid and unfrequent smile—her long silences—her involuntary sighs. She never complained, for she was patiently, quietly religious—she was resigned to earthly sorrows, and her hopes were raised to a better world, and to that alone—she *could* have no rational earthly hope. But though the spirit was chastened and purified, the frail weak flesh succumbed.

"One day my father had been absent on military duty, but was to return home in the evening. I was at liberty, and remained to keep my mother and Rosara company. My mother had been more than usually languid and depressed all day, and disinclined to conversation. Our regiment was then stationed in a fortress on the river Ombrone. The principal apartment of our quarters was a rather dark stone room with an arched roof, and small windows that looked out upon the river. We seated my mother in her arm-chair, near one of the open windows, for air: we shaded the light from her eyes, and she slumbered. Rosara sat near her

at work, and I was listlessly looking over some military plans, that I might not be tempted, from want of occupation, to break silence. The hours passed on, and we looked at each other, wondering at my mother's unbroken repose. My father entered, just as the slanting evening beams were pouring full into the room. I marvelled that the clang of arms did not awaken my mother; I rose and went to her. Alas! she was dead! Her spirit had passed quietly away in slumber: she was spared that sad parting, when the dying can leave nothing behind but a last blessing. She was spared the grief of her wretched family, now more than ever impoverished by the loss of an affectionate heart; for domestic affections constituted our sole wealth.

"We laid her, a gentle female, to her quiet rest among the graves of many a rough and stern soldier. And then, as we sat alone together in our narrowed circle, we looked in each other's dimmed eyes with somewhat like dismay. We four had been all the world to each other; and because we had shut out all the world beside, we had seemed to think that we had also shut out death; or, we felt as if, because we were so few, he would be merciful and spare us to each other. I know not why, but certainly we had never contemplated (since Rosara's recovery) the breaking up of our group by death.

"Now it was that we began to feel bitterly our isolated situation. We had no female relative to supply, in any degree, a mother's place to Rosara—no female friend to whom she could turn for that support which women alone can lend to women. We felt it would be impossible to retain her with us now in our military life: she *must* leave us; we were doubly bereaved.

"We had no friend, no relative, to receive Rosara into their house; no resource remained but to place her as a boarder in the Convent of Santa Maria, in our native town of Sienna. We obtained leave of absence, and went to our native city, where none remembered us, none welcomed us, none claimed the most distant kindred with us.

"We deposited our treasure in the hands of the superior of Santa Maria, with many an entreaty to be a mother to the motherless; to be tender with the fair young nursling, reared in seclusion, though in the midst of camps.

"That was a melancholy parting, when we bade the first farewell in all our lives to our sweet Rosara. One long, silent, tearful embrace, and we tore ourselves away. Rosara was then about twelve years old—six years have elapsed—I never saw her since."

CHAPTER XIV.

Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!
All's Well that ends Well.

"My father and I resumed together our military duties, but I saw that he was a heart-broken man. My mother's death was a blow from which he could not recover; she had been everything to him—friend, counsellor, companion; and that solitary man had given her his whole heart; and in his utter estrangement from the world, the void she had left behind was never likely to be filled up, or even to be forgotten for a moment.

"Our circumstances, too, were worse than before; for the payment of Rosara's board pressed heavily upon us, and to meet it we were obliged to give up even many necessaries of life. Oh! how many sacrifices have I cheerfully made for Rosara's sake, and well has she repaid them!

"I used to try to amuse my father with hopes, that amid the chances of war our fortunes would mend; that we should, some time or other, be able to leave the army, settle in Sienna, and restore to ourselves the society of Rosara. *I* had such day-dreams, but my father only shook his head and sighed. Our sole happiness was now in Rosara's letters, which were all that we could wish—frequent, circumstantial, and affectionate. Our duties from time to time prevented our going to visit her.

"In a skirmish which the Milanese Guelphs had with some of our troops, after the Emperor Frederic had crossed the Lambro, my father was killed. I was not present in that engagement, but I heard that he died as became a brave soldier devoted to his sovereign. Happy he! for he was thus spared the pang of his darling child's disgrace. He died while she was yet innocent and comparatively happy. All the inheritance that he left to me was the *then* future dishonour of our name. They buried him where he fell. I lamented that he could not have been laid beside my mother; for, in our ignorance of the spiritual world, who can aver that the spirit is unconscious and indifferent to that body which has been so long its inseparable companion, from which it is but temporarily divided, and to which it is again to be united, and for ever? Who can deny that there may be some consolation to the conscious spirit in that funereal association to which some innate instinct of man so forcibly points in the prevalent desire of families to be interred together? And I have heard a good old priest say that the Scriptures seem to countenance this desire; for it is one of the promises to the righteous that they should sleep with their fathers.

"I wrote to Rosara the loss of our remaining parent, and I learned from her letters that she was even more deeply affected than I apprehended. She was now all but alone on earth, and knew not the moment that a similar chance of war would render her wholly desolate. Here was an end to all her visions of her father's honourable retirement from the service, and of a future happy, though frugal, home with him. Her spirits sank; her situation was most precarious, depending on my life and my continued ability to pay for her maintenance. No wonder that she longed, in her feverish unrest, to have her destiny fixed; and she wrote to me, at last, urging for my consent to her taking the veil in the convent where she resided. I was at first much startled. I was loth to consign so much beauty, grace, and harmony to a living grave; and I hesitated to renounce my hopes of being, at some future time, restored to her society for the remainder of my days. But, on mature reflection, I thought she had chosen wisely. My military career was only beginning, and many years must elapse ere I could relinquish it. I had no home to offer her, no wife to be a sister to her. I would not expose my poverty to scorn by offering it to an heiress, nor dared I augment my difficulties by marrying an unportioned bride. And if I died, what would become of Rosara? That thought decided me; I consented to her wishes; she commenced her noviciate; and, in due time, I was apprised of her having taken the black veil and her final vows.

"I had been the better satisfied with Rosara's destiny that the convent was one of relaxed rule, in which she could enjoy many indulgences; and I profited by its freedom from many restraints to request any of my brother officers, whom business or duty called to Sienna, to visit my sister in the Parlatojo (as proxy for me, still kept afar by inexorable circumstances), to speak to her of her brother, and to tell me again everything concerning her, however minute the detail. From all who had thus visited her I heard praises of her beauty, her sweetness, and the angelic harmony of her voice in the choir.

"I had forgotten to tell you, that in consideration of her musical powers, the superior had consented to profess my sister for a smaller sum than usual, so as to come more within the compass of my slender means; and I had entreated and obtained, as a favour to my particular situation and feelings, that she should retain in religion that name by which I had always known and loved her. She would have appeared to me but a stranger had she been transformed into a sister Agatha or a sister Catarina.

"I had not been so long in the imperial service without frequently hearing the praises of Captain Florestan Bastiani, the favourite of the Emperor, and at that time judged to be deservedly so. I heard of him as a perfect character—brave, humane, cour-

teous, gentle, liberal, accomplished, modest. Oh! there was a host of virtues ascribed to him. I never saw him, for our regiments never happened to have met; but I was inspired with admiration of his fame, and with a desire for his acquaintance. Well, in the midst of all my tender love for Rosara, and my admiration of the phœnix Bastiani, judge how thunderstricken I stood when the overwhelming intelligence was poured upon me that Rosara had broken her vows, disgraced her name, and fled from her convent with this same most virtuous Florestan Bastiani!

"Now, I pray you, Brunetto, do sit still; do not chafe and make those signs of impatience; there is no use in contradicting me at this time; let me quietly finish my story.

"I cannot tell you what I felt; but, in fact, I did *not feel* at first;—I was stunned; I could not even think. When I *did* begin to rouse myself, and try to understand what I had heard, the words seemed to me as vague as if uttered in a strange language. I disbelieved the intelligence, and determined to resent it as an insult, when a letter from the superior of the convent convinced me, and plunged me into a chaos of rage, shame, and anguish unutterable. I intended to have set out instantly for Sienna, and to have endeavoured to trace the fugitives; but was seized with brain fever, from which I did not recover till after the trial of Bastiani. I then learned that my sister had utterly disappeared as if from off the face of the earth; that Bastiani had been taken and condemned, but saved from a merited death by the mistaken kindness of Frederic; but that he had been dismissed the service, and was gone, none knew whither.

"Enraged at what I considered the Emperor's dereliction of justice in the permitted evasion of Bastiani, and doubly incensed that the latter had escaped my personal vengeance (for I meant to have forced him at the sword's point to divulge the place of my sister's concealment), in the untamed fever of my mind I quitted my regiment without leave, repaired to the presence of Frederic, and burst into an intemperate and disrespectful demand of justice upon Bastiani—justice, whose course, I permitted myself to say, his imperial favour had interrupted. The young Emperor drew up to his full height, but put a dignified restraint on his displeasure.

"'I pity you, sir,' he said, 'and can forgive much to your deeply-wounded feelings; but you mistake the object of your resentment. I am perfectly convinced of Captain Bastiani's entire innocence. I will give you every facility to seek your sister and her real and hitherto undiscovered seducer. But I command you, on your allegiance, to cease your unjust accusations against the innocent.'

"I looked upon this speech as dictated merely by a desire to screen the imperial favourite; and, smarting under a sense of in-

justice, I forgot my respect and my loyalty, and answered my sovereign in unbecoming terms; and Frederic, justly offended, pronounced on the spot my dismissal from his service. I saw myself ruined; and, in a fit of desperation, I unbuckled my sword, and, throwing it at the Emperor's feet, I exclaimed—

"'Your Imperial Majesty has anticipated me but for a moment; I came here to renounce my allegiance to the patron of seducers and convent robbers.'

"Frederic's eye flashed, and his brow contracted, at this insult; but his dignity prevented his wrath from placing him on a level with his rebellious subject. In cool self-possession he summoned a guard, and sent me from his presence to prison.

"There I had full leisure to perceive the folly and impropriety of my behaviour. I saw that Frederic really believed the innocence of one whom he had loved as a brother; and, judging by my own feelings for Rosara, I could make allowances for his impatience at the crimination of a beloved friend.

"I lamented my misconduct, and addressed a letter of repentance and submission to the Emperor, but no notice was taken of it. I had hoped to be liberated, that I might seek Rosara; but I remained a chafing, miserable prisoner. I learned from my guards the glorious battle of Bouvines, and the death of Bastiani.

"Some time afterwards the Emperor sent for me, and, on entering his presence, desired the guard to wait without; he would speak with me alone. He said that he was satisfied with the submission I had addressed to him; that, if I was sincere in my professions he would now give me an opportunity of serving him, which, if I discharged faithfully, should reinstate me in my former rank, and expunge my offences. He paused, and I declared my anxiety to obey him. He resumed, and said it was his earnest desire to recover Florence under the imperial sway, and, if possible, without civil war; that the majority of the Florentines were Guelphs; but that a marriage now concerted between the chief of the Guelphs and a Ghibelline lady of one of the principal families would, in great measure, neutralize the power of the Guelphs by subjecting their young and somewhat unstable chief to Ghibelline influence and connections; that he (Frederic) had a secret agent in Florence, with whom he wished me, and another person whom he would present to me, to co-operate; that, aware of my possessing some vocal powers, the character he wished me and my future comrade to assume was that of Glee-singers, that by our political songs we might influence the minds of the populace at least in his favour, and dispose them to receive him hereafter as their liege lord. The Emperor continued, that, as his secret agent in Florence had reasons for not being discovered, he (Frederic) left to himself the mode of communicating with us; and that my future minstrel companion was a man in peculiar circumstances, to whom

the most perfect incognito was requisite; and the Emperor insisted on my pledging my word that I would live with him as a faithful comrade, and never seek to know his name or history till he should see fit to reveal them. His Imperial Majesty added, that in my assumed character I might possibly find some clue to my sister's retreat, and if so, he desired me to communicate it through his Florentine agent, whom he mentioned only as 'the noble Ghibelline.' 'And now,' said he, 'here is your comrade.' He threw open the door of an inner room, and brought forward you, Brunetto; and you may remember he smiled significantly as he made us join hands and promise friendship and suppression of curiosity. He then separated us, and told me to hasten to Florence, where you would shortly join me.

"I set out alone on my journey, and all along my road I made minute inquiries after Rosara; not by *name*, for I thought if it were known *whom* I sought, or *who* sought her, some interested person might throw obstacles in my way; but I inquired, as I do in Florence, in vague terms, after any female who might answer Rosara's description; and if once I received a favourable answer, I should know how to make closer researches.

"As I journeyed, I resolved to visit the Apennines, for some rumour had reached me that Rosara was supposed to have fled thither. I inquired among the few inhabitants of that mountain region in vain. But one day an old goatherd told me that there was then in his cottage, apparently dying, a poor strange lad whom he had found in a chasm where a mountain torrent flowed, quite insensible, and with a mark round his throat as of attempted strangulation; that, with his son's assistance, he conveyed the lad to his cottage, and in great degree recovered him; that the boy said he had fallen into the hands of banditti, and had escaped with life as by a miracle.

"I went to see him; it was this boy, Antonio. His youth, his appearance, and evident distress, interested me. I remained at the cottage to attend him; and, as he became convalescent, I know not how, but he twined round my heart, though he refused to inform me of any part of his history. He implored me not to abandon him, for he was friendless and wretched. Would I but let him serve me, and afford him protection in return, he said he would not trouble me long. I was melted; I adopted him as a brother; and, when sufficiently recovered, I brought him onward with me.

"We met you, Brunetto, at the appointed place, and both you and Antonio declared that intercourse with the citizens would be disagreeable to your feelings and perhaps prejudicial to your interests. I acquiesced in all your measures, and came to live in this hermitage.

"And I continued my inquiries after my unhappy sister. Woe

is me! need I continue them any longer?" and he looked with a perplexed air at Antonio. "I sing songs that, were she within hearing, she must understand and discover that the singer is poor Valdo; and she might, perhaps, have been touched and induced to leave her guilty retreat, and trust herself to her brother—the only being left on earth to care for her.

"You may wonder why I sought her in Florence beyond all Italian cities. Do not smile in scorn while I tell you. One night, when I was sitting up with Antonio in the Apennines, watching his feverish slumbers, and mourning that I had been unable to trace Rosara, exhausted by watching and sorrow I fell asleep, and dreamed that I was in a church on my knees before the altar, and praying earnestly to be permitted to find my sister. Methought then in my anguish I exclaimed—'Where, oh! where shall I find her?' and that, at the moment, my mother appeared to me in the garments of the grave, and answered in a solemn, thrilling voice—'In Florence.' I started at the words and woke; and, by a strange coincidence, Antonio, who appeared to be dreaming, muttered in sleep—'In Florence—in Florence.' This dream and coincidence have made a deep impression on me—one which no reasoning can induce me to shake off; and I have felt a conviction that I should certainly find Rosara in Florence. So strong has been the impression, that when we were called to-night to that palace, I was convinced it was to meet my sister; though *how* she could be there, I knew not. Alas! was it but an empty dream? and is Rosara in an unblest grave?

"Oh! had it but been my fate to find her, how gladly would I have hastened to my kind, forgiving sovereign, and implored from him some retreat, where, under a feigned name, far from the risk of discovery, the lost sheep, the penitent Rosara, and I might have ended our days together in tranquillity and resignation, even in thankfulness, for all the peace that we could save from the wreck she had made. I have done. It only remains for me to remark upon the strangeness of the circumstance, that since our arrival here we have never yet seen the Emperor's secret agent, 'the noble Ghibelline,' but have only communicated with him through a subordinate in his employ. He seems wondrously shy of intrusting us with a knowledge of his name and person. And now, comrades, let us throw ourselves upon our paliets, if not to sleep, at least to rest our limbs."

Brunetto thanked Valdo for his confidence, and assured him that he sympathised with him in a degree which Valdo himself could not guess, but which, in due time, should, as he hoped, be explained; and he bade him kindly a good night. Antonio, who had not uttered a word, rose hastily, and, turning from observation, threw himself on his pallet hidden in the recess, and indulged, while he concealed, an agony of tears.

CHAPTER XV.

He crossed the rapid tide.
Byron.—Lines on swimming across the Hellespont.

Days passed on, and the persons of our tale were employed in carrying out their views. The Glee-singers continued mindful of their sovereign's interest. Every evening, when the bustle of the day was over, when various groups were loitering in the streets, and when in the stillness of the hour their songs were most likely to attract attention, these Ghibelline minstrels were seen and heard in Florence. Their party songs had made but little impression on the higher rank of Guelphs, whose education, inculcating self-command and repression of the feelings, made them less subject to emotions than the lower class, with their quicker and warmer passions. Amongst the populace, who act more from impulse than reflection or conviction, the Glee-singers made several converts from the Guelphs, and established more firmly those already of their own party. The *noble* Guelphs were bound to their faction by too many ties to quit it for a song: but the enthusiasm of Italians for music had such power even over *them*, as to render them so friendly to the melodists (who often sang other lays besides political ones), that they would not suffer them to be molested; not wishing either to lose their music, or to give the Ghibellines an opportunity for a rupture, in espousing the cause of the Glee-singers.

Valdo continued or neglected his inquiries after Rosara, according as the idea of Antonio's insanity gained or lost ground in his mind. Antonio indulged his usual deep melancholy, clinging more closely than ever to Valdo for protection, but still refusing to communicate his story. Brunetto remained equally reserved, and had evidently some sorrow dwelling on his mind, but it was of a chastened, resigned, and tranquil character.

Amidea, since the dreadful assurances she had received of Florestan's guilt, had ceased even to allude to him; had striven with double earnestness to eradicate every tender remembrance of him; and now appeared to be preparing with cheerfulness for her approaching marriage.

The widow Donati was busied in keeping aloof the many young Florentines who would have willingly become suitors to her beautiful daughter, and in watching and managing Mosca Lamberti, who was evidently anxious to ingratiate himself with Imma, but was cleverly played off by her mother. And whenever Mosca's conversation with the latter seemed tending to a proposal for her daughter, she adroitly started off upon some fresh

topic, and talked so long and so rapidly as nearly to bewilder her unwilling hearer, and to prevent what he intended to say for that time. But Lamberti could not discover that any one else was encouraged as a suitor, and he waited, with as little discontent as he could, for a favourable hour to gain the widow's or Imma's serious attention.

Buondelmonte was honourably true to his intention of not *seeking* Imma, but he could not induce himself to avoid her; and by the contrivances of the widow and Carlo, they frequently met; sometimes on the public promenade, sometimes in the Palazzo Amidei, where La Donati had become an assiduous visitor: sometimes Buondelmonte was even decoyed by Carlo on some specious pretext to the Palazzo Donati, when there was no danger of meeting Mosca. And there Buondelmonte was exposed to the dangers of Imma's society unrestrained and uninterrupted. They sang together and to each other; they stood at the lattice together watching, the moonlight, and speaking in low and gentle tones: each unconsciously sought to become pleasing to the other, and succeeded but too well. And La Donati saw with delight their mutual attachment, without a single thought of her daughter's unhappiness, should Buondelmonte remain firm to his pre-contract. She overlooked the risk to which she exposed her only child, and flattered herself that she was acting a mother's part in so eagerly seeking her daughter's interest at any price.

Nothing tends to harden the heart against delicate feelings more than selfishness and cunning. A selfish or a cunning person sees little but the main object in view; and looking upon the whole world only as tools to work with, or dupes to be worked upon, is apt to think but slightingly of them and their feelings. And thus, whenever a possibility of losing Buondelmonte flashed across the widow's mind, she thought—"*Ebbene!* in that case, Imma and I must content ourselves with the next best match;" never reflecting that her daughter's peace might be at stake. But her general conviction was (to do her justice), that Buondelmonte would ultimately become the prize of her own arts and Imma's charms.

The nuptial banner on which the fair of Florence had been exercising their skill in embroidery, was now nearly finished. Since the introduction of Buondelmonte to Imma, the widow had frequently brought her daughter to the Palazzo Gondi to tender her services in this work of public interest. And whenever Imma was among the embroidresses, Carlo, who attended Buondelmonte like his shadow, always managed to draw him thither, affecting as they passed near the palace to think some young noble was there with whom he would speak, and Buondelmonte *must* come in and wait for him a moment. And when the latter entered, and made his way to Imma, Carlo's moments became very long ones.

And Imma occupied her fingers in tracing a G, or adding a few stitches to the figure representing Buondelmonte, or doing something to his crest. And he praised her skill, and thanked her in a low soft whisper. He knew not what feeling was predominant—pleasure in seeing her thus employed on *his* initial, *his* crest, or pain in remembering that *that* very embroidery told of their eternal separation.

One evening, just as the fair embroidresses were about to quit their work, they paused at the sound of the Glee-singers' voices outside. The minstrels sang their "Recruiting Song," then paused awhile to recover breath; and soon recommencing, sang to a wild melody the following irregular

MILITARY REQUIEM.

Rest to the hero's shade,
Who where the battle bray'd *
Fell, though in death unyielding:
Long be his comrades' bowl
Pledg'd to the warrior's soul,
His fame from oblivion shielding.

Rest to the honour'd dead,
Who stretch'd on fever's bed
In the close camp has perish'd—
Subdued, not by foes, but death,
How calm the parting breath
Sighed from the friend we cherish'd!

Rest to his gallant soul,
Who sunk where the waters roll,
When to his love returning.
Long shall the listening ear
Sounds from the surges hear,
Like a dirge the lost soldier mourning.

Peace to each lowly grave
Of beautiful, of young, and brave—
Of all that was bright and endearing!
Alas! how soon to fade!
Like the pine in the woodland glade,
When the fire-flash its pride is searing.

Rest to all!—though we weep
Those sunk to dreamless sleep;
Far happier now do we hold them,
Than the poor heart that yet
Reads with its vain regret
The page where fond mem'ry enroll'd them.

* Heard ye the din of battle bray?—*Gray's Bard.*

Rest to the weeping eye!
Rest to the frequent sigh!
Life in its store has no pleasure—
No balm that can heal or soothe
The heart torn in early youth
From all that it deem'd its treasure.

Rest to the bleeding heart!
Soon may it pluck the dart
From its deep wound for ever!
Tranquil as him it mourn'd,
Soon may it lie inurn'd
Where grief can awaken it never.

"I suspect," said Stiatta Uberti, when the voices ceased, "I suspect that these young men have, not very long since, served in the Ghibelline army. For that song was rather a common one among the troops when I was with them, and was written on the fate of the three Torelli—handsome, gallant young fellows, sons of a widow lady of Pisa, who were subaltern officers in one of our corps, and were great favourites with us. But one of them was killed in a skirmish with the Milanese; another died of the camp fever; and the third, who was engaged to a beautiful girl in his native city, and had obtained leave to visit her and his mother, was unhappily drowned on his journey, in attempting to cross the ford of the Lambro one stormy evening. The body was found, and we detached a party to bury it with due honours."

"That ford of the Lambro is an ugly spot at night and in bad weather," observed one of the Ubaldini. "We were very uneasy about the Emperor Frederic when he crossed it that dark night in 1212, when forcing his way to Aix-la-Chapelle to receive the imperial crown."

"Were *you* in the escort that night?" asked Uberti.

"I was," replied Ubaldini; "and that was the only time I ever chanced to see the Emperor's favourite, Captain Bastiani; if, indeed, I could be said to have seen him by dim lantern light."

Imma, who from her secluded life had heard but little of public events, showed some curiosity respecting Frederic's passage of the Lambro, and Ubaldini related it for her gratification:—

"When Otho, the rival Emperor, was in Germany contesting the imperial crown, Frederic's faithful partisans in Pavia, Cremona, and the Marquisate of Montferrat, called on him to oppose Otho in person, and engaged to defend him on his route to Germany. The Guelphs throughout Lombardy took up arms to intercept his passage after he had arrived at Genoa; but he avoided them and reached Pavia. The Guelphs made an incursion into the country of the Pavesans, but were met by the Ghibelline troops, and defeated with great loss. In that action Captain Bastiani, who had accompanied the Emperor, gained

great glory. I was not on the field, but I heard from all that the success of the Ghibellines was attributable to the manner in which Bastiani, then scarcely twenty-two years old, filled an important command. His conduct and the discipline of his men were worthy of a veteran commander; and after the engagement his humanity to the prisoners and wounded was equally conspicuous with his courage and abilities.

"The Milanese posted an army along the shores of the Lambro to intercept the Emperor. And though Azo d'Este * advanced towards Cremona to meet Frederic, still the escort of Azo with that of the Pavesans was not strong enough to force the passage in the face of the Milanese; but Frederic, to whose cause delay was dangerous, determined on attempting, under cover of darkness, a dangerous and therefore undefended ford of the Lambro. I had been ordered with some of Azo's men to await the Emperor at the ford. The night was so dark, and Frederic and his guard advanced so cautiously, that we were not aware of them till they were close upon us. Bastiani was riding beside the Emperor, muffled up in his military cloak; and when they began to examine the ford by the light of lanterns that we had prepared but concealed, as soon as Bastiani learned the dangerous nature of the passage, he entreated, besought, almost insisted with his imperial master to be permitted to make the first trial of it. His voice was very sweet and earnest, and his manner that of a most loving and respectful subject. Frederic's opposition was overcome by Bastiani's earnestness, and the latter, having received directions from the guide, spurred his horse into the dark sullen waters with a small lantern in his hand. We heard the plunge, and anxiously watched the small ray of the lantern lessening in distance; and Frederic grew angry with himself for acceding to the desire of his favourite, whom he could no longer trace through the thick black night gloom. The Emperor paced up and down the shore of the river, peering through the darkness and calling on Florestan in a tone quite at variance with a secret expedition, and entreating him to return.

"At length the dim small ray again began to twinkle through the deep night gloom; it approached; we heard the faint gurgling of the swimming horse; we saw a dark object, and Florestan landed in safety, and Frederic threw himself on his neck as if greeting one restored from the dead. And then the guide entered the river; some of the escort followed; and Frederic plunged in, with Bastiani close beside him, guiding the Emperor's horse and speaking cheerfully to its rider. I was in the rear-

* The House of Este was Guelph; but when the Pope became favourable to Frederic II., the Marquis Azo VI. espoused his cause; but he dying soon after, his son Azo VII. supported Guelph politics.

guard and did not see them again, though I proceeded to Cremona in the Emperor's train.

"Returning with the Pavesans, we met the Milanese, and a skirmish ensued, in which we were defeated and the greater part of our men taken prisoners, and I received a wound the effects of which keep me at home here invalided for the present. But I sincerely believe that, had Bastiani been with us on our return, we should not have sustained an overthrow from the Milanese."

"Poor Bastiani!" said Uberti, "all his gallantry came to a sad termination. What bewitched him to commit sacrilege?"

"However much," said Amidei, "we must condemn the mad and criminal act which at last cost Bastiani so dear, we must admit that he was once—in his better days—a beautiful specimen of genuine loyalty. And one reason why I am a Ghibelline, and prefer a monarchical to a republican government for Florence, is, that monarchy has given birth to that excellent feeling loyalty, which combines in one word all that is high-minded, courageous, disinterested, loving, and faithful."

"And cannot loyalty exist in a republic under the form of love of country?" asked Buondelmonte.

Amidei replied, "They are not both the same thing. We say a man is loyal to his sovereign, he is devoted to his country; common parlance makes a distinction. Love of country, in a republican sense, often, I think, comprehends love of self as an important part of that country. It has, besides, something wide and vague in its import. But loyalty must have a definite and sensible object towards which it turns with a settled, unselfish, holy love. In republics love of country sometimes leads men, it is true, to actions which are called grand and sublime, but which still have in them a dash of austerity and ferocity—something of the spirit of heathen Rome; but the deeds inspired by genuine loyalty are befitting the courtesy and courage of a Christian knight."

"I believe, good Almanno," said Buondelmonte, "I could read you records of a rude and ferocious loyalty."

"No," said Almanno Amidei, "not of genuine loyalty, but of some specious pretender to the name."

"I will not dispute it with you now," said Buondelmonte gaily; "for all good Ghibelline as you are, you show great want of loyalty to these fair ladies in thus keeping them waiting. Allow *my* gallantry, base Guelph though I be, to set an example to *yours*."

And he ran to open the spacious door for the mingled groups of ladies and their cavaliers, and himself escorted the Donati to their Palazzo.

BEHIND THE SCENES;[1]

OR,

THE INVISIBLE DRAMAS OF HUMAN LIFE.

I HAVE said, I believe, that Riponneau had a low brow, and hair planted on his head in a stiff and brush-like manner, and I added, that his features imparted to him an air of obstinacy. Well, this appearance was by no means deceitful. No longer able to deny the misfortune, he sought to justify it, and he set about his task somewhat after this fashion:—

"Faith," said he, "if they are unhappy, they justly deserve it."

"Bah!" said the old man.

"When one commits similar acts, and then receives the chastisement, that is logical. I pity them, that's all; and certainly I should not desire to be in their place. Besides, their misfortunes have depended upon an accident which might not have happened, in which case nothing would have troubled their felicity. Now look here, for example: there is M. Domen; that man has most certainly committed more than one fault during his life, and faults which the world seldom or ever pardons. Well, because he is rich, because he has name and talent, all is overlooked. He is admired, applauded even, for what would cause the shame and despair of another; he is happy, and I cannot see anything to disturb that happiness. It cannot be, most certainly, the discovery of his false position; for, far from striving to conceal or even extenuate it, he makes it his pride and glory."

"Ah!" said his old neighbour, "you envy that, and you are not singular in your opinion. In fact, he has sought glory and fortune in the arts, and he has found them. He has loved a married woman, and he has audaciously carried her off from her husband; and, more audacious still, he has silenced this husband by threatening to unmask all the hideous atrocities by means of which this man compelled a good, a noble, a charming woman to fly from his roof and bestow herself on another. He has not stopped here; he has taken this woman under his protection, he has openly proclaimed his love, his adoration, his respect for her; and the world—world-like—has respected this woman in proportion as he has shown his respect for her; they have said that she could not inspire similar sentiments did she not merit them; and by degrees this *liaison* has been tolerated by all—admitted often. And as wealth accompanies it, if Domen chose to throw open his house, all the great artists, all the most celebrated men in Paris, would press into his saloons. When he travels, he is received like a king; they *fête* him, they compliment him, and this woman shares with him all his happiness and glory."

"Well, monsieur," said Riponneau, "these people are happy, I hope;

[1] Concluded from page 93.

and you have painted their felicity in traits which are not exaggerated, most certainly, and against which you have, most probably, nothing to urge."

"Their happiness!" said the old man, with an accent of peculiar bitterness; "their happiness!" repeated he. "Oh yes, the surface is fair, beautiful, I grant you. But tear aside the veil, penetrate beneath this outward surface which they present to the world, and you will find the wound—the bleeding, painful, gangrened, and incurable wound. You envy this existence? Ask rather for abject poverty, misery, hunger."

"How so—how so?" inquired Riponneau, eagerly.

"You said just now that it was an accident that caused the misfortune of M. and Madame de Crivelin, and if this accident had not occurred, they would have been happy in spite of their fault; let the cause disappear—let Marsilly die, for instance—and all their happiness returns. Very possible. But in this happiness which you now envy, this happiness of M. Domen and his beautiful mistress Madame de Montes, misery is a constant guest that never for a moment quits them. It is seated at their table; it ascends with them into their carriage; it watches by their bed side; it is with them at every hour, at every moment of their lives. Pride covers with its purple mantle the wound of the two victims, but it ever bleeds."

"Yes, yes," said Mark Anthony, "these are very pretty phrases, I grant you; but without personally knowing M. Domen, I see some men who are almost always with him, and who would find it a very difficult matter to tell you in what way misfortune reaches him. On the contrary, I hear nothing but exclamations upon all sides of the extraordinary good fortune which seems to attend everything he undertakes. In what way, then, is he unfortunate?"

"In every way; he is not unfortunate as you understand the word, but all is misery for him."

"Come, come."

"All; and what is more frightful is, that misery reaches him through the lowest as well as the highest doors."

"Ah, bah!"

"Listen; one day he was invited to a ball with Madame de Montes to the house of some friends, who, having penetrated the secret of his *liaison*, had pardoned it, and felt even courageous enough to protect it in the eyes of the world. Madame de Montes entered and took her place without anything occurring that might indicate the slightest show of disapprobation. They danced; but when the country-dance was over, the two women who had previously been seated on either side of Madame de Montes, did not again take their places, and she remained inclosed in this void, exposed in this silken pillory. The ball continued, no one asked her to dance; Domen would not accept this lesson either for himself or her, and led her to a set which was then forming. No one appeared irritated, but their vis-a-vis feigned having been deceived in her place, and glided gently to one side. This piece of insolence came from a woman who had had twenty lovers, but whose husband was present in the room. In short, had it not been for a young man of eighteen, and his partner a girl of fifteen, who, seeing a vacant place,

had joined the set ignorant of their vis-a-vis, Domen and Madame de Montes would have remained there abandoned and repudiated. Do you not think that this ball, which seemed to you a triumph, had been purchased at a cruel price?"

"But was it always so?"

"No, most assuredly, neighbour; neither one or other would have a second time endured a similar affront; but is it not sufficient to have once suffered to fear unceasingly? It was then that Madame de Montes imbibed that taste for solitude which, after all, is but a self-imposed exile. Domen loves her, and Domen wishes to make her house agreeable; the men flock thither in crowds; the women hold themselves aloof. Some husbands would have dared to have taken their wives there, for they could appreciate what there was of honour and devotion in this culpable position. They dared it once, but not a second time. After the insult which repels comes the insult which deserts.

"And now, monsieur, once this leaven cast into their existence, all is imbittered, all. If, for instance, during a walk, a friend passes without seeing them, they at once imagine, not that he might not have observed them, but that he is afraid to salute them. If in the house one of the servants is insolent, it is but because he fancies he has a right to insult a woman who bears not his master's name. And in those journeys of which I spoke to you, a man will come up to Domen, having Madam de Montes on his arm, and he will say to Domen that he is proud and happy in meeting such an illustrious sculptor—the rival of Thorwaldsen and Canova; and as this man knows Domen only in his artistical life, he will incline with a smile towards the woman who is leaning on the great artist's arm, and felicitate her upon bearing such an illustrious name.

"What can they reply? Must they confide to this stranger their position, their history, their entire life? Ought they to keep silent? But on the following day this man will tell every one that he met M. and Madame Domen; he will invite them, fête them, until one of those parasites who live on the secret anecdotes of their neighbours' lives, informs him that he is deceived, or rather that he has been deceived. Here will be a new proscription, with this accusation the more—namely, that they have added deceit to their previous fault. And yet they have always done everything in their power to prevent strangers being deceived as to their true position in the world. Do you call this living happily?"

"Hum! it is tiresome, certainly; but there are compensations; first of all for Domen, who is received everywhere."

"And who exiles himself from every place. Do you know that he has given orders to his domestics to remit his letters to him secretly; for he might find among their number a letter of invitation in his own name alone, and then Madame de Montes would undergo the pain and insult of this exclusion; and if she learns this order of Domen's, if she learns that they hide from her the letters which he receives, think you that at the first glance she will discover in this action the devoted attention that seeks to spare her a chagrin? No, she will see a mystery, an intrigue, a new amour—she will be jealous.

"And has she not the right? not because Domen is frivolous or in-

constant, but because she knows that he suffers, that he is unhappy; because she knows that she has taken him from his proper position in the world; because she knows that, finding at home but solitude, sadness, and complaints, he must go elsewhere to seek in society those pleasures and distractions which are so necessary for the man whose labour is severe and incessant; for he works without ceasing to cover with at least a veil of luxury the miserable existence which he leads.

"After the leaven which has imbittered this existence comes jealousy. It is no longer an incessant though uncomplaining grief; now come cries, despair, tempests, threats of suicide, hatred of life. They love each other, monsieur, and they pardon each other, and they swear never to give each other up to that world which would crush them with so much indifference. Domen will then appear at a few soirèes. He consents—she wishes it.

"But while in society they greet him as a traveller upon whose presence they can no longer depend, making him thus feel what he leaves, and what he returns to seek. What does this poor woman? She waits, she suffers, she paces to and fro in her magnificent apartment, the more empty and solitary as it is immense. Ask her if at that hour she would not far better love your garret without a sou, but with a needle which would gain for her her daily bread? If he returns early, he finds her in tears—tears which she has not had time to wipe away; if late, in anger; 'for,' says she, 'it is no longer a duty which he accomplishes, it is a pleasure in the midst of which I am forgotten.' I have said to you that of all their miseries this is the most terrible; this is not a history, because it has no events; it is not a sudden calamity which destroys an entire fortune at a blow; it is not a dying child; it is not a disaster which strikes, crushes, and passes away; it is a state of suffering of every hour, every minute in the day. I do not recount to you what people in general understand as unhappiness, it is a state of constant, endless misery of which I speak. This state of existence is not disturbed by any of those well-known and violent diseases which strike and kill, or yield to the remedies of the physicians; it is devoured by a hidden, unseizable, nameless suffering; it is the penalty inflicted by society on those who violate its laws. I tell you, young man, it is hell upon earth!"

"Well," said Mark Anthony, "I will admit that they are unhappy, but permit me to use your own comparison. You have assimilated their misery to one of those hidden diseases which escape the physician's skill. Whom do these diseases attack? Nervous, delicate, susceptible people. These two persons have a moral neuralgia, that's all; but in my idea this may be attributed as much to their constitutions as to their position in the world. Suppose, now, that they were physically and morally of a robust and insensible nature, and all these little pin-pricks would not be felt. I will go further,—make them vicious and they would not suffer. Now stop a moment; look for example at Mademoiselle Debora, what an extraordinary history the life of that girl presents! Yes, certainly she has been very unhappy, and she has indeed paid in advance for the luxury she now enjoys; but it has at last flowed in upon her in most liberal profusion.

"What was she? a poor beggar girl who sung at the corners of the

streets, eagerly catching at the few halfpence flung to her through charity by the passers-by; beaten when she returned at night without carrying home the sum demanded by the strolling juggler who called himself her father; nakedness, misery, hunger, excessive labour, constant fear. Such has been her life up to the moment when chance permitted that talent which had been born within her to show itself to the light of day.

"Upon that day she appeared upon the stage: then that voice, disdained in the alley, was listened to with delight at the theatre, and moved with admiration those to whom she recited the glorious music of a Gluck, a Rossini, or a Mozart. In a few years came glory, fortune; and, that nothing might be wanting to swell the triumphs of this ambitious beauty, the handsomest, the most admired, the most elegant men of the day hastened to deposit their love and fortune at her feet: she has, they say, tasted before choosing, and she has chosen him whom the loveliest and noblest have sighed for in vain. This man adores her, he is her slave; and it is not as M. Domen, he is not afraid of displaying his love; he decks her out in the richest attire, he shows her to the world as his acknowledged mistress; and, as I do not suppose that La Debora has imbibed during her childhood those little feelings of delicacy which cause the unhappiness of Madame de Montes, as, in her position, love is almost a right; and, as I do not suppose she is troubled with much remorse for her past transgressions, I cannot conceive what there is to disturb a state of happiness so perfect; for it is not happiness alone, it is triumph, victory. Madame de Montes has fallen from her position in society; she suffers in consequence; I can conceive that. But this Debora is higher than in her wildest reveries she could ever have dreamt of becoming; and if she is not happy, I should like to know who is?"

"None, probably," returned his visitor, "since you are not so yourself; for Debora has her hell as well as Madame de Montes."

"She is jealous of her lover?"

"No."

"She is jealous of her rivals at the opera?"

"No."

"She is dissatisfied with the public?"

"No, it is not that."

"What is it, then?"

"Ah!" said the old gentleman, scratching his nose, "this will be a difficult point to make you understand." Then he continued—"Are you an artist in any way whatever?"

"No."

"Have you ever been anything else besides a clerk?"

"No."

"Have you ever committed any extravaganzas in the way of your expenses?"

"Never."

"Let me see; have you any friend who may be rich, or who spends money as if he were so?"

"Yes."

"Ah! that's well; perhaps I may be able to find you a door at

this side of the house, through which you may succeed in penetrating into the unhappiness which imbitters the life you think so delightful. Tell me, have you and your friend ever given what they call a grisette dinner?"

"Certainly, more than one, and very good ones they were, too."

"That's just what I want; for it is impossible that what I allude to has not occurred to you and your friend. The grisette whom you have taken to the Rocher de Caucale, or to Douix, has ordered the dinner; she has first of all consulted the carte on the right-hand side, that is to say, by the columns of pounds, shillings, and pence, and she has ordered, not what she has liked, but what, according to her opinion, ought to be the best because it was the most expensive?"

"Certainly, that has happened to me, and I shall never in all my life forget a dinner we had this winter, composed of fifteen francs' worth of radishes, asparagus at sixty francs, and a plate of strawberries at forty-five francs, with a pheasant and a lobster."

"Was that all?"

"Oh faith! I forgot the accessories, wine, liqueurs, &c.: however, I know the dinner for four came to a hundred crowns."

"What! and at this sumptuous dinner did not some little eatable peep in entirely out of place among the other dishes?"

"Oh yes, by Jove! and a most comical one it was, too. Only conceive, that our two grisettes, after having tasted all these excellent things, ended by calling for a dish of pickled pork and cabbage."

"Come, now I shall be able to make you understand. Well, my dear neighbour, the beautiful and celebrated Debora is in the position of your grisettes; her glory, her fortune, her love, these are the asparagus, the strawberries, and the lobster of your fair guests; with these condiments they would die of hunger, with these magnificent advantages she dies of ennui."

"Ah bah!" exclaimed Mark Anthony; then he added, laughing beforehand at the joke he was about to perpetrate—"but cannot she, like the grisettes, have her salt pork and cabbage?"

"Ah!" said the old man, "it is here the difference commences; it is here is found that strange, dense, unseizable cloud which envelops Debora, and all women of her stamp. It is not, like Madame de Montes, a conflict between herself and the world which she sustains; it is a contest between mind and habit, a combat between primitive and acquired nature."

"The devil! that's very complicated."

"Listen to me attentively. It would be impossible for any one to reach the height which Debora has attained in her profession without possessing in oneself a mind capable of assimilating itself with all great ideas."

"That is incontestable."

"But no one can have lived in misery and poverty, in mendicity above all, without having insensibly acquired habits of hypocrisy which, when the mendicant has ceased his comedy, change it into a series of coarse pleasures, loud laughter, and rough jokes, which they fire off at the expense of the benefactor whose compassion they have excited by their well-dissembled complaints."

"That may be."

"Well, my dear friend, when Debora is upon the stage, the height of her ideas are on a par with those which she expresses; she enjoys these theatrical games simply because they are theatrical, and she gives to the public what the public demand from her. But when she has divested herself of her silken robe, and laid aside her regal diadem, she returns not to her primitive liberty, the wild jest, the hearty laughter, the careless indifference of her previous wandering life, she re-enters, unhappily for herself, into another comedy. Her drawing-rooms are now thrown open, men of talent and fashion occupy them, women of perfect breeding are found there. La Debora is proud; La Debora is herself alone worth all these women put together, and she wishes to show it also. After being a queen at the theatre, she is a *grande dame* in her salon; she converses, she flatters, she satirizes, until the moment when, fatigued with this new stage, this new audience, she escapes from the room into a little hidden antechamber, where the sovereign, who just before held every one in admiration and respect, cries out to her lover who follows her, —

"'This bothers my life out!'

"He remonstrates with her. She flies into a fury; but not one of those polished, well-bred furies that education has taught us; she tells her lover that he may go to the devil; she swears, she *sacres*, she breaks the furniture; and if an unfortunate maid servant should make her appearance, she salutes her with a kick or a cuff; with that same voice which sings of gold and diamonds, she calls the most elegant man in France a *cornichon:* he is distressed; she turns him out of the room; and if by chance she should have taken an extra glass of wine, ten to one if she does not sup with her coachman, and hob-nob with her femmes de chambre."

"Impossible!"

"Then comes the following day, bringing with it repentance; for she loves him, or rather, Debora's intelligent half esteems and regards this man's affection. She well knows all that she is worth—she who has learnt in the basest school the thin varnish which passes for mind and talent—and she condemns herself for nourishing these remembrances and regrets, and these backslidings upon her villanous past life; she feels herself made to become all that her lover wishes she should be; she recals him, asks his pardon, and recommences her comedy; she again becomes the charming and distinguished woman whom he loves; she exerts all her strength, all her love to please him; but it does not last long, the thread breaks, and then the same scenes are enacted over again. Then she flies; she leaves her own carriage to get into a crazy hackney coach; she wanders to the environs; and when she surprises a conjuror exchanging with his confederate the cunning glance which signalizes the successful *coup;* and when he shows the piece of silver which he has cleverly juggled from the spectator, and with which they will shortly laugh and drink at his expense; when Debora sees all this, she experiences a feeling of poignant regret; and if ever she does weep, it is most certainly at that moment.

"For what weeps she? her present fortune? Sometimes. Her passed misery? Yes, and no. Ambition, intelligence, elevated desires,

are one side; it is to satisfy them that she plays her double part. Early habits, turbulent recollections, Bohemian blood, the licence of poverty, the delights of pleasure in rags, are on the other; and it is all this which makes her detest both herself and her acquired fortune, and her glory, and the love she confers, and that which she experiences in return."

"You will permit me to observe to you, neighbour," said Mark Anthony, "that all these pains are merely imaginary."

"You will permit me to observe to you, my dear neighbour, that you have just given utterance to a great piece of nonsense," returned the old gentleman. "With the exception of cholera, fever, broken bones, and neuralgia, all is imaginary pain in this respect. Learn, then, one thing, young man, which is, that we really suffer but through our ideas. Get a wench from the corner of the street, and put her in the position of Madame de Montes, and she will suffer none of those bitter feelings which now torture this poor woman. Put a porter's daughter in the place of Debora, allay this ardent nature, and she will experience none of those sudden returns which now torment her; or, rather, lower the elevation of her mind, and she will return to her past life without remorse, without regret, without those cruel judgments against herself. Her unhappiness proceeds from that never-ending combat with self, and so active, so poignant is it, that it burns—it consumes away this life—it menaces it—it destroys it."

"Well," remarked Riponneau, "if, on my side, it appears that I do not understand unhappiness, according to your argument it seems to me that there exists no real happiness on the earth."

"On the contrary, there are some people who feel nothing, who experience nothing, who love nothing."

"And who are they?"

An expression of peculiar meaning stole over the features of the old man, as he replied, with a scarcely perceptible smile,

"They are the dead."

A long pause had followed these last words of the old man, which, somehow, none of the speakers had felt inclined to disturb, when the almost solemn silence was broken by the sound of a fallen body, which proceeded from the adjoining apartment; then followed stifled groans.

"That's our neighbour, the sempstress," cried Riponneau.

"Yes," said the old gentleman, shrugging his shoulders, "she's groaning."

"But there must be something extraordinary going on—Don't you smell charcoal?"

"I know it," replied the neighbour, without disturbing himself.

"There is some misfortune there."

"That is not my opinion."

"It is a suicide."

"You have guessed rightly."

"Ah! let us run to her assistance."

"Leave her alone; she has doubtless some good reasons of her own, which we do not know of, for acting thus."

Riponneau cast upon his visitor a glance of furious indignation; but the old gentleman contented himself by shrugging his shoulders, and

laughing quietly in Mark Anthony's face. As to our hero, he ran to the door of Juana's apartment—so was our sempstress named—and dashed it open at one blow, and penetrated into a stifling atmosphere which nearly suffocated him. A white body, lying upon the floor, attracted his attention; he stooped down, took it in his arms, carried it into his own chamber, and deposited it upon his bed.

How beautiful was Juana thus, although the charcoal had already commenced its deadly task!

The young girl had retired to bed after having lit the fatal chafing-dish, decked out with her prettiest cap, covered with her finest and whitest linen, herself just come forth from the bath: she had coquetted with death—the pretty coquette; and death had come with avidity to place his icy hand upon the naked bosom of his beautiful bride; but, happily, Mark Anthony had arrived in time, and he saw that pure and snowy brow become animated, those large soft eyes open and close with astonishment; he saw those lips move to receive the pure air which he lavished on her by the open doors and windows; he saw that bosom heave under the long aspirations which restored life to that beautiful frame.

How beautiful she was thus! But it must be said that at that moment Riponneau thought not of regarding all this, if it was not but to spy out with anxiety the resurrection of the unfortunate girl.

At length came the moment when life was fully restored to its beautiful tenement. Juana wished to speak, to interrogate; they imposed silence, they ordered repose; she tried to rise and fly, and it was at this moment that she perceived the disorder in which she had been surprised, and blushing, and looking ten times more beautiful, she hid herself in the bed on which she had been deposited by our hero.

Then tears came to her relief.

Tears, that dew which falls from the heart, and leaves it for a moment in tranquility and repose, as the torrents of rain that fall from the storm-fraught clouds, rendering for a moment to the heavens their transparency and calm, until the sun recals this rain to gather it up for another tempest, as the heart recals these tears to preserve them for another grief.

Such were the old man's thoughts as he gazed on the sleeping Juana, exhausted with fatigue and tears. Riponneau regarded her also, but not as he saw her now, covered up with the bed-clothes above her head, but as she was when he had first carried her out of her own room and laid her on his bed; and this recollection returned to him in such lively, such charming, such delicious colours, that, in spite of the *ennui* which he had experienced in listening to the old man's histories, he could not resist the inclination of interrogating him upon that of the young girl whose life he had just preserved.

"You, who appear to be acquainted with the secret histories of every one in this house," he said to him, "you ought to know who and what this Juana is, and, above all, what calamities have impelled her to this act of despair."

"What she is," said the neighbour, regarding her with an air of disdain—"what has induced her to attempt her own life—what good would it be for you to learn these things?"

"Sang she not yesterday as the lark, while joyously plying her needle, skipping up to her garret as lightly as a bird would wing its flight through the air; a smile on her lip, and gaiety and happiness in her eye? This is what she is; the reasons which have impelled her to self-destruction form another of those invisible dramas which are enacted beneath the outward and public existence of every one, gnawing, rankling, like the tooth-ache, which keeps itself concealed, but at the same time drives you almost wild with agony. You would not believe it."

"Ah!" said Riponneau, "the result is there to give me faith."

"Bah," returned the old man, "you would say that she was mad."

"You take me then for a fool, or a cold egotist, like yourself? for you said to me just now, 'leave her alone;' but you imagined, I am sure, that the complaints we heard were uttered in a joke, did you not?"

"Not the least in the world, only I was prudent for her—and perhaps also for yourself."

"For me!" said Riponneau, "what do you mean by that?"

The old gentleman's eye lighted up with a flame which seemed to cross the chamber, pierce the wall, and finally, lose itself afar off in space; and he replied coldly,—

"The future will answer for me. I shall now tell you in a few words what you desire to know respecting *her* history. This Juana is the daughter of a working man, a calico printer; she is the seventh child of a numerous family; a seventh child coming into the world nearly ten years after the others; a seventh child, consequently very coldly greeted by both big and little, father and mother. My young friend," continued the old gentleman, "nothing is more holy, more sacred, more beautiful, or more respected, than maternal, or paternal, or fraternal love; but it is precisely because these sentiments are the most powerful of our nature, that when broken through they become wicked and cruel. It is as the vessel retained by her triple chain cable; when the efforts of the wind are so violent that the cable parts, the bark is driven at the mercy of the winds and waves, obeying not the helm's controlling power, until she is finally dashed to pieces against the rock-bound and inhospitable coast.

"Were I to relate to you all that this child suffered from the harshness of her family, it would make your heart bleed: the privation of nourishment and clothing, cold, hunger, all has been inflicted on her. You see her tall and beautiful, revelling in all that amplitude of charms which announces the full development of youthful strength; well, all that was leanness and consumption, the stooping shoulders, the narrow and contracted chest, and the harsh and guttural voice. Ten years thus passed away, and she had not yet disencumbered her family of the useless burden inflicted upon it.

"At last, an aunt by the mother's side, the wife of a rich butcher, had compassion on this child, and took her into her own house. Juana gained in this new existence all the nourishment it was possible to extract from good beef and mutton—that is to say, the development of a rich physical nature; but that which forms the aliment of the soul, the food of the mind was even more wanting here, than in her own

family. There were for her no other words than those which reproached her, I will not say for the bread, but for the meat which she eat; and observe, neighbour, that this child was born with every disposition towards love and gratitude. But so well had they played their parts, that they succeeded in utterly destroying in her the germ of that rarest of sentiments. She imbibed a feeling of hatred and aversion for every one that surrounded her, and she reached her fifteenth year having but one desire, that of revenging herself upon all the world. It was a year ago, she was then eighteen, when the death of her aunt set her at liberty. Among the many bad lessons which she had been taught at her aunt's house, Juana profited by that which the deplorable position of her uncle offered for her daily contemplation. Should you like to know it? Should you like to know how this man (and there are a thousand similarly situated in Paris) having in his person and establishment all the appearance of commercial prosperity and interior happiness, was the most miserable of men? Whether from imprudence, whether from expenses contracted in order to satisfy the extravagant desires of his wife, I know not; but the truth is, he had deeply compromised his fortune. He was within two steps of utter and irremediable ruin, when a friend presented himself in the person of an honest cattle merchant; he came forward to the assistance of Juana's uncle; he proposed a loan, and advanced him a considerable sum of money, in bills, on the security of his house and goods—in short, on every good precaution which usury could imagine. Our butcher, whose ruin many of his kind friends had already predicted, triumphed over those who had denounced his trade as lost; in consequence he doubled his expenses for that adored wife who had already so deeply involved him.

"The bills became due, it was impossible to meet them; and with the certainty of this impossibility, a more horrible certainty, which was that his wife had paid with her own and her husband's honour for the complaisance with which the lender had renewed his usurious advances.

"Until then all had gone on quietly in this family; now, every day were heard loud words, violent disputes, insulting epithets; in fact, the husband was placed between imminent ruin on the one side, and the quiet acceptance of his own dishonour on the other. He, for himself, would have preferred ruin, but he had children who would have died of hunger, and a daughter, whose prospects her mother's dishonour would have for ever blasted. Besides, had he dared to raise a complaint, the answer was ready: it is a debtor calumniating his creditor. What part was he then to take? that which would at the same time save both fortune and appearances. He became the friend of his cattle merchant; invited him to his house, and counterfeited happiness, and confidence, and gaiety. And his neighbours exclaimed, 'Oh! he knows nothing, he sees nothing of what's going on, so he is happy.' Oh! no, young man, very far from that. At first it was a hidden, rankling torment, but borne in silence, hidden within the depths of his own heart; then, when the presumption of the guilty pair would pass all bounds, he would break forth, he would storm and rage. But the wife, sure of her power, would coolly reply to him,—

"'Well, for God's sake turn him out of doors, I should desire nothing better.'

"To turn out of doors, to offend the man who held his existence, his honour in his hands—not only his own existence, but that of his children; he could not do it, and he would resume his shameful chain—rage and despair at his heart. But who knew all this? No one outside, for the butcher had his vanity, and preferred passing for a fool than a poltroon. No one suspected what he suffered except his own children, and among them Juana.

"What could she acquire from this lesson? those seeds which must necessarily take root in a mind so ill prepared as hers; this idea—namely, that with money one possesses all things, even the right of failing in every social duty. Consequently, as soon as she was free, to what did she aspire? To be rich. She has lived too long on calculation not to be able to calculate well; she has not been impatient; she has awaited a good opportunity, and has listened only to those proposals which accompanied a large fortune assured by marriage.

"Whether she has been imprudent enough to rely on promises, and has no longer anything to bestow on the man who now rejects and casts her off; or whether she has not possessed sufficient skill, or charms sufficient to spur on her lover to marriage, I know not; but the truth is, that in eight days' time he is going to be married to another."

The neighbour had scarcely finished speaking, when an old grey-headed gentleman, venerable in coat, peruke, and red ribbon, entered the room and inquired for Juana. Here was a surprise! One of the richest financiers of administrative France, a Receiver General, asking for Juana the sempstress. They pointed her out to him asleep in bed, and related the circumstances which had occurred.

The financier begged that they would awake her, and leave them for a few moments alone. The neighbour retired, but Mark Anthony, being in his own apartment, thought himself justified in remaining; he feared lest the beautiful Juana should disappear in his absence. Only he promised to hear as little as possible, and retired into a corner of the room, with the firm intention of not letting a single syllable escape him if he could possibly avoid it.

The old man approached the bed, and Riponneau was enabled to gather the substance of the following conversation:—

"You have written a letter to my daughter," began the old gentleman, "to tell her that her future husband, M. de Belmont, deceives her; that he loved you, and had promised to marry you . . . ."

The voice subsided into a murmur, the sense of which Riponneau was unable to catch; then it continued:—

"You have almost killed my daughter; she is in bed, ill, dying, and will no longer hear this marriage spoken of."

"That is my revenge, monsieur," replied Juana.

"But this revenge falls on persons who never did you harm. I desire this marriage; it is necessary for family reasons that it should take place, but my daughter will not consent unless the same hand which has written her this infamous letter will send her another declaring that the whole was an invention got up to destroy the character of M. de Belmont."

"Never!" cried Juana, in a resolute voice.

The old man muttered something in her ear.

"Never!" said Juana, in a softer tone.

The old man muttered again; then, all at once, and as if inspired by some bright idea, he cast his eyes on Mark Anthony, and then the muttering went on faster than ever.

During this time Juana had allowed a few noes to escape her less and less positive; then she cast a languishing glance on Riponneau, lowered her head and was silent.

The comedy had been prepared and rehearsed; it was performed in the following manner:—

The old gentleman took his hat and stick and departed, saying to Riponneau as he left the room,—

"A thousand thanks, monsieur, for the cares and attention you have bestowed on this charming girl. All our family, who take a lively interest in her welfare, shall be made acquainted with the good actions you have performed, and we shall be happy to have it in our power to recompense you for your succour of Juana's misfortunes."

Thus speaking, the venerable old gentleman left them together.

Now let us recapitulate. The piece had commenced on Monday, let us pass on to

TUESDAY.

"Oh, Juana!" said Mark Anthony, "do you still wish to die?"

"I did yesterday, for I believed not in generous and disinterested hearts."

"And you now believe?"

"Did you not save me when I was unknown to you?"

WEDNESDAY.

"The mere act of saving your life is nothing, my happiness would be to console and preserve it."

THURSDAY.

"There is no consolation for broken hearts but in the gentle affections, and I have no friends."

"I will be a friend to you."

"I have no family."

"I will be your family."

FRIDAY.

"After what I have done for another you must despise me."

"I esteem and admire you."

"You will never love me."

"I love you already, like a madman."

"Like a madman! you are right; for where will that passion lead you to?"

"To consecrate myself to your happiness."

SATURDAY.

"My happiness will never be assured but by a legitimate union, and you would never wish to marry me."

SUNDAY. (After a night of reflection).

"When you desire my name it is yours."

This dialogue is composed of the last words of eight days' conversations, each of four hours' duration; but when the supreme and fatal words were said, *I will marry you*, Mark Anthony was informed that he would have a rich portion with his bride, and the protection of the venerable gentleman whom he had seen.

"It is now my turn to be happy," cried Mark Anthony; "my turn to have fortune, consideration, happiness."

And three weeks afterwards he received his nomination to the place of Sous-chef, a sum of 40,000 francs, and the hand of the beautiful Juana.

Two circumstances only cast their shadows over this beautiful day: on leaving the court yard of the house, the carriage which contained Riponneau and his bride came in contact with the hearse which was entering to bear away the remains of Mademoiselle de Crivelin; and Dr. Funin, who was one of Juana's witnesses, was obliged to leave the wedding dinner, having been sent for in haste to attend on Domen, who had failed in an attempt to shoot himself through the heart.

According to the opinion of the guests, Adéle had died of a consumption, and Domen had attempted suicide because he had not been named a member of the Institute. One only voice was raised to contradict these assertions, it was that of the old neighbour whom Riponneau had invited to his nuptials, and who contented himself with saying—

"No, they are simply the *dénoûements* of two of those invisible dramas which are enacted under the social epidermis."

"What is this you are talking about?" was cried on all sides; "what is an invisible drama?"

"Should you like to know?" said the old man; "well, look, there is one about to commence at this instant even, beside us."

No one understood him, not even Riponneau. But six months afterwards, when his wife was confined, and he wished to make some observations, and when his wife called him a vile scribbler, and proved to him that had it not been for her he would still have been in the mud of his garret!

Eight days after this birth, when he obtained an advance in his office, and when he saw a godfather chosen whom he knew not, the son of the minister by whom he was protected:

Three months after this advance, when, having quitted, sad and gloomy, the bureaucratic throne of green leather, envied by his former colleagues, he saw turning a corner of the Allée des Veuves a fiacre, in which were seated Juana and the godfather, the minister's son:

Some hours after this rencontre, when, on his return home, he wanted to make a disturbance, and they threatened to pitch him out of the window:

Several months later, when he saw in the ratio that his consideration augmented out of doors from the ardour with which he fulfilled his duties, his authority at home gradually diminishing:

Some years later, when his wife, strong in her argument respecting the misery from which she had taken him, and the mad love he still felt for her, turned against him the disdain of his servants, made him ridiculous in the eyes of his children, sacrificed the legitimates to the first-born, and trampled all respect under foot:

Then Mark Anthony Riponneau, who at thirty-six years of age had attained the elevated position of Chef de Division, Maître de Requêtes, had been decorated with the Legion of Honour, respected for his unflinching probity and talent for business, cited as one of the happy men of the age, for he used every exertion to conceal the scandalous *invisible drama* enacted behind the scenes of his domestic life—Riponneau, I say, *then* comprehended the old man's meaning when he spoke of that very invisible drama which was then about to commence beside them.

The strangest ideas frequently enter the heads of suffering persons. Riponneau strolled one day to visit the old house where he had raged, and stamped, whose walls he had beaten so often with his clenched fists in days now long gone by. He ascended to the sixth floor, where he had dwelt; he stopped before the door of that chamber in which he had passed so many unhappy hours; and (oh! human nature!) he wept tears, tears of regret, at the recollection of those very hours, of those days of hope and youthful dreams never more to return. He did not cast a glance towards Juana's room, but proceeded to that of his old neighbour; this was the object of his visit. He knocked—a pretty little girl opened the door.

"Whom do you want, monsieur?"

"An old gentleman who dwelt here some years ago."

"What was his name, sir?"

"I do not know, but he was a copyist, I believe."

A young woman appeared, pale and sad, though of remarkable beauty.

"Ah! I know whom you mean, an old, bald-headed gentleman." And she described the appearance of the old neighbour.

"Do you know where I shall be able to find him?"

The woman shook her head; but, as if a sudden recollection had occurred to her, she said—"I beg your pardon, sir, but is your name Riponneau?"

Mark Anthony replied in the affirmative.

"Wait one moment, then, monsieur; I rather think he left a communication addressed to a person of that name, and it has been lying by in a cupboard this many a long day."

Whilst the young woman was seeking for the epistle, a hoarse voice called from the alcove:—

"Who's that, Manon?"

"A gentleman inquiring for the old lodger."

"Is that your husband?" inquired Riponneau, with an air of disgust.

"Yes, monsieur, he is not very well to-day."

The rascal was dead drunk.

"Here is the letter, sir," said the young woman, handing to Riponneau a packet discoloured by age and dust.

"My good woman," said Mark Anthony, with a glance at the husband, "you do not seem happy; permit me to thank you for the trouble you have taken." Thus speaking he offered her two louis.

"Thank you, sir, thank you," said the young woman; "my husband is a clever mechanic and works very hard when he is not ill, thank you."

Riponneau cast a glance into the room; it was the picture of misery —that hideous misery which had formerly been ease and comfort. A bed had remained, it was of mahogany; a table that had formerly seen better days; and chairs that had belonged to a salon. He left ten louis in the hands of the child, and took his departure, murmuring to himself—"Another of those invisible dramas over which the devotion, the piety, the labour of this poor but nobleminded woman has cast a veil which none but myself has perhaps been able to raise."

As soon as he had reached home, he hastened to break open the packet; but scarcely had he done so, and cast a glance at the signature, when he started back and turned deadly pale; while large drops of perspiration stood upon his forehead. . . . . Who was this man? Was he the sage Mejnour? or the Wandering Jew? or might he not have been Satan in person?

Upon these points the archives of the Riponneau family maintain a profound silence.

STRIKE THE TENTS OF SNOW!

SONG OF THE BEDOUIN ARABS.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

STRIKE the tents of snow,
And away we'll go;
The moon, the silver moon, shall light
Our roving bands
To the desert's sands,
From Yemen's rosy bowers to-night.

In her gilded halls,
Where the fountain falls,
My Persian maid in beauty shines;
'Tis for her I fly
To the burning sky,
To win bright gems from glitt'ring mines.

With my gallant train
Soon I'll come again,
And bring her spoils, with peril won;
Through her waving curls,
Weave the orient pearls,
And rubies flashing like the sun.

In her snow'd sherbet
I will mingle yet
Sweet roses from the far Cathay;
Hark! the camel tells,
With its tinkling bells,
'Tis time to mount our steeds—away!

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE MORAVIAN SETTLEMENT AND SCHOOL AT FULNECK.

BY A LATE FULNECK SCHOLAR.

FULNECK stands on an eminence formerly called "Lamb's Hill," about six miles from Leeds; the estate was purchased by the Moravians nearly a century ago, for the purpose of establishing a settlement similar to those belonging to their fraternity in Germany and other parts of the continent, where youth are educated far from the contaminating scenes of life, and where those who seek retirement from the follies of the world, find seclusion and repose. The principal buildings, including the schools, form an imposing range, in the centre of which is the chapel. There are separate Choir Houses for the Single Brethren, Single Sisters,* Widowers, and Widows, &c. In the front of the whole is a broad gravelled terrace, fringed by a hedge of rose-trees, the beauty and fragrance of which is incredible. The view from this terrace is extremely romantic; for some distance the land is cultivated as flower and kitchen gardens. Beyond these gardens, and near the foot of the hill to the left, is a copse, called the "wood"—then the valley with its green fields, bounded by a stream of the purest water. The ground now rises abruptly to a great height, and is covered with majestic woods;—on the extreme summit is the seat of Colonel Plumbe, and the village of Tong; and there too is the spire of its sweet church just peeping above the trees.

We reached Fulneck in July, 18—, and proceeded to the house of the Rev. C. F. Reichel, then head-master of the schools, and Sunday afternoon lecturer at the chapel. As the ages of those who formed our party varied, we were at once separated, and placed in rooms according to our years.

The boys' school consisted of eight rooms, each containing about sixteen young gentlemen, and two Single Brethren, who alternately superintended the pupils when not engaged in the classes. These classes were regulated by our proficiency and the nature of the studies, *which changed every hour*. I cannot too strongly express my admiration of this excellent arrangement, since it enabled me, without weariness or languor, to pursue an extensive course of study, comprising the classics, French, mathematics, history, music, drawing, &c.

I shall not easily forget the Boys' Sleeping Hall, a large room which extended over the whole of the building appropriated to the school, and contained between one and two hundred beds.

* The well-known "Moravian needle-work" is by these Sisters.

It was usual for us to meet there on the evening prior to Easter Sunday. A piano-forte was taken for the occasion to one end of this immense room; over it was suspended a lantern, which threw a dim light on a splendid painting of a dead Christ, removed from the Brethren's House. When all had assembled, we stood for a few minutes in front of the picture. Then the full-toned piano, accompanied by a French bugle, broke the silence with one of those airs which for ages have been used in the Moravian church. This ceased for a moment, and we heard the sweet melody whispering round that vast hall, the whole of which was in darkness, save the spot where we were gathered. Again we mused on the painting, and were almost startled by the breathless quiet of the place: the music recommenced, and we sang that fine old hymn,

> "Met around the sacred tomb,
> Friends of Jesus, why those tears?" &c.

This was generally followed by an anthem suited to the occasion.

The next morning found us assembled by five o'clock in the chapel, joined by an immense crowd. The service opened with a voluntary on the organ—the congregation rose—the Rev. C. F. Ramftler entered, followed by the Rev. C. F. Reichel, Rev. Mr. Ray, &c., chanting as they walked, "THE LORD IS RISEN INDEED!" On reaching their places the Litany commenced, the responses to which were sung by the choir and congregation. On arriving at the part which refers to the church triumphant, all adjourned to the burial-ground, and there finished the service in the open air.

Those only who have witnessed it, can form any notion of its solemnity. The congregation formed a circle, in the centre of which was the officiating clergyman. The sun had just risen, and was lighting up that splendid scenery, and the mists of the night were rolling rapidly away. In the distance covering the opposite hill, were magnificent woods, swept by a clear crystal stream; over us the birds of the morning carolled their early matins, and then soared into high heaven. It was in such a scene we offered this thrilling petition to heaven's God:

"MIN.—And keep us in everlasting fellowship with our brethren————and our sisters————* who have entered into the joy of their Lord, and whose bodies are buried here; also with the servants and handmaids of our church, whom thou hast called home within this year; and with the whole church triumphant; and grant that we may finally rest with them in thy presence from all our labours. Amen."—CON.

* Here are mentioned the names of those who departed into rest since the preceding Easter.

"They are at rest in lasting bliss
Beholding Christ their Saviour;
Our humble expectation is
To live with Him for ever!"

This verse was sung by the vast assembly, led by horns, trombones, and other wind instruments, and echoed along that beautiful valley, and mingled with the hum of bees, the ripple of the waters, the wild music of the birds, and it may be, with the minstrelsy of unseen spirits.

These were high and happy days—days of jubilee. In the afternoon was a "love-feast," similar to the agapæ of the primitive church, when tea and cakes were distributed to the congregation, and an address was delivered from the text for the day; * the service being enlivened by a selection of sacred music from Handel, and others. I have since witnessed the religious ceremonies of other bodies, and, although it has been mine to minister at the altar of another communion, I must confess, that I have met with nothing so solemn, yet elegantly chaste, as these services of the Brethren's Church.

Besides the great festival of Easter, the Passion-week is kept very sacred. It is usual to assemble in the morning and evening of each day, when a portion from the "Narrative" is read, and hymns bearing on the subject of our Saviour's sufferings sung. Christmas-eve, Christmas-day, Whit-Sunday, Palm-Sunday, and what are termed "Memorial" and "Choir" days, were always devoted to religious services. These days were ushered in with rejoicing, and anticipated with delight. We were generally awoke in the morning by sweet strains of music issuing from the choir, who perambulated the terrace at an early hour. The German airs of this ancient church were admirably suited to produce a devotional tone, a calmness and quiet of which strangers can form no idea; the romantic and beautiful scenery, the simple and innocent manners of the place, its entire seclusion from the noisy world, the taste with which these affairs were conducted, all tended to imbue the mind with sentiment and with tenderness.

On Christmas-eve, for instance, everything was in keeping; the only sound heard in the village was that of the chapel-bell, summoning us to worship. Every part of the neat yet imposing edifice, with the large chandeliers, &c., had been previously decorated by the Sisters with festoons of ever-greens, intermingled with ingenious and beautifully cut devices in paper, &c. The pulpit was similarly adorned. Immediately in the front of it, fringed with fir, holly, and various kinds of winter flowers, was a scroll bearing the inscription "UNTO US A CHILD IS BORN." Precisely at five o'clock, P.M. the organ pealed forth a tide of har-

* Selected from "Daily Words and Doctrinal Texts, published annually for the use of the Unitas Fratrum."

mony—the congregation rose—the clergy entered, and the choir performed the Christmas anthem. Tea was then handed round; and children's voices were heard singing that touching melody—

"Christ the Lord—the Lord most glorious
Now is born—Oh, shout aloud!" &c.

Sometimes the soft sweet voices of the girls alone accompanied the fine swell of the organ; anon the boys joined the chant, and then the whole congregation followed in full chorus. After a short pause, the minister spoke for a few minutes, and the choir performed several anthems: the benediction was then pronounced, and the meeting separated.

The Moravians, in common with some other churches, hold an interesting service on the last night of every year. At Fulneck, this service was extremely solemn. The only time I remember to have been present on such an occasion, was on the evening of December 31, 18—. There was a love-feast at nine, and a second meeting at eleven, P.M. A full choir always attended: that evening the year closed while the Rev. C. F. Ramftler was addressing the audience. At the very instant of midnight, his voice was drowned by the organ, accompanied by trombones, horns, flutes, and other instruments. The effect was startling—the congregation rose *en masse*, and sang the usual hymn to the 146th tune:

"Now let us praise the Lord
With body, soul, and spirit,
Who doth such wondrous things
Beyond our sense and merit;
Who, from our mother's womb
And earliest infancy,
Hath done great things for us—
Praise him eternally." &c.

We then received the benediction, and departed. Ah, we were happy then, and blithely and with light hearts did we reciprocate good wishes for "a happy new year."

These solemn festivals, as well as the "memorial days," attracted great numbers of persons, and it was by no means unusual to see Brethren from a considerable distance. Bishops Foster and Moore, the late Rev. C. I. Latrobe, author of "Travels in South Africa," and secretary to the missions, James Montgomery, Esq., the poet, himself a Moravian, and educated at Fulneck,* Drs. Chalmers and Thompson, of Edinburgh, and Rev. Mr. Martyn, from Pertenhall, near Bedford, were amongst the many who visited the place. The latter, though a clergyman of the English church, officiated at the children's meeting and at the evening services. His son was a pupil in the school.

The afternoons of Wednesdays and Saturdays were entirely

* See his "Fulneck Revisited."

devoted to recreation; sometimes they were spent in the "Baker's field," where we played at cricket, bologne, and other games. The other fields between the woods and the opposite hill, on the brow of which stand the buildings of Fulneck, are called "the bottoms," and here, in the quiet evenings of summer and the lovely mornings of spring, we used to ramble, or amuse ourselves with angling for an odd kind of fish which are numerous here, commonly called "bull heads;" and occasionally we succeeded in catching excellent trout. When the heat was oppressive, we betook ourselves to the woods, and gathered posies of wild flowers, or constructed arbours on the banks of the stream. These arbours were large enough to accommodate three or four of us, and assumed every variety of shape. The floors were covered with dried leaves and moss; and here we assembled in little parties, according to the friendships contracted amongst us. During the Midsummer vacation, 18—, the few boys that remained erected a large arbour in "the wood" at the foot of the gardens, where we retired during the day, either to listen to some interesting book, or to a tale of chivalry and romance.

One was a young Scotch laird, who had gathered many a legend from the old Highlanders, amongst whose cottages he used to wander for the purpose of listening to their songs and traditions, wild as their own mountains, in the fastnesses of which they dwelt. J—— F—— certainly was an extraordinary genius. He often kept us listening for hours to his tales of second sight and other superstitions collected by him amongst this interesting people: and then his admiration of the works of Burns and of Ossian was unbounded. Oh, with what enthusiasm did he read and we listen to the fine yet simple songs of the Scottish bard. The "Hallow-e'en," "John Barleycorn," and the "Cotter's Saturday Night," were especial favourites. We were also greatly interested in an article on Snow Storms, in Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine. F—— read it with much feeling, and described in splendid style the rugged scenery of those Highland passes. On such subjects John was always at home. He was the last of an ancient clan. His ancestors must have been men of great courage and daring; at any rate, the young laird recited many a stirring incident, and described many a sanguinary fray in which his clansmen had triumphed over southern marauders. And then F—— was himself a poet, and of no mean order for his age. On one occasion, when as was usual on the anniversary of the birth of the principal, the Rev. C. F. Reichel, the rest of us selected and appropriated a verse or more from the hymn-book, the young poet, spurning the idea of borrowing from another, wrote, as nearly as my memory serves me, the following couplet:

"While others send you hymns, I pray
That we *may have a holiday!*"

I forget whether the request was granted. Poor John F——, I wonder what has been his fate! Perhaps, like me, he is now recurring to the days we spent together in the romantic seclusion of dear happy Fulneck. I have preserved a few of his compositions, which are beautiful specimens of youthful genius.

Another name which I record with interest, is that of the late John Thompson, son of the late Rev. Dr. Thompson, of Edinburgh. This youth commenced music at the same time with myself, but soon left me at a remote distance. His compositions were really extraordinary. I have known the boys fling aside their books during "preparation hour" to listen while T—— practised on the piano. Indeed, who could study while his master-hand swept the chords in harmony with some scene which had occurred in our reading, or conversation, or adventure during the day. One afternoon in class, Mr. Fredlizius had given us, instead of the "English Reader," a volume of Scott's "Old Mortality." The part selected was that which describes the journey of old Mause, Cuddie, and the Rev. Gabriel Kettledrummle, with the battle and death scene of Claverhouse. The effect of this narrative was only equalled by the music of the evening, when our young associate worked us up to pure enthusiasm. I was not wrong when I settled it in my own mind that John Thompson was destined for eminence. He afterward filled the professor's chair in the University of Edinburgh.

Another of my schoolfellows whose powers were early developed was W. Nelson, the son of one of the resident families. Nelson was in the same drawing class with me, conducted by Mr. Fredlizius, in the second room. Even then his talents were surprising. On one occasion, when set to copy a metzotint from Morland, Nelson did it so accurately, that every likeness was most correctly preserved; in fact, but for the superior freshness of the copy to that of the original, it would have been difficult to distinguish the one from the other. The metzotint was large, and the painting from which it was taken amongst the best of Morland's productions. Nelson is now a celebrated artist, and has published several works of great merit; one of them consists of a series of masterly sketches of Kirkstall Abbey.

To the foregoing I may add the names of the Rev. J. A. Latrobe, author of "Church Psalmody," &c. &c., domestic chaplain to the Right Honourable the Earl of Mountsandford; the Rev. John James Montgomery (nephew of the poet), and the Rev. George Traneker, both presbyters of the Moravian Church.

To me it is a pleasant thing to believe that this simple sketch may fall into the hands of some who will feel interested in these imperfectly recorded memorials of their boyish days; it would, therefore, be unnatural to omit the name of our universally-beloved tutor, the Rev. W. Edwards, in whose "room" it was my happi-

ness to reside, and under whom it was my high privilege to study the classics, in company with G. Traneker, C. Slater, H. Percy Chrichton, and the young count, Henry Reuss. Neither of us, I am persuaded, will easily forget the mental treat we enjoyed when reading the Orations of Cicero, and Virgil's account of the descent of Æneas to the infernal regions. In Greek we read with great zest the poems of Anacreon, Lucian's Dialogues of the Dead, and a few of the books of Homer's Iliad. Mr. Edwards rendered these studies extremely interesting by critical comments and historical details. He was a great man, and as amiable as he was great. About this time he published, in conjunction with James Montgomery, Esq., of Sheffield, a translation of the German of Crantz's "History of Greenland," in two vols. 8vo., unquestionably the most able and elaborate work which has appeared on the subject of that northern region.

Childhood has its friends, and I had mine. One of them, F—— B——, sleeps peacefully in the Moravian burial ground at Bristol, the other was of a respectable family in Leith; but I have now lost all trace of him. I am, however, reminded of a remarkable affair with which he was associated. One of the tutors resident in the third room being far advanced in a consumption, it was deemed advisable for him wholly to occupy the room No. 5. As the symptoms became dangerous, Mr. —— was recommended to try his native air, and left, accordingly, for Clifton. One Wednesday evening, about seven o'clock, my friend Smith had occasion to pass the room No. 3, where Mr. —— was formerly located, when he saw a figure resembling Mr. —— standing at the door. Being startled, S—— turned away, but immediately looked again in the same direction; the figure, however, had disappeared. Another young gentleman, W—— P——, had seen a similar figure at the door of the fifth room. The report spread with rapidity, not only through both schools, but through the whole settlement. Some ridiculed the thing; others would have that it had been got up purposely; but it was very evident that more believed than doubted the report. The Thursday's post was watched with great anxiety, but it brought no intelligence which could throw any light on the matter. On the Friday morning we went as usual to the religious instruction meeting, and on entering the prayer-hall of the Single Brethren's house were struck with the manner of the Rev. C. F. Ramftler, who, though always serious, now appeared unusually so. It was too evident that he had something important to communicate. At length he drew from his pocket a letter with an account of the death of poor Mr. ——, which had taken place the same hour this circumstance occurred at Fulneck. Strange as this may appear, it is still strictly true; and if the writer be considered superstitious for giving credit to that which was the topic of general conversation at

the time, he must not be supposed to countenance the host of absurdities which are afloat touching the re-appearance of the departed. He is a believer in such things, certainly, and this belief has been forced upon him; nor does he see that it interferes in any way, either with religious or moral obligation. Indeed, who feels not, both in reference to the present as well as to the boundless and mysterious future, that while in this chrysalis stage of our being we possess merely a few outlines of truth? To fill these outlines up will be the employment of another and more perfect existence.

Good Mr. Ramftler seized the opportunity of impressing our young minds with the importance of preparation for that great change which awaits even the youngest; and with affection and fervour peculiarly his own, commended us to the benison and guardianship of the children's Friend. Peace to his ashes! He is now in possession of the reward promised to the faithful pastor.

The funeral horns* were sounding mournfully from the turret of the chapel when we left the prayer-hall, announcing to the fraternity the departure of a Brother to his rest. We at once retired to our respective rooms, where the frequent tear spoke more eloquently than words, of the affection which existed between ourselves and the tutors, one of whom was now lost to us for ever.

This occurrence may be said to have predisposed us for the long winter evenings of the approaching Christmas holidays. We spent them in the fourth room, where Mr. H——m was left in charge of us during the vacation. The weather was extremely severe, and there was a very deep fall of snow. In the day time we amused ourselves with skating on the Beck and Tong Pond; we also built an immense snow house, and a colossal snow figure on the gravel walk. But the days were nothing when compared with those long but glorious evenings when emphatically we sat down together to the "feast of reason and the flow of soul." Years have passed since then, and I have mingled with many a party, and have joined the circles of the talented and the wealthy, but never have I known anything equal to these evenings at Fulneck. We were then in life's early morning, and although mine had been clouded by the removal of a mother the tenderest and the best, yet the clouds seemed for a little to break away and the sunlight of peace rested on my spirit. This was pure enjoy-

* It is customary at Fulneck, immediately after a decease, for a few of the Brethren to assemble in the bell-tower or turret of the chapel, and there to perform a requiem for the dead, or a selection from the splendid tune book of the Moravian Church. When this occurs at night, the effect, at all times solemn, is extremely touching. I once heard it during an evening ramble in the adjacent valley; the strain was soothing yet melancholy;

"And yet 'twas sweet, 'twas passing sweet."

For an account of the funerals the reader may consult a volume recently published, entitled, "Poems of a Traveller," by my early friend, the Rev. John Hartley, A.M., church missionary in Greece, formerly one of the tutors at Fulneck.

ment; this was temporary repose; here sorrow was forgotten for awhile; I was happy, and who could be otherwise! Around that blazing fire we became conscious of emotions and sensations to which we had hitherto been strangers.

It was not, however, until after our return from tea that we could be said to have commenced the amusements of the evening. The shutters were then closed, the fire replenished, the candles lighted, a clean pipe well filled prepared for our worthy tutor, and then he let us do just as we liked. Really he was an excellent person; he entered so kindly into our feelings, and seemed to anticipate our every wish. I fancy I see him now. He had a noble forehead, and a generous, open-hearted countenance. I believe he enjoyed the scene as much as we did; at any rate he joined us at a game of forfeits, and verily some fine fun we had. By and by, however, the forfeits had to be called, and the penalties awarded. One boy was sent to the burial ground at the remote end of the village to gather a branch from the clump of fir trees which stand at the very foot of the cemetery, and mark the grave of a suicide. It was of no use to offer an objection—that would have betrayed cowardice. I was sentenced to fetch something from the box room, at the end of the corridor, next to the fifth room. It was a dark and stormy night, and the wind howled mournfully in that long, dreary passage, and the doors leading to the back of the building were creaking dismally. I trembled and faltered; but it would not do; so on I went and brought back the trophy and redeemed the pledge;

> "And then the Christmas tale went round
> Of goblin, ghost, and fairy,"

till we almost fancied the creaking of a door the shriek of an imprisoned spirit, and every foot-fall the tread of an apparition. And then that old sleeping hall, now lighted with only one lantern, and the dreamy gloom which hung over every part of it except the portion where our little circle reposed; was it astonishing that we jumped into bed only *half* undressed, or that our little quilts soon *entirely* covered us! John F——, however, could not rest even here; a ghost scene was got up, but all was soon quiet, and we slept in forgetfulness.

One evening Mr. H—— proposed that we should read a singularly talented book by Mrs. Radcliffe We listened to it with breathless intensity. Talk of enjoying it! we revelled in its horrors. It was altogether so different to any work we had met with before; and then the adventures, the hair-breadth escapes of the leading characters, and their happiness at the close, it made us happy too; and yet we were very young to enter into such sensations, and to sympathise with such scenes. This is a popular notion, but an erroneous one. I believe there was as much and as

perfect feeling in that youthful group as amongst an equal number of persons far older than ourselves. Our next work was the Antiquary, by Sir Walter Scott; this, with the Brownie of Bodsbeck, by Hogg, were the only other books I remember as having been read these holidays.

A taste for stirring adventure having naturally been excited by these Christmas "noctes," an excursion was planned to the grave of the famous Robin Hood, the Rob Roy of the north, and an early day in the following spring was selected for the purpose. Our route laid through a fine country to the great northern road between Huddersfield and Bradford. I remember passing a magnificent avenue of firs, which line the road for some distance. The scenery reminded me of Hampshire. At length we reached Kirklees Park, the seat of Sir George Armytage, Bart. The house as you approach it has an imposing appearance; we were, however, principally interested in tracing some vestiges of the abbey where this celebrated outlaw and "Little John" and their lawless companions temporarily sojourned, and where Robin himself died. Right or wrong we fixed upon a certain spot as its site, and then rested for awhile in the shade of some wide-spreading trees which stand between the house and the adjoining thicket.

The notes of the cuckoo invited us to the woods; the bluebells and the primroses enamelled the pathway, and we followed its leading till we arrived at a spot where, without much effort, it was easy to imagine oneself in some forest shut out from the dwellings of man. We had not wandered far before the sky was clouded, and suddenly a shower began to fall. Sheltered by that dense foliage, we listened to the large rain-drops as they pattered amongst the branches waving high over our heads, but we felt them not. Presently the sun burst forth again, and one of its stray yet beautiful beams rested on the grave of the outlaw! We were silent as we drew near to it; for there is something about the sepulchre, whether it be in the crowded city, or canopied by the gorgeous edifice, or in one of the vast solitudes of nature, which hushes and solemnizes the spirit, creating an undefinable emotion, something which identifies us with the fate of the departed, and whispers of the moment when our ashes will be blended with those of the sleepless multitude over whose dust we are constantly treading.

Robin Hood's grave is in the thickest of the wood, at a little distance from the footpath, and is only to be distinguished amongst the brambles which luxuriate around it by the iron-rails placed for its protection. These are interwoven with the clematis, the wild rose, and the ivy. The place did not appear to have been visited of late, it was therefore necessary to remove a portion of the shrubs by which it was blockaded. Within the railing were two large stones; one said to be the original which first

marked the grave; it bore traces of an inscription, now illegible—this was replaced about a century ago by the present stone, which has the following inscription, copied verbatim from the ancient one:—

"Hear underneath dis laitl steun
laiz robert earl of Huntingtun
near arcir ver az hic sa geud
an pipl kauld im robin heud
sick utlawz az hi an iz men
vil england nivr si agen.

Obiit 24 kal dekembris 1247."

Shortly after this we made another excursion to the kindred settlements of Mirfield and Gomersall, where we were received with hospitality and kindness. The route up Tong-lane, through the village and away to Gomersall, presents on a fine May morning, a scene equal to anything I have met with in any part of the country; and then the simplicity and the quiet which pervade these Moravian settlements give to them a primitive aspect, and invest them with an interest which cannot be appreciated by any who have not visited them. They are green oases in the vast desert of humanity, to which the heart clings with tenacious fondness. Long years have passed since the days of which I write, but I still love to recur to the memory of these times. The only objection is *we were too happy*—we knew trouble only by recollection or by name. Even the tedium and drudgery of school exercises were done away with by the blandness and the skill of the teachers, whom we feared not as tyrants, but loved as friends. The innocence of the place, however, did anything but fit us for the roughness and uncongenialities of future life. The susceptible and warm-hearted, while cherishing sympathies productive of the most exquisite sensations, dreamed not that they were dangerous—leading to trains of thought too fine for contact with common things, and creating agony the most intense, and sorrow the most bitter. Still the taste was cultivated and the intellect improved, while the higher and the holier requirements of religion were so brought before us, that we longed to hear more of its sacred mysteries. If I understand it as exemplified amongst the Moravians during my residence at Fulneck, religion was genuine, unostentatious, unobtrusive principle, unalloyed by the cant of fanatics, or by the coarseness of the vulgar, and as such, could not but produce lasting impressions on minds just beginning to expand and to put forth their powers. The very beauties of nature, when pondering in those sylvan solitudes, summoned up the spirit of early and pure feeling—the beautiful and congenial services of the temple led that feeling up "to nature's God." Peaceful happy days! surely I am not the only one oppressed

with a consciousness of the little improvement I made of them; nor can mine be the only spirit which would gladly shake off the defilement it has since contracted in the great world.

"Oh mihi præteritos referat si Jupiter annos!"

PROCRASTINATION IS THE THIEF OF TIME.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer.—*Young's Night Thoughts.*

DEFER not till to-morrow what to-day thou canst achieve,
The task that is allotted thee not uncompleted leave;
For who in this eventful world upon a day can count?
Or oh! if so, has it not too, of grief its own amount?
Sufficient for each day, alas! the evil is thereof,
The toil, the agony, the woe, the pride, the pain, the scoff;
And he who would one scruple add to its o'erpowering load,
Must sink in utterest despair, despite exertion's goad.

The boasted-of to-morrow, ah! what man did ever see?
It is a phantom that allures, a lying phantasy,
A mocking sprite, an empty shade, that time doth personate—
A ghost that haunts the verge of doom we strive to antedate.
To-morrow! who can say "'Tis mine?" not even the most wise;
Or say, "Farewell, thou setting sun—I WILL behold thee rise!"
To-morrow! that to God belongs; and if He chooses still
To grant it thee, thou owest it but to his gracious will;
Or p'rhaps—ah! terrible the thought—it is another snare
To urge thee deep and deeper to destruction.—Then beware!
Think of the days to Pharaoh spar'd, yet harder grew his heart,
Until the mercy of the Lord entirely did depart;
The whelming flood, by Vengeance sent, did, in his very pride,
Sweep him and his audacious host away in its fierce tide.

Man, in the narrow limit of his generation, may
Much good unto his fellow-man (though life is BUT a day)
Perform, if bearing still in mind the PRESENT is the hour
O'er which alone, for earthly works, that he hath any poewr.
The PAST is gone! too idly spent, yet it its MORROW had,
Where better things were to be done to antidote the bad;
The wondrous and the beautiful, the noble and the grand,
Were for that FUTURE all design'd man never COULD command!

ILDA.

BY JOHN WEBB.

[The following is a tale of a knight who, in common with many others, went to take a part with the Christians in extirpating the Moors from the fair kingdom of Granada. As it is only a narrative of adventures of an individual, the reader will not expect many historical facts, &c.]

THERE is a wild and rocky coast
Where mountains stand like billows tost,
Where crag on crag is lofty piled—
Sternly, magnificently wild;
And grand confusion heaped around
Reigns amidst solitude profound,
As if old chaos there had hurled
The ancient fragments of a world.

There the last rays of sunset beamed,
And glorious o'er the billows gleamed;
While all was still, as if the air
In that wrapt hour could scarcely dare,
E'en by a murmur, to profane
The sanctitude such moments claim.

'Twas as if nature paused to gaze
Upon that far-off dying blaze.

Deeper and deeper see him sink,
And now beneath the ocean brink,
Tinging it all; and the wavelets rushed
'Neath flashing gold that o'er them gushed.

But the soft fading, lingering light
Shows other beauties to our sight.
Close by the shore a small skiff lay,
Blue like the waves and bright as they;
While farther off a ship was prancing,
The waves around all gaily dancing,
And on the shore two figures stand,
With cheek to cheek and hand in hand.

The softened cadence of a sigh
Stole from her lip, while in her eye
A tear all glistening trembling stood—
Then fell, unheeded, to the flood.

Young Henry saw the golden light;
It filled his soul with wild delight.
She only saw the last sad ray,
That seemed to beckon him away.

And long they lingered till the day
Had passed in radiance away;
Yet could not part. She loved him well—
Nay, madly. How could poet tell
The wildness of her deep despair,
That fain would keep him ever there?
But he, a spurred belted knight,
Could ne'er forsake his friends in fight;
And from his Ilda must he part,
E'en though his going break her heart;
And truth to say, ambition's wiles
Go far against a woman's smiles.
One last embrace—one dear long kiss;
One more, and then that parting bliss
Is gone for ever.

Then went he
Over the foaming glancing sea;
The lordly vessel proudly bears
Her burden to those distant wars
Where Christian and Moor contend,
And common faith makes common friend.

While o'er the dark blue sea they sail,
We, passing onward in our tale,
Come where the moon with silver light
Bathes all, a camp with glory bright.

And there, 'neath snowy canopy,
Was all Spain's noblest chivalry.
High in the midst a banner flew,
And crowned a tent of kingly blue.
'Twas of the noble Ferdinand,*
The monarch of that sunny land.
But all was still, save those who kept
Stern watch and ward for those who slept,
Pacing until the glorious day
Broke o'er the proud and rich array.

Then rang the trumpet through the air;
Each warrior knelt, and morning prayer
Rose from each lip, and quickly then,
Their matin o'er, both horse and men
All joined the march, and swiftly on
The clashing martial host had gone,
And in its ranks was Henry one.

And now through fields and fertile ground,
Where nature's gifts were rich around,
They steadily and boldly pass'd,
And reach Granada's plains at last.

* Every one knows that King Ferdinand of Spain went to war with the Moors of Granada; and in person headed the enterprise against their kingdom.

Oh, what a land of pure delight
There met their eager curious sight!

The spacious Vega far and wide
Its beauty spread on every side;
While chains of tower and fortress round
Encircled all the favoured ground
Of shady grove and coolest grot
And many a sweet and lovely spot,
And many a riv'let onward gliding,
Over the flow'ry earth all sliding.

The Moorish maid † that walks alone
Oft thinks she hears the dulcet tone
Of music swelling round the throne
Of Allah, her high and holy one.

'Twas sad to think so fair a spot
Possessed so foul and dark a blot,
And 'mongst those vales and shady groves,
Where breezes sighed of angel loves,
Where sun by day and stars by night
Shone down with endless glorious light
That, beaming from the halls of heav'n,
Is by *His* boundless goodness given,—
Those ingrate thousands chanted high
Their song of infidelity.

'Twere needless in this place to tell
Each fortune that our knight befel—
Of every battle lost or won,
Of many a charge that he led on,
Or many a glorious foray
When goodly herds were led away.

Or that the Moorish kingdom, torn
By civil strife and bloodshed worn,
'Gan last to weary all at length,
Save those old halls of gorgeous strength.
Their capital was lost at length,
Save some wild chieftains, who held on
To say that all had not been won.

These few unconquer'd warriors lay
High on the mountains, and their prey
Oft, like the eagle, snatched away.

To conquer them had often gone
Band upon band, and glory won;
But there in rocky strongholds they
Still kept the Christians at bay.

† It is stated in Washington Irving's "Chronicles of Granada," that the Moors believed the residence of their prophet to be immediately over the land of Granada.

Shift we the scene, the pale moon rose,
And, as before, a camp it shows.
The place was wilder than before,
And many a watchfire scattered o'er,
Told that an enemy was near
That even Christians might fear.

'Twas so, dark Moors gazed up to heaven,
Whispering, that Allah's light was given;
And that the silver crescent beam
For them alone had showed its gleam.

Silent they wait a passing cloud,
As on the silvery beam they crowd,
Then in their flashing swords are seen
A hundred crescents,—on they come;
No sound of trumpet or of drum,
But like an evening breeze they come.
Then, like the tiger on his prey,
They spring, and then the battle cry
Is wildly ringing. On they dash,
Down on the foe with cymbal clash.

Firm, as a rock, the Christians stand,
And meet them boldly, hand to hand.
In vain these wary warriors fly
Around the massy rank, they eye
No space for charge, nor fierce attack,
Abashed and foiled and beaten back.

One desperate charge at last made they,
And bore one prisoner away;
Like lightning o'er the plain they shoot,
And vain the rescue or pursuit.

A year its history has told,
E'er we again the page unfold;
We come to where an ancient tower
O'er craggy mountains fiercely lowers,
And like an eagle's rocky home,
In solid grandeur stands alone;
High o'er a fertile vale it frowned,
Stern as the mountain that it crowned.

Here in this lofty, giddy den,
The Gomere kept his warlike men;
A band, whose feared and hated name
Was famed for deeds of blood and fame.

A trade of robber life and blood,
Naught to esteem, and nothing good,
A hardy frame and passions fierce,
Made them the Christian's greatest curse.

Beneath the castle's massy strength,
A dungeon hid its noisome length;
Where Christian captives, snatched away,
Were ever hid from light of day.

A morning's fair and sunny light
Had followed swift a starry night,
When closely from the garden gate,
There came in all his robber state,
El Mori—for upon that day,
His was a glorious foray—
And slowly winding forth, had gone,
The castle left almost alone.

Three days had passed, another come,
When o'er the hills was heard a drum;
Another sounded from afar;
Then all the clash and tramp of war
Was borne upon the spicy gale;
And then five hundred pennons flew,
As closer to the walls they drew.

And then was heard the voice of men;
It louder swells—again! again!
The few within were filled with fear,
For 'twas a Christian army near.

Oh! 'tis a mercy, that a feeling,
O'er universal nature stealing,
Of kindred sympathy imparts
Its influence o'er all human hearts.

The savage on the wildest lands,
The robber with unsparing hands;
The darkest wretch that e'er disgraced
The scene wherein his lot is cast;
The creature who no love deserves,
From God and nature widely swerves—
All own the same great holy spell,
That sometimes makes their bosoms swell
With better things. Oh! 'tis a light
Shed o'er the soul by angels bright;
A heaven-inspired, all-holy flame,
That makes man worthy of the name.

'Twas such an influence that prest
The Gomere robber's heart to rest,
As 'mid the mountain craggy wiles
The warlike band returning files;

Whose laugh, and song, and sportive jest,
Told of their spirits now at rest.
The evening light that shone afar
Seemed mild reproof on blood and war;
And they half wished that fate had made
Them of some worthier kindlier trade.

The robber chief rode quite alone,
And in a rough, but softened tone,
Talked with his better self; and then,
Yielding to the soft witching hour,
Began in song his heart t' outpour.
But hear him of that birth-place tell,
To which he early bade farewell—

Beauteous Italie, farewell;
Only thy children's hearts can tell
How sweet thy smiles;
Bathed in the evening's light,
How charm the soul, and sense, and sight,
To peace the while.
Adieu! dear land;
I've led my brave and faithful band
O'er many a scene;
And never, never, could forget
Those glorious skies of blue; and yet
It soon was o'er, and my dark fate
Clouds all between.

His comrades gazed upon his face,
For on it shone a gentle grace,
That never had they seen before,
Nor did they ever see it more;
For like the lightning from the sky,
'Twas o'er and past, and instant then
El Mori was himself again.

Once more they journeyed swiftly on,
And from that place had clanking gone.
"Hark! hark!" cried Mori, as a sound
Like rushing wind, swept o'er the ground;
They sudden came upon a sight
Of tents, that spread their covering white
O'er all the hills. Well Mori knew
The banner white that o'er them flew.

They gazed astonished at the place,
And then upon their leader's face;
"Back to your fastnesses," cried he,
"Night must our time for action be."

The evening passed, and night came on,
And Mori paced the hill alone;
And as the pale, unearthly light
Of watchfires flickered in his sight,
He in his cautious way revolved
The plan which first he had resolved.

A secret passage had he there,
Secluded from the light of air,
That led its dark and dubious way
To where the prisoned captives lay.

"Then," said he, "in the morning light,
Your camp shall view a bloody sight;
For on the battlements on high
Each captive shall, by Allah! die."

Then slowly, silent, up the glen,
Were filed his disappointed men;
But as he turned, a robe was seen
Close by the spot where he had been.

In a deep dungeon, where the length
Of that great castle's mighty strength
O'erspread the rock, a captive lay,
And sighed in vain for light of day;
Yet was he happy even here,
Nor ever once had shed a tear;
A lovely form his heart possess'd,
And in his Loya was he blest.

She was an orphan, and when died
Her parents, their last words confide
Their only treasured child to him
Who loved the child, tho' stern and grim.

'Twas Mori brought the little child
To his own house, so stern and wild;
She grew up beautiful, and he,
Like father, loved her tenderly.

But oft, in secret, she deplored
The fate that made him of the sword;
And tho' great in her uncle's band
Were anxious suitors for her hand,
She loved a Christian, chained below,
And loved how well, our tale will show.

'Twas he, who on that rocky shore
His vows of love repeated o'er;
Not Ilda's form now filled his heart,
No ardour did her name impart;

The Moorish maid that loved him there,
Had e'en eclipsed his former fair.
She loved him, saw him once again,
And both were happy. "Oh! some day
I'll aid thy 'scape," did Loya say.

His bonds she loosed, arranged their flight—
The Christian army came in sight.
The rest is told: the threat he gave
Was heard by her; she flew to save.

Young Henry long had gone to rest,
When his unconscious hand was press'd—
"Wake! dearest, wake!"
Just as she spoke, a voice was heard,
And Mori at the door appeared.
"Die, Christian, die, thy race is run—
Thou, like thy comrades, death hast won;"
And as he spoke, his lance he threw—
Alas! it was with aim too true.
He saw, as headlong on he rushed,
The life-stream from his daughter gushed;
She sank upon the ground, while they
Fought with fierce madness, desperately.
Just as that dark and dubious fight
Had reached its wildest, fiercest height,
Voices were heard above, around;
And then the cold and chilly ground
Was filled with wild and fearful forms,
Who round young Henry locked their arms—
"Come to the ramparts!" shouted they,
"Come, Captain, for the Christians fly."
And on all rushed, while rose on high
Her feeble, wailing, dying cry.

Now through the passage dark and long,
They rush, and chaunt their battle song;
Unheeded, Henry joined the throng,
While vengeance, deep, and dark, and strong,
Burnt up his soul.

Oh! for the signal to begin—
Soon, soon, 'twas given; then the din
Of strife and slaughter rose on high;
The shouts of those who scorn to fly,
Who there would win, or there would die.
The flashing swords drank deep in blood,
That all round flows in crimson flood.
Blasphemous shouts, and oaths, and groans,
And mangled limbs, and cracking bones,

And many a noble form laid low;
And many a gashed and youthful brow
That scarcely bore a helm till now.

While all the torn and crimson ground
Was strewn with corpses, heaped around,
"Down with the Moslem," thundered he,
The foremost in the victory;
Where Henry's sword is flashing seen,
Where'er his arm uplifted been,
'Tis but for witnesses to tell
The shower of blood, how terrible.
But hark! the clarion shout on high,
The clarion shout of victory.
The fight is o'er, the conflict done,
The castle well and bravely won.

Henry turned, sorrowing, where she lay,
And found her, but had passed away
Her spirit: on that troubled day,
The earth received its kindred clay.

Soon after, one glorious day,
The Moslem power passed away;
And though they fought both long and well,
Their pride and folly headlong fell,
And now can only men recal
Their feebled greatness, and their fall.

Upon that wild and rocky shore
The sun set mantled as before;
And, as before, did Ilda stand,
But now no lover held her hand.

As the deep crimson glow went down,
A dark line crossed the horizon;
And then the clouds all gathering fast,
In darkness all the sky o'ercast;
While in the distance, faint was seen
The flicker of the lightning's sheen;
And like the billows on the shore,
The distant thunder 'gan its roar.

Now nearer still the tempests sweep,
And agitate the mighty deep:
While waves on waves tumultuous rise,
And mingle, raging, with the skies.

Over the dark and troubled sea,
A tall ship laboured heavily;
Now lifted on the mountain wave,
Then hurled below, as to the grave.

Then on it came, that ship was dashed
Down deeper still: the lightnings flashed,
And thunder rolled—the timber cracked;
And all the wild and dread array
Of storm and tempest held its way;
The cloud and wave together tost,
Confusion in confusion lost.

Oh! what are strength or bravery now,
When all is death, above, below!
All hope, or thought of hope is gone.
Yet still she trembles, staggers on,
At last one fearful quivering flash
Has struck her, and with one loud crash
The parting beams asunder sever,
And all is lost—ay, lost for ever.
Then 'neath the lightning's vivid glare,
Was heard the cry of wild despair.

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

One form was borne on by the wave,
As if to seek an earthly grave;
At last, its troubled tossings o'er,
'Twas dashed upon the rocky shore;
The waves rolled back, and there 'twas left,
Of motion, sense, and life, bereft.

She flew like lightning to the place,
And gazed, distracted, on the face:
And as she saw the glaring eye
And quivering form, arose a cry
Of wild heart-broken agony,
As sank she on the ground to die—
'Twas Henry!
In the churchyard green,
A simple monument is seen;
Two names upon its front are graved,
And o'er its head a cypress waved.

She sleeps in peace, nor ever knew
How Henry absent was untrue.

Manchester, May, 1845.

RICHARD BIDDULPH;[1]

OR,

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF A SCHOOL-BOY.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE WORN-OUT BLACK WHO PLAYED THE CYMBALS FOR THE BRITISH ARMY.

Oh, what prodigiously long apologies are due to you, my kind-hearted reader! Oh, what a tender appeal ought to be made to your leniency for having presented you with a sketch of the British army without even introducing in the hinder or back ground of the picture the immortal black who played the cymbals. Why, it is like Gainsborough's landscape without his Market-cart; or a young lady without a pocket-handkerchief. Nay, it is more, for it is a raree show minus a Punch, a Judy, a clown, a brown dog; or rather, it is the English and Irish and Scotch stage—by the by, not forgetting the Welsh and American—devoid of 478 principal tragedians, as well as I don't know how many excellently-correct damsels, who enact anything, from female horse-stealers down to Athenian captives or Roman matrons, upon the stage the self-same evening. Yes, but the black man who played the cymbals for the British army was a *very much* more important character, in every sense of that word important; so that perhaps it is the better way to stand him up on the chimney-piece, so that he may be examined minutely, and his several properties be gone into with scientific correctness. Well, then, the chap who played the cymbals for the British army at the time referred to was surnamed Striker, otherwise Rum Striker. As to where he came from, or what part he was a native of, that must remain on the unpainted side of the canvas, inasmuch as Striker did not know himself, and there was not curiosity enough in the British army to make the inquiry through either the Hue and Cry or the Herald office. Sufficient is it to state his memory didn't carry him back farther that when he found himself dressed in the peculiar costume, playing, or rather striking, away at the cymbals. He didn't care to know how it was he got into the British army, not he; because the subject had never forced itself upon his attention. No; his whole attention—the outside as well as the inside of his mind—was occupied in the one idea of thrashing away at the cymbals; and beyond that, save in eating, drinking, and sleeping, he did not care one jot for the poets, or the historians, or the parliamentary geniuses which tried to dazzle the fancy of all living humanity, not even excepting Rum Striker, the black cymbal-man of the British army. Unfortunately—I say unfortunately because

[1] Continued from page 82.

I mean unfortunately—unfortunately for novel men, as well as for writers and speakers generally, Striker never read any of their generic flights, not he; because the whole of his time, and the very extent and boundary of his attention, was wrapped and concentrated round and about his cymbals. In a word, the black man had played the cymbals so long, and with so much effect, that he saw *nothing* in the whole world worthy of admiration—no, positively nothing; because it was the sound which flew away from the cymbals as he banged them together which crept round his heart, and clung to his every sympathy, not forgetting even whilst he slept, for he then saw a large crowd collected round and about a black man who was the *very image of himself*, and who did nothing else to gain the applause and admiration of both young and old than knock one piece of brass against another piece of brass as lustily as he was able, whilst he heard bravos and applause from all manner of people.

Come, come, this will not do thus to leave the actual world of life, bustle, and positive activity, and to enter into the not less actual world of dreams, and visions, and aches, and pains, and white flowers, to denote pure children, and red and black flowers, to show the inside of prisons as well as the interior of unions, with those who inhabit them. No—let Rum Striker appear in his own earthly character of cymbal-thrasher to the marching regiment which called itself, or rather was called by the chaplain, "the British army."

And here it may be stated, and truly too, that if there was one low man in creation the chaplain would have condescended to shake hands with, it was none other than Massa Striker, the black who played the cymbals. Ay, even though that hand was black, and though that heart in his body might or might not have been of the same colour, still the chaplain felt no disgust, not he; because Striker actually elevated the dignity and exalted the pride of the British army. The chaplain actually thought of proposing his health after dinner upon more occasions than one, and would have done so if it had not been for his strong *penchant* for drinking the health of the highest in command—the iron colonel. But enough of the chaplain just now, in order that the legitimate black—I mean as far as this history goes, but really I can't say one word about his father and mother—in order that the legitimate black may stand bolt upright in the very front of the picture.

Rum Striker was always very particular about his dress when he went out with the band of the British army, and usually wore two large white bags on his black legs reaching down to his ankle-jacks, a spangled jacket round about his waist, and an eastern turban, which might have been made for a sultan for what I know, upon the top of his black dog's-eared hair. His black face swelled itself out as wide as it could go, and shone with very grease, which poked itself through the pores of his skin, whilst his eyes were like two globes of ebony rolling about in every possible direction. Striker didn't walk, not he, for he actually strutted; so that each foot as it grasped a step seemed as though it longed to put its great toe into the chap who carried the great drum, and who always marched before him. Now this might have been natural, but I feel assured that it arose from mere envy and nothing else, and simply because the big drum sometimes—not often, to be sure,

because it couldn't—sometimes drowned the cymballine music which rushed impetuously from around the black man's cymbals. In attempting to describe the cymbals themselves, a kind of warm water has taken possession of me, so that I must wait a little. There, now, I'll go on again. Well, then, the cymbals which Rum Striker carried were very like two vast shields of Achilles, only they were made of brass, and were as resplendent as looking-glasses; so that they were very often used for that purpose by the black, when he invariably held up his head sixteen inches higher after thus gazing at the reflection of the chap who played the cymbals for the British army. Not to leave out a single particular, he stood just five feet eleven without his ankle-jacks, and had rather a balloonish appearance; mind, not to say that he was inflated with gas, but simply that he had been fed from the officers' mess, and had so many good things in his time for the purpose of keeping up the dignity of the British army, that he was like anything rather than the poor apothecary in Romeo and Juliet; and really, considering the hard work he had to perform once or twice a week, it was almost miraculous how he kept up his ponderosity. Only imagine the fatigue of knocking two pieces of brass together as hard as he was inclined to; only fancy the work of strutting as he strutted full a quarter of a mile daily; for it must be known that Rum Striker was conveyed in a cart when the British army marched from one town to another, lest too much grease should ooze out from his oily composition. Now it isn't saying too much when it is stated that the black cymbal-man had been a pet in the British army ever since he first struck the brass, and there was no end to the admiration of every young lady who had the good fortune to clap eyes upon him; for even nursery-maids held up their children on one side while they watched his every movement with the other; and real ladies actually forgot to look at the officers—that is the padded regimental chaps, who were continually looking out for admiration—whilst Rum Striker whopped the round pieces of metal one against the other. Still the officers liked the cymbal-player, because he brought the young ladies out of their sanctuaries, and away from their acts of charity as well as of devotion, so that they might see him lift one of the things in the air and then the other, and then crunch them, or slap them, or blow them into one another's faces. The poor fellow of course got proud, *very* proud of these attentions on the part of the young ladies; but then he never returned their smiles—no, he was too proud to do that; besides, he would have had to smile during the whole day time, which made him put on a stern, angry-looking expression, just as though he were suffering from the tightness of his white neckcloth.

And thus it was with Rum Striker for many years, during which he was the pet of the whole British army, and pulled his nose as close to his mouth as possible—made it fall flat as though it hadn't a bridge to it—whenever he beheld a private; and this he would have continued to do even until the day of judgment, if it had not been for one grand particular, which, however painful to state, must now be revealed. Rum Striker, cymbal-player to the British army, *was not* immortal, for if he was I should be decidedly glad to say so; but, unfortunately, he wasn't, so that every strike he gave to the cymbals only served to allow time to grasp the sound and a portion of him at the same time, and to

carry both into the elastic bosom of eternity; so that they might associate with the first chirp of the goldfinch the last pang of the pauper, as well as the tears and joys of the industrious poor which shall come again into life when the immortal Saviour shall put an end unto eternity. On passing, doesn't it seem funny that Mistress Eternity's bosom should be able to subdue the opposites of this world; for one would think that a queen's, a marquis's, a lady mayoress's, or a lord chief baron's toe would actually kick a poor man's back if it were to run along side of it—mechanically like—as though it were used to do it and couldn't do without it. The governor of a union lying beside or underneath a pauper, or an opera beauty not being able to evade the downright questioning—by means of bones and sores sticking out—of unfortunate beggars. Why, what is the gauze for, the alabaster, the paint, and the varnish of the world, if it does not create a tongue of flesh without spirit which says continually, "I can kiss the sores when they are in a a book—a book of beauty for instance—but I wont let it touch the real, living, nasty poor." Oh, Jupiter, pray forgive me! You wont? Then I can't help it, so I must proceed in spite of you.

Well, then, even during this digression the cymbal-man has been getting thinner and older, so that it is natural to suppose that years have made a vast and very perceptible difference in his appearance. The balloon began to descend, and lost its bulky character gradually, until all of a sudden the chap who had worked so hard for the British army actually received notice to quit his office, so that a younger man—a black, of course—might fill what had been so long *his* situation. To be sure his cheeks had gone in an inch or two, and his eyes weren't so brilliant as they had been, whilst his hair, as if to give a hint to his body, was beginning to imitate the white population. It was a blow, a vast and hard blow, to Rum Striker, yet he had no power of preventing it; so that, without more ado, he pulled a portion of his whiskers out, cried a little, took off the white bags from his black legs, threw down his turban and spangled coat; and having dressed himself in the common clothes which are peculiar to the civilian, whether he be black or brown, he handed over the cymbals to his successor, and forthwith left the British army. He had a pension, but what was that? Nothing in comparison to the proud situation he had lost. Besides, what was Rum Striker to do in the world, and away from the British army? That was the great question. He knew they didn't want cymbals at theatres for their bands, and he knew they were not of much use outside the British army. Still, for all that, he thought he would try his fortune one way or other, so that perhaps it is better, nay, it is best—there's impudence for you—to let the lean old black try and try again, for the matter of that, and it may fall to the reader's lot to meet with him again, although, for the life of me, I shouldn't like to promise it.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE BEGGAR PRAYS TO GOD THAT SHE MAY DIE.

Oh, that old London, or new London, or even the world contained many such houses as that in May's Buildings, in which the old bone lodged with the kind-hearted Mrs. Harty. It was a peaceful sanctuary, in a densely populated neighbourhood, yet away from the world of discord and strife, and it contained naught but that joy which results from charitable action. Mrs. Harty did not keep a servant, but performed those duties which belong to cleanliness herself, assisted by her darling children. And they were indeed darling children, were the young Hartys, from the eldest downwards, inasmuch as they tried all in their power to create happiness in their limited circle. One cultivated flowers, and made the gentle plants send forth sprigs of promise by means of watering and so on, when they were placed outside the window, so that the poor folks might see them on the way to their several occupations. Another cultivated music—sweet, plaintive, heart-thrilling music—so that she might create in stubborn, and apparently unrelenting breasts peace and good will towards all men. Another painted the struggles of the heart and the affections upon stretched-out canvass, in order that one half of the world might learn, they lounged in picture galleries, to sympathise with the other half. Two or three went out daily into very poor people's houses, and ministered to the sick; whilst all of them looked steadily at the nasty sores upon the surface of beggars' skins, and lent handkerchiefs to the afflicted. There were no caged birds round about the apartments—oh no! because they had, all of them—yes, even the youngest had been into prisons where caged men were confined for horrible offences, which they thought resulted from their having been punished when they were striplings. Still, for all this, the family of the Hartys were not prodigies; they were anything but what is theatrically called a prodigy, for there was no presumption—no topping the world—no extraordinary action—but there was great simplicity and genuineness about everything they did, which took them far away from the land of prodigies.

Now, it may be asked, and naturally too, who lived next-door to Mrs. Harty? and really, such a question ought to be answered; but inasmuch as they did not know themselves, the matter must be left in oblivion, for they never asked their next-door-neighbour, or the person who lived opposite, or the parson who resided at the great house in the distance, what they should do; no, for they had a little fellow named Conscience to assist them in their deliberations—that is if they did deliberate; but really they invariably acted upon the first impulse, which, with them, was always the right one.

Street-musicians came with their cracked and discordant instruments; street-singers sang their inappropriate songs; Italian boys placed their brilliant eyes right against the windows of the house—and it was a curious chap that went away cursingly. Yet the neighbours never saw

one halfpenny thrown at their heads, or one loaf of bread jump into their mouths. Still, for all that, somehow or other, they were well repaid for their attention, for the Hartys knew their places of residence, and knowing visited them; so that this grinding upon the organ, or this singing with their cracked voices, or this storm of affection, might have been returned to the Hartys in the shape of heart-felt gratitude. To be sure, very *early* in the morning ragged chaps, men, women, and children, came with empty pitchers, and took away fat soup to glue up their empty stomachs for a time; and when night came on, an old door at the back of the house kept moving on its well-worked hinges, so that grey devils might enjoy the surly hospitality of the old bone as well as that of the Harty family. When they were all collected, as many as the large kitchen could contain, then the old bone would toddle down amongst the devilishly poor people, and grunt forth a word or two of unaffected sympathy; the family would fill the large white basins with a variety of gravies—really, it's too much to ask what the gravy was distilled from—when worn-out appetites would begin to take in theirs first and cramped throats afterwards; and God would force his way through all the cracks, and all the key-holes, and all the openings—ay, even down the chimney, and would smile—oh, such a smile—so full of blessing, and mercy, and goodness, that said, "Dear me, this reminds me of my own celestial kingdom, only that this is in the midst of other houses, which will not follow the example of this benign old bone, as well as these Hartys, whose places are already booked for heaven. Yes," the Almighty Father would continue; "Yes, and so are the poor, for they suffer enough in this world—quietly, tamely; so that when their sores are healed by my best physician death, I will take them unto myself, and they shall be eternally happy."

God said this, then—ay, and He says the same daily, for it is not rich wine or venison which makes the oily world bow down their heads and lay down their unhappy hearts at the shrine of the Son of God, but *it is* hard penury—privation of every kind—bitter, thrice bitter contempt and want which inclineth the poor to look up towards the sky and say, with their yellow-bound eyes and wasted countenances, their praying figures and their unfed minds, "Oh, Father, *Father*, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

Now pray don't be angry, my best beloved companion, for thus picturing a mighty truth, and really, to speak the fact, I can't help it if you are; for, rather than you should curb the bent of this history, I would cut you off the list of my friends immediately, and would count you my bitterest foe. But you will not, I am sure. Now, will you? No! Well then, upon that understanding, let what has been printed stand, and should aught afterwards swell out your black satin waistcoat, remember, that you will have to pay your tailor for a new one, so you needn't apply to Messrs. Saunders and Otley, in order that you may be made acquainted with the name of the house where my money is deposited. No, take all the responsibility upon yourself, mind that, and save yourself the expense of an omnibus. But to resume.

The beggar-woman, who was the mother of the small sore-eyed child which had called forth the old bone's sympathy, looked and

stared with all her shrunken eyes at the various scenes which she was obliged to see whilst she stopped under the roof of this eccentric family. She opened her mouth as well as her eyes as wide as it could stretch, and even wider if it were possible to suppose an impossibility, whilst her ears kept receiving the kindest words from the whole of them. The little child, sore-eyed and weasened as it was, was taken out of her arms and nursed first by one and then by another, until it came to the old bone to do something, when he took out his pocket-handkerchief and rubbed its little nose until it roared again, when, forgetting that any one was there, he put his thin lips against its shrunken cheek and kissed it, when the beauteous child—for *all* children are beautiful—yes, they bear the impress of beauty, the originality of innocence upon their childish faces; and it is only mixing with the world which transforms them to ugliness—when the beauteous child turned its eyes right full upon the wrinkled old chap, and laughed most merrily, then Mrs. Harty gave it food, and they all conspired—ah, what a lovely conspiracy!—to bless its young days, and to stamp its early impressions.

And days passed on—1, 2, 3, 4—Monday, Tuesday, and so on, but the beggar did not appear to lose her original astonishment; no, it appeared to increase with every little kindness. She went to bed, got up, eat, drank, and looked about her; then she made up her mind to wean her child. "Yes," said the beggar, "yes, I'm resolved on't. It's no use thinking I'll do it. I *will*." Then she weaned her child, and was proud to see it eat the artificial meats which we all hadn't much relish for when we were children.

Days passed on, when she yearned to go back to her old haunts, but what was she to do with that darling? "Oh," said the beggar, sorrowfully, "oh, don't tell me about the pleasures of the world. Don't tell me about the pleasures of begging—why, they are nothing by the side of my hope for that sweet object. I can't leave her here, and if I do, I shall always be coming, which might tempt her. No! She has fallen into good hands, and they will bring her up well, and I shall see her, one of these days, happy. Why, I know what I'll do, I'll run away and leave her—I'll run away from myself—*I will, that I will.*" After this beggarly reverie, the woman looked at her child, and gave one deep sigh, when, being alone, she knelt down by its side, and threw her head up towards heaven suddenly, as though she had feared to do so before, when she muttered something, and then got up as quickly as she had knelt down, kissed her child many times, and ran out of the house, as though she had been escaping from the Penitentiary. Without a bonnet, she wandered and asked charity of those who passed, but then she did it with an object. She got money and bought poison—she said, "God and the blessed save my child, as I am not fit to educate it," and swallowed the deadly extract, when the mother came strong upon her, and she rushed as fast as she could back again to May's Buildings, in order that she might see her only darling once again; but no! It was now too late—the beggar reached the house, and fell down dead upon the cold stone which was in front of it. There was a stifled sob, a scream, and all was over.

The old bone was not surprised—not he—he had seen so much

misery; so that the body was taken to the workhouse and placed amongst the skeletons of the earth; whilst the child smiled in sleep upon a small couch in the old bone's bed-room, who now and then looked at it, when his aged countenance lighted up affectionately, and he said over and over again to Mrs. Harty, "Oh that all beggars' children were within my power, and out of the world of temptation! Why, they should accompany this little Jerico to see a pantomime now and then, and I would go with them. Why," he continued, "the child's face is the man's face, ain't it? and what the child sees the man sees, don't he? Yes, yes, the early impressions of joy or sorrow accompany us through the world. Oh, how I wish Jerico was old enough, I'd take her to see a pantomime; but she soon will be, when she shall go. Oh, I'm," the old fellow added petulantly, "Oh, I'm in a hurry to take Jerico to the pantomime, for smiling angels present themselves at pantomimes, to look upon and to bless all those who leave the copper and gold world, so that they may go back again to the days of heavenly childhood. Am I right, ma'am?" he asked, in a cross-examining tone, as though he wished to be answered in the affirmative. "Am I right, eh?"

"Why, to tell the truth," answered Mrs. Harty, "there is not anything in the world half so pretty as a child's face the first time—mind, sir, I say the first time—the darling looks at the stage when it is covered with a pantomime."

"Well, didn't I say so, ma'am?"

"Yes, sir, you did."

"Then, when Jerico is old enough, ma'am, she shall see a pantomime, and I will sit beside her, and you shall sit opposite; and all the world then shall see her clap her little hands, and screech out her joyous exclamations. Yes, it shall be so, ma'am."

"But, Mr. Howard, may I suggest?"

"No, ma'am, *it shall be so, and it's no use suggesting anything, I can assure you*, for Jerico shall see a pantomime."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MISS STIFF SEWS TWENTY-SEVEN BONES INTO HER STAYS AND GOES TO THE WORKHOUSE.

What, twenty-seven? Yes, twenty-seven! And then comes a fellow and says—

"Mister?"

"Well!"

"Ay, mister, but it aint well, for how the devil can you know any thing about stays generally, or that young lady's in particular, when o' course you can't a been her husband, or else she would'nt be Miss, would she, mister, eh?"

"Possibly not, sir, possibly not; but still the matter stated is a clear fact, so you may rest assured about both the sewing as well as

the number of bones sewn; and as you have used the name of the devil, why you have put yourself out of the pale of any further explanation, and what is more, will not get any."

Miss Stiff stitched and stitched bone after bone all round and about her stays, until they stood bolt upright by themselves and without the assistance of anybody. It must be remembered that Miss Stiff was tall, so that she required a tall pair of stays; moreover, Miss Stiff was thin, so that she required a thin pair of stays. As they stood upon the table they were well worthy of contemplation, for more reasons than one; but what made them singularly worthy, was the fact of their representing young ladies' stays in general, for there were places to put the arms through, so that the hands might get to the hind pocket for the sake of charity—which covereth a multitude of sins,—there was a kind of indentation towards the left, so that young ladies' hearts might throb, and beat, and jump up, and swell, and burst fifty times a month with ease, as well as with perfect impunity, and there were about twenty tag holes (are they called tag holes?) at the back, with a marvellously strong lace in them, so that young ladies might let themselves out or take themselves in, according to their own fantastic wills or eccentric pleasures. Still, *still*, Miss Stiff's stays were different from the stays of young ladies in general, inasmuch as Miss Stiff had twenty-seven bones in her stays, whilst other young ladies only have twenty-five; but then it must be remembered that she was about to begin performing the duties of her new office, so that it was actually necessary that she should have an extra bone or two to her stays—Matron!—Matron to!!—Matron to a!!!—Matron to a workhouse!!!! Oh, la, how grand, how gigantically imposing! Only imagine the butterman, as well as the butcher, as well as the coal-merchant, as well as the dustman, as well as the parson, staring at Miss Stiff all at one and the same time, and calling her the Matron in a breath. Then, only picture the terror and consternation, and fear and trembling of the postman as he rapped with one hand and held within his other letters bearing the superscription, Miss Stiff, Matron of *the* Workhouse! Why the clerks at the post-office must surely have rattled their teeth out entirely, and the mail coachman must have taken twenty-nine glasses of brandy grog lest he should tumble from the coach-box.

Going on a little, there were all the menials connected with the workhouse; and then came the paupers themselves.

"Paupers! paupers!! I'll paupers 'em," said Miss Stiff, musingly, "if they ever look at the Matron, *that I will.*"

Then she put on her stays, and corded them up tightly, until they threw a portion of the breath out of her body, when she tied the knot fast on her outside clothing, looked at herself over and over again in the glass, which reflected back none other than what she then actually was, a stiff starched, upright, perpendicular young lady, just suited for the office she was fated to fill; ay, whether it was to be in England or any other part of the United Kingdom.

Well, Miss Stiff finished her toilet, when she descended the stairs of her little house, and having opened the door, went forth into the street with all the dignity which naturally belonged to Matrons of Workhouses. Miss Stiff walked along the street and cast her eyes carelessly

on one side first and then on the other side, so that she might watch the effect her presence had upon the people. Oh, there were many observations as she passed along, from all manner of people, such as wine merchants, and potatoe merchants, and fish merchants, and soot merchants; but they were as nothing when compared with the short remarks of the poor who stood in little clots talking one to another, in order that they might see the new Matron march to the workhouse.

"She's tall, ain't she?"

"She's long, ain't she?"

"She's got sandles, ain't she?"

"She's got stays, ain't she?"

"She's got a donkey, ain't she?"

"Yes, yes, yes," were the answers, when they got nearer and nearer to one another, and talked about the misery of being poor, and the any ways Matrons had of wiping away tears that won't come out of the eyelids, when they joined others and got all together at the entrance to the workhouse, so that they might watch Miss Stiff's first step upon the ground which was the property of the poor. Out of the house came all kinds of poor people, afflicted in every conceivable manner, and suffering from all those vicissitudes which are common to the children of poverty. Some rested upon plain deal crutches, some supported themselves upon shrunken shanks which resembled crutches, some held on to wives or daughters; but all of the curiously mixed people were without pockets to their coat-tails, and some of them had not a rag to dig against their eyes when they were foolish enough to lament what they called their destiny. Well then these workhouse men and women stood at the large open gate watching the arrival of the Matron, and as they stood there they held querulous conversations one with another about having a Matron at all over the workhouse; and really it is a good thing Miss Stiff did'nt hear them or they might have rued it for the rest of their days: for even in those days Matrons of workhouses had a slight portion of power, although—thank God—that power was not so great *as it is now*. The inhabitants of the workhouse stood at the gate; and as it is better to look at them yourself, my own dear reader, do so now—mind this though, they all had a kind of independence upon their faces, which said as plainly as possible, "Though I am a workhouse bird, yet I'm not ashamed of it. No! For I have a right to this kind of treatment, inasmuch as I have *worked* all my life through for a mere pittance, let those who have benefitted by it—the landowners—feed and clothe me now I am worn out, and have no more work in me."

So said one face, and thus said another—"I was born in this country, can be pressed at any time to fight for this country, and as I can't get work, why this country must and shall support me."

Then another—"Here I am in the workhouse. I was rich once, and paid poor rates, and now I receive them back again."

But the chorus of poor faces was this—"They won't let us beg, they won't give us work, so they are bound to *and do* support us. It isn't our faults, it's the fault of the system—the unequal distribution of wealth—and surely, *surely*, whilst the rich live in state coaches, and eat peas at ten guineas an ounce, surely they can afford to assist us to a hard mattress and a crust of bread."

"Yes, yes, my good souls," is the eternal answer, "you are well worthy the attention, the kindness, and sympathy of your own blood and sinews—the same piece of clay which forms the whole human race, whether they be as black as hearses, as blue as prize-fighters' noses, or as white as the gentle lily which sleeps beside the oak."

Now, because this appears as clear as noon day to many persons, it is not to be imagined that there are not some who are of a *totally* different opinion, and Miss Stiff was one of them; for she thought there was a mighty difference between a sweep and a Lord Chancellor, and a singularly broad line of demarcation, separating the sallow pauper from the tightly-laced Matron of a workhouse; so that when she came up to the wide gate which opened to the house, she went along apparently on tip-toe, and pretended not to see the motley personages round about her. Oh, no, she didn't see them, not she, although it is possible she might have done so if they had all bent their necks as well as their bodies at the sight of their new mistress; but inasmuch as they didn't—no, thank God, your old pauper felt a certain degree of independence—as they didn't, why she wouldn't see them at all. Miss Stiff marched in a stately manner through them, however, and went straightway to her new apartments, where she received the keys of various closets, had counted over to her a singular variety of oddments, and was put in full possession of those relics which had been in the workhouse since it had been one. There was a huge print of the "Good Samaritan" in a gilt frame, and another of "Our Saviour feeding the hungry multitude." Then there were four papers full of rules and regulations, a dozen birch brooms and twenty-four pounds of candles. There were other things placed at Miss Stiff's disposal, in the shape of men, women, and children, who were left to her mercy and kindness; so that considering Miss Stiff was a lone single woman, and hadn't a helpmate, she had quite enough to think about. The paupers—old ones who had been in for years—watched every movement of the new Matron with suspicion, lest she should step over the bounds they had chalked out for her; for, let it be understood, the poor souls under the old system could call Matrons to order if they went out of it; and what they said was sometimes attended to by magistrates. Then, again, husbands and wives had their children by them daily, whilst now, *oh, heavens! is it possible that they can be separated by law now?* Let that speak for itself when the time comes, and let Miss Stiff stand at the top of another chapter.

CHAPTER XXXV.

MISS STIFF TAKES TWO BONES OUT OF HER STAYS.

Miss Stiff commenced her duties with wonderful firmness, and attempted to make the paupers shake and shiver whenever she approached them; but inasmuch as they wouldn't tremble, she began to think that some revolutions had happened in human hearts which was perfectly

unaccountable, and not in any way to be understood. What! a pauper to be a pauper and not to tremble at a matron! Oh! the matter was beyond human comprehension; at any rate it was out of Miss Stiff's sight entirely, even with the aid of a telescope; so she thought it was peculiarly terrible, and enough to make the world fly towards the sun with astonishment. Unfortunately for Miss Matron Stiff, she had to deal with a set of paupers who were paupers only in one or two particulars, and were not paupers in others. They were all poor—miserably poor, decayed, forlorn, and, to a certain extent, despised people; they were old and weary, and many of them could not get work, so that they inhabited the workhouse, and in that they were paupers. Being bankrupts, they hadn't too many—no, not half enough—friends or relations; so that they were obliged to eat the bread and meat which was collected from affluent park-keepers, and illustrious duchesses, and money-lending housekeepers, so that in that they were paupers. They had sacrificed nearly all their pride and all their independent comforts when they passed through the gate which led to the large house, and in that they were paupers. But then in spirit, as well as in sticking up for their rights—for even paupers *had* rights—they were anything but paupers. No, a pauper supposes a chap who bows his head and says "Amen" to every passenger he meets, as though every person were the parson; and when you talk of a fellow living in a workhouse and possessing spirit, why you can't say he is anything but a spirited pauper, and not what is understood by the cry of, as a queen might say to a bishop, "Look there, my lord bishop! look there!" Come, be quick, or you won't see it; it's such a curiosity *now*; there, that's a pauper." Why a pauper supposes an empty thread-paper, or a mint without a bar of gold. These chaps, however—by chaps is meant men, women, and children—these chaps, however, were rusty fellows, and not in any way to be trifled with. No, they knew what was due to the pauper as well as those who were above them in rank—such as matrons, and so on—knew what was due to them; yes, and they enforced it, too, whenever they had an opportunity: so that it may readily be supposed how Miss Stiff looked and what Miss Stiff thought when she found herself in the midst of a set of independent hornets who were continually thrusting their stings into the very centre of consequence as well as pride and dignity. She was met here, there, and everywhere with "Look at the rules, ma'am;" and sure enough, upon referring, she found she was only the servant of a mighty power which told her to be kind and considerate to those who were placed in the parish—not hers, mind that, Miss Stiff—in the parish workhouse. Lord bless you, though it was called a workhouse the poor devils were not expected to work so hard as they do now, but rather went into the place so that they might rest from their labours, and die in peace; that when out of work they might find relief, so as not to be thrust upon the world; that women might be attended to by monthly nurses; and that unnatural fathers might be obliged to support natural children. Yes, the old workhouse was a house of peace where the aged of both sexes were wheeled about in huge chairs by those who were stronger than themselves, and where the whole of the inhabitants cultivated a large garden which surrounded the habitation of poverty. Foreigners came and took back to their own countries

living pictures of English charity, and the whole world reverberated with the tidings; whilst now—but stop! The pen, which is acted upon by the mind, and so becomes a portion of that mind, let phrenologists say what they please to the contrary, cannot trust itself to have printed what it thinks of the present system of Poor Laws. As we get on something must be said, *and shall, without shrinking;* whilst let this stand for gospel: "If there ever was a damnable stain upon the character of an age, that stain is printed now—ay, it has gone down to posterity, inasmuch as it is done—in tears and sorrows of mothers who have been—*nay, who are*—separated from their darling infants, whilst a stranger ministers cruelly, by comparison, to their natural wants and instincts. Why, Shakspeare never invented a poem or a play upon an unnatural basis, but here—good God!—our legislators have created thousands of real tragedies for which, one day or other, they will have to suffer; for hell may be a perpetual knowledge in an after state of those sins Christians(?) as well as others have committed whilst upon earth. If such be the case, *look to it*, you hard-hearted and callous vipers, who teach after ages to desecrate your memory, and to abhor your infamous principles, which are thought to be innocent inasmuch as they do not affect or touch *yourselves.*" If you do not think this is true, reader, why there are many poor people who do, so that the balance is right between you; and, after all, it must be admitted that old principles are like old books or pictures, which rest for a time in obscure museums or antique galleries, waiting their time to come forth again with fresh enthusiasm and renewed admiration of their fitness, in spite of the Goths, and Vandals, and devils, who fill up twenty years or so with fictitious doctrines, of which posterity is lost in wonderment and surprise at their having misled so long. Thank God, two great organs of public opinion, "The Times" and "The Dispatch" newspapers, do not cease their warfare, nor will they until that charity which is inculcated throughout the code of our immortal Saviour shall again bless the poor of the land. Reader! don't forgive this digression, for it is hoped you will not—nay it is meant to be perfectly inexcusable, as it is bold, and it is to be hoped, *true.*

And that it is true, twenty short years will reveal.

Miss Stiff, however, acted upon the old system, although she was scarcely fitted to benefit the poor in her matronly capacity; but then she had no warrant for harshness, she had no power to make the aged curse her quietly. Oh, no! she simply had to carry out mild principles, so that what she acted harshly it only militated against her own dignity; for the chaps who were in the workhouse soon, very soon, put her upon her proper standing, and took down her height first of all by inches and then by feet. Miss Stiff began by blowing up the paupers most lustily, and telling them they were paupers, until she had it retorted full in her face that she was only a matron, a servant, a menial to a parish, a mere nothing in their estimation; when, for fear of dying from very vexation, she thought how to make them alter their conduct towards her; and after trying a variety of plans, she hit upon the expedient of taking her stays to pieces and extracting from them no less than two of the bones which had associated with the other bones for so very short a period. There is no doubt it was humiliating, very humbling,

and so on; but then she oughtn't to have placed them there; so that it seemed to be no more and no less than a just and proper dispensation of Providence towards her. Miss Stiff put on her stays after they had been altered, and went amongst the paupers, when it was singular to watch the change that had taken place, for she was almost cringing and servile towards those she had played the fine lady over before. Yet it must be confessed Miss Stiff took the bones out of her stays simply because she was obliged to do so, and with such bad grace, that it really appeared she would put them in again one day or other—that is, if she ever had the warrant for acting so. Soon we may see if she does so or not.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"THE IRON COLONEL" IS FLOGGED WITH A CAT-O'-NINE-TAILS.

It's a monstrous shame to have left Richard Biddulph in the particularly glorious regiment, which was continually marching about from one place to another, and which was continually being called out to behold man after man stripped of their upper garments in order that they might receive so many lashes. The drummers took it quite as a matter of course, as did the officers, and as did those men whose turn it happened not to be. But then there were the wives and sons and daughters of the punished, who growled a-bit, and said it was a shame that any one connected with them should be served out in so barbarous—they called it barbarous—in so barbarous a manner. As to Richard Biddulph, it cannot be stated how many times he was tied up to the halberts for drunkenness or insolence, as well as a variety of other offences against the military code. He didn't hollow—not he—or dare either one jot for the inflictions, he was so used to it; so that he only drank an extra quartern of gin or two, when he could beg, borrow, or steal it, as soon as he could get out of the hands of the doctor. He stuck to the army just because it gave him so much money daily, but as to dreaming about honour and glory, and fiddle-de-dees of that nature, he cared not one single snap of the finger. If he could have found a service more free, or more jovial, or where he could have got more drink and less work (?), why he would have deserted upon the instant, fearless of all consequences; but then, he couldn't, and really there were others and are others in the army who held, as well as hold, similar opinions. When these scenes of punishment happened—every other day for instance—the gentlemen went back lovingly to their breakfasts, and did not allow the scene they had witnessed to disturb in any way their appetite, and more particularly the colonel, who was such an iron, stern, stone-muscled chap, that even if a man died it did'nt make the slightest impression upon his impenetrable constitution. No, he boasted of having flogged more men than any two colonels in the whole British army, and of never having carried his pocket-handkerchief to the place of punishment. He was a man made for a colonel—that is, a

flogging colonel—he was so stern and so very proof—he was a chap suited for carrying out any system, so that it was demoniacal. Now, it so happened that one of the men had a sweetheart—he might have had many for what I know, as most soldiers have—but this one he paid more attention to than to any of the others, and professed one of these days to make her his wife. Her name was Cowslip—Betsy Cowslip—and her face was as pretty and unintelligible as many other young women; that is, she had good eyes, a dimple in both her cheeks, long hair, and an unmeaning general expression. She professed, on her part, to be fond of the man, who was fond of her, and might have been, only she was'nt firm in her affection; for upon the iron colonel speaking to her in his regimentals, she entirely turned up her nose—and she needn't have done that in all conscience, as it turned up of itself naturally enough—still she turned it up even more on that account at any one wearing the dress of a private. There was astonishment on the part of the soldier, and there was disdain on the part of Betsy Cowslip, which fired the chap more than lightning would have fired a church without a conductor. He tugged his hair and his whiskers, but all to no purpose, for soon he saw Betsy—his own Betsy of yesterday—riding by the side of the iron colonel in his cabriolet, which inflathed him to such a degree that he stood looking after it for full five minutes, when he turned upon his heel, and said in a determined manner—

"D—n him, I'll do it; I will, that I will."

On that very night the whole plan was concocted, and being in a flogging regiment, he soon got a few determined fellows to join in the adventure—and as a matter of course, Richard Biddulph was one of them—and he might be said to be as much the ringleader as any of them, for he got the cats out of the cat-chest and waited impatiently for the time when the scheme was to be put into operation. Children determine to do a thing, when they fail sometimes in their continuation of purpose, but men *make up their minds* to do that which is seen to be finished when they do so, and which is done well only when it is *fully* accomplished. Robery, murder, and so on; theft, petty larceny, or any other crime which is recognised as lower in the scale of criminality, when committed by men, loses that irresolution which is generally the accompaniment of the boys' attempt; and it would be wonderful if it were not so, for there is the strength of determination to guide the one, which the other lacks almost entirely. But what on earth can be the use of thus urging a self-evident proposition, more especially as the world now-a-days likes to grasp or to shake hands with one fact rather than to attempt to master forty-nine shadowy opinions of the poets, and really those chaps, the poets, are very funny individuals in every sense of the word funny. But stop! Why only fancy—although it isn't fancy but is an unpadded and unjacketed truth—why only behold six hard-hearted determined-faced fellows met during the quiet hours of the night, for the purpose of carrying into execution their strong and positive intention of inflicting corporal punishment upon the highest officer in command of the marching, flogging, and drunken regiment.

Richard Biddulph might have been the youngest, but he had as bold a heart as any one of them, and that means to say that he had a very bold heart, for they were all of that kidney. They did'nt talk much

one with another, except in whispers, when this might have been a portion of their conversation—

"Why d—n him, he's got an extra bottle to-night."

"Never mind, that will prevent his crying out so loud, the devil."

"Are the cats all ready, Biddulph?"

"Not quite so ready as the arm which is to use them."

"Mind you gag the devil."

"Oh, never fear, he shan't bellow, you may depend on't."

"Is the salt and water in the bottle?"

"Yes, he shall have enough of it, you may rest assured."

Then they kept close up against the wall, so that their victim might not see them on his way from the mess, whilst one feeling prevailed the whole six, and that feeling was revenge. Such was the conduct of the privates on the outside, but let us break a pane of glass and poke ourselves into the mess room, where the officers of this far-famed gloriously marching regiment were regaling themselves upon the dainties which were spread before them; and sure enough the chaplain was still upon the threshold of glory, and was hammering into the ears of all of them what he told them were singular truths about the victories the British army had accomplished; when descending the ladder a step or two, he told them they were the British army, and that their colonel—who he was proud to say was an iron colonel—was the great representative of all the forces, whether foreign or domestic, upon the whole surface of the universe, as well as the sun and moon, the stars and all the planets—that is, supposing soldiers to be requisite in those particular localities, although he must admit—he was a regular admitter of all that was to his purpose, was the chaplain—that there were soldiers in heaven—because Mr. Milton said so. Then the chaplain went into other matters equally as interesting—and if you ask any soldier, you'll find that the chaplain is a devilishly interesting fellow—and finished a very long speech—for chaplains are devils at long speeches—and finished a *very* long speech, by proposing the field martial who would he, when right happened to be right; he meant to say, "the colonel," not a, but "*the* colonel," upon which every man got upon his legs, and said, hip—hip—hip three times, and after swallowing a glass of bad wine, sat down again. It was done as a matter of course, just as though it had been done forty-nine times before the very same week, and the colonel's answer—I beg his pardon—the iron colonel's answer was just about as straightforward and equally to the purpose. He began by saying, "Brother officers;" he did the middle part about glory and victory, and he finished off with a general panegyric upon the discipline which was positively requisite in the army, and which was only to be kept up by flogging the men into a proper state of it.

Some of the majors said, "Hear," some of the captains said, "Hear," "Hear" whilst the juniors actually cried out "Bravo" more than once during the oratorical display on the part of their superior. The doctor did'nt say anything, but then he was like the parrot—he was—for he thought the more—at any rate if he didn't, he said he did—and who would wish to quarrel with a doctor? The bottle passed round joyously, and it appeared to be carried on by time, who had large wings and flew round and round, and then out of the window, whilst these hunters and

scamperers after glory filled their pouches with the spiritual wine peculiar to the messes of the British army. Soon—they thought too soon—their pouches began to show a ponderosity as well as a globular appearance; then the spirit which was in the wine began to ascend—as spirits are said to do—higher still towards heaven, when it stopped at their heads and took possession of them, and played all manner of tricks with their imagination, which ended in the chaplain proposing an innocent toast enough, although the doctor didn't think so—nay, he even said as much, which called forth the chaplain's wrath, ire, and indignation, and which was ended by the twain taking two glasses of wine with one another. The chaplain and the doctor quarrelled so often, and made it up so often, that it was quite lover like, or barrister like, or king and queen like, or anything else like, when quarrels are mere visions of quarrels, and have a glass of wine, or a kiss, or a double fee, or a territory behind them. Then came a song or two, and an anecdote or two about the ladies, which were not particularly clean or healthy; and then, overcome more than a little with bad wine, jokes, and songs, the colonel bowed his head to the mess, put on his cocked hat, and toddled away as fast as these combinations allowed him. He was an old man, and had marched over a great many miles of earth, and he had presided over many messes—messes of battle as well as messes of messes—but still for all that he was an iron heart. Oh yes, he was an iron colonel. He had a family and was related to many noble families; he had sympathies of a private and confidential character, but then he flogged; yes, he was a strict disciplinarian, and acted up to the dictates of his iron judgment.

Dear reader, stop a little!—take breath!—now go on again. The old colonel was soon stopped in his progress by the six determined privates, who took him, after gagging him, to an unfrequented spot, where they stripped off his red regimentals, and made the pale moon shed her subdued light upon his aged-shrunken yellow back. Now then, one caught hold of his wrists and swung him upon his back, whilst another held his thin legs, when the others used three *cats* so adroitly, yet so unmercifully, that the iron colonel actually shook again from very pain and torture. His muscles first threw themselves out, then drew themselves in again, whilst he writhed and struggled as well as his feeble yet iron (?) frame would allow him. There was no disposition to show mercy on the part of those who had not received any in their days and months of trouble, and really if they killed outright the iron colonel, they did not appear to mind even that, if it had not interfered with a portion of their object. After giving the iron colonel 200 lashes, they took him down and rubbed his sore back with vinegar, which made him quail again, when they carried him more, dead than alive, near to his quarters, and then the privates went back again to theirs. Mind there was not a word spoken. Oh, no, they knew better than that. And their faces were covered with a thick crape, so that it may in this place be revealed that they were never discovered. No! Many were suspected by the iron colonel, but he had reasons for not bringing them to justice. The poor old man! Bah! The infamous scoundrels! Bah! Bah!! The iron colonel was a devil, and he deserved punishment, *so as to stop the evil*, even though one of his feet had been upon the brink of the grave.

Another chapter may tell what the iron colonel did, as also what he left undone; but depend upon it that *that* punishment is likely to have done *more good than harm to the British army*.

Now, *now* dearest reader, it becomes positively necessary that our acquaintance should break off for a whole month; and I would not give one doll's head for your friendship, if it doth not make you long for the time to come when we shall see one another, and agree with one another again and again. But stop! For the present month, adieu.

LOVE AFTER DEATH.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind?—*Gray.*

THOU art in heaven, belov'd, in heaven thou art,
Yet I am not forgotten quite by thee;
A ling'ring mem'ry clings around thine heart,
Holy and true, of tenderness for me!
For why should I believe, so fond below,
So anxious over my well-being here,
Thou art indifferent to my joy or woe,
Heedless, unconscious, my terrene career?
Can things of such an intense int'rest deem'd
A little space before death's final stroke,
So insignificant be now esteem'd?
Was every link of love terrestrial broke
When clos'd thine eyes in his undreaming rest?
His sleep is not so apathetic,—No!
Still in thy gentle, thesaurising breast
Affection undiminish'd lends its glow.
God is thy paradigm; He piteous looks
Upon the earth, too full of sin and grief,
And then consults the everlasting books
How best He can administer relief.
I'm not unworthy His especial care;
I'm not too mean for His especial aid;
How then couldst thou, His angel, cold forbear
To love the creature that His hand hath made?
To thy supernal joy it still must add,
To watch my struggles thy blest heav'n to gain;
Yes, angels and archangels THERE feel glad
When those fond struggles are, alas! not vain.
It must increase delight to learn my love,
For though in heaven love is indeed supreme,
Yet 'mong the congregated hosts above
None would a mortal's love superfluous deem!
Then let me think MY love is priz'd by thee;
Then let me think my welfare still is dear;
For it will soothe, that tender phantasy—
Oh! greatly soothe each pang foredoom'd me here.
And let me think THY love, like hov'ring cloud,
Invisible, yet powerful to save,
From Sorrow's blast my shrinking form will shroud,
And Sin's, me veiling spotless for the grave!

"A LONG DAY."

BY GEORGE RAYMOND.

THAT every person is the best judge of his own felicity (that is, of those things which best please him), can admit of no doubt; but every person is not a judge of the nature of its existence, its subtle dependence, the nice poise on which it tremblingly lives, and the capricious element to which it must ever be subservient. In fact, the greater part of mankind very frequently mistake the grounds on which such acquisition rests; and thus, whilst they fancy they are pursuing the desired object, are only preparing for themselves very opposite results. It is not that they are without the perception of what is bright and fair, but they mistake the mystery of its brilliancy, as one who should ignorantly say, "The glow-worm, which is so beautiful by night, how much more dazzling must she be by day."

Montaigne tells us that many persons who feel warm in their clothes, fancy the warmth is extracted from the wool, whilst it only keeps in the living heat of their own bodies; by which he would also imply, that if such persons were sick and did not feel the usual comfort in their clothing, they would be apt to say their covering had lost its agreeable virtue, whereas the defection would really be traced to their own torpid state of animation.

In like manner a person may have found, at some period of his life, great delight in a particular place or district. His fancy wanders in the past scenes which his memory recalls, and he resolves on a revisit to the spot of his old enjoyment. The experiment is made, and he finds to his mortification, and no less to his astonishment, that all is flat, spiritless, and uninteresting. He scarcely can believe in the identity of the soil or region; the fact is, his past enjoyment had been the result of circumstances which he had altogether left out of his calculation—namely, the aspirations of youth, the companionship of some particular friend, or the coincidence of some special piece of bonne fortune.

There is another and very common kind of mistake in the pursuit of enjoyment, and this is with persons who know a little more of the truth, but use the truth not wisely; as one possessing himself of proper tools, but not having served an apprenticeship to his trade, labours too much and produces too little. "He who would drink the wine of life purely," says Sir William Temple, "must not drain it to the dregs;" a doctrine which many more may have heard, than have had the wisdom to follow. Thus, a person

starving himself for the purpose of acquiring a good appetite, becomes, on the contrary, sick, and can eat nothing; and he who takes an extra dose of wine with the hope of making a more brilliant speech to his audience, is very frequently found little better than stupid. It is not that fasting does not produce an appetite, or that wine does not exhilarate; but an overaction of the causes has produced a reaction of effects.

Again: Pleasure is by no means of a malleable nature; we all know it to be brittle enough. Pleasure, like content, cannot be beaten out to cover a space; for, as mercury, when it covers a space, it is no longer quick; and though the substance itself is not annihilated, yet it is so changed as to have parted with its essential properties. The very existence of pleasure, for the most part, seems to consist in that which we lament as its defective quality, namely, its transitory nature; as the blaze of a star would appear less brilliant were the light steady. Endeavour to arrest some pleasures, and the effect would be as lifeless as that of the painter, who attempts to represent a flying arrow by painting its actual form in his sky. Peace and content are alone made "for all time;" joy lives in surprises, and delights are heightened by doubt. Lady Teazle, who lamented that roses did not blow all the year round, would have been astonished, perhaps, to hear that she would like roses the less were her desires granted; and perpetuity is such an enemy to fruition, that we have heard of one who had been many years affluent, having positively a hankering after his old excitement of being once more in debt. Content, we may in fine, regard as a wholesome draught, but pleasure as a dram; the one may supply our daily sustenance, but the other must be dealt with sparingly.

Pleasure, "that reeling goddess with the zoneless waist," must also be as unexpected in its approach as fleeting in its passage. No holiday is so sweet to a school-boy as that which is suddenly permitted him; and he feels more delight by the unexpected discovery that he has half-a-crown in his pocket, than though he had been aware for a week together, he had five shillings locked up in his money box. Some pleasures, like certain trees, perish by change of climate; and the very things which confer delight in one situation, are not even open to our perceptions in another. The atom which dances in the sunbeam is not visible to the eye in the shade, though it equally exists there; and many things to be relished by the palate, like the muscatel, must be eaten or drunk in the country in which they grow. It is a great question whether a Turkish ottoman would give us the repose of a rustic seat, were we to meet with it in a wild and romantic valley, though it be constituted for the express purpose of luxurious ease. There must be a sympathy in all things; we would neither admire a Hercules formed in alabaster, nor a Titania cast in bronze; the delight of sentiment would

be utterly destroyed. The observation almost equally applies to physical and mental gratification.

Premeditated pleasure also as frequently fails as premeditated wit. You wait an occasion which perhaps never arrives, or you force its fulfilment, which is utterly unproductive. The sowing time is its best harvest, for anticipation is all its yielding. Woe be to those in the journey of life who "promise to themselves a great deal of gratification." Not merely does the common uncertainty of mortal things wait on these airy pledges, but it seems that the fondled chances grow up more sickly under the strong nourishment of confidence.

"Checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of actions highest reared."

The promising boy turns out the dunce of the family; the promising lode yields not the payment of working the mine; the promising Christmas affords but a dull festivity; for all these matters having been too anxiously taken out of the common hands of chance for the fancied better security of special promises, the latter stop payment at the very moment we are counting our gains, and principal and interest are lost together.

One of the most elaborate schemes that ever entered into the mind of man, for the security of domestic beatitude, was adopted by a celebrated man, Mr. Thomas Day, but which utterly failed in its promised results. He selected a foundling girl, whose tender mind had as yet been unenlightened, and whose maiden heart had to receive its first impressions. He educated and instructed this being with the view of accomplishing that "divine perfection of woman," and making her his own wife. But what he had promised himself failed; his care, though not thrown away on one undeserving, fell ultimately to the profit of another, to whom she gave herself in marriage. Mr. Day had perhaps found himself a tolerably happy husband, had he left it for "chance to crown him."

By these suggestions we do not mean that the best line of prudence should not be embraced in all things, but merely that what appears the most advised, should still be held unacquitted of mortal uncertainties, and be invested with no more than a portion of confidence; success will in this way become more triumphant, or failure lose much of its mortification.

Light and trivial examples will frequently prove unfamiliar propositions, as children's toys are fabricated on the principles of mathematical truth. As illustration, therefore, of one particular in our inquiry above, we offer a little domestic incident.

Emma Standish and Julia Perceval were what is called the best friends in the world; that is, they were not intimately acquainted, rarely met, and when they did, it was at some unpremeditated moment, which called into action the welcome exercise of cheerful conversation, in which each had a little manual of incidents to unfold. The principle of free trade was admirably carried out between them; they touched at periods at each other's territories, the interchange of commodities enriched each party, and no duties were demanded but smiles and good-humour.

Miss Standish was the only daughter of a widowed mother. They occupied a house in a fashionable quarter of the town, where Mrs. Standish was occasionally found "at home," receiving a troop of visitors who afforded her the means of gratifying much of her satirical ill nature for the expenses incurred. Her tongue, as John Hall expresses, was like the tails of Samson's foxes, bearing firebrands; but of this her friends were well aware, and repaid her, if not in the same commodity, at least with an equal good-will, by all declaring, if they hated any one person in the world it was Mrs. Standish. This lady once struck up a kind of intimacy with a dowager after her own heart; but it did not last long, for less pleasure was found in abusing a third person in each other's company, than abusing one another at a distance. But Emma was really a nice girl; so innocent her nature, that she durst tell even her dreams; endowed with quick perceptions, too, always excepting that filial blindness which made her quite unconscious of the frailties of her mother.

Julia Perceval, as we have observed was much of Emma's quality. She was also an only child. Her father, a retired general who had served many years in India, and whose fiery liver had made no inroads on his natural good humour, for he was reluctant in believing that that which agreed so perfectly with the latter could have any enmity with the former—namely, port wine, to which he freely conceded the term generous. He was perhaps a little too blunt with the men, and a little too lively with the women; and his religion very like that of the Portuguese—a nun and a bottle. He was, nevertheless, an agreeable companion, but like those whom Coleridge compares to musical glasses, if you would produce their finest effect you must keep them wet.

"Julia is certainly a charming girl," observed Emma Standish one morning to her mother. "How I wish I could see more of her; that we lived nearer; that we could be more frequently together; I should be so happy."

"I hope you are happy," replied her mother, a little reproachfully.

"Oh yes, you know I am; but is not Julia agreeable? so very cheerful; has so much to tell us, and there is such an amusing variety in all she says."

"Variety!" repeated Mrs. Standish; "do you mean to say that, like some people, she is never twice in the same story?" . . . . .

A fortnight had elapsed since the above remark, and the two young companions again met. The usual good humour prevailed, the same belles plaisanteries succeeded.

"You must now, my dear, dear Julia," said Emma at parting, fulfil a pleasure which I have long promised myself; I have thought of it so much—dreamt of it so often."

"Dreamt of it! I wonder if I may ask what it is."

"Simply this. On Thursday next I shall be alone—all alone. Mamma has an engagement for the whole morning, and you must come to me early, Julia—to breakfast. Bring your work, and we will pass a *long day* together. Shan't we be happy?"

"What! a whole day! from breakfast to bedtime?" exclaimed her equally delighted friend.

"Yes, yes; and mind, early, quite early, you cannot come too soon. We shall have such a number of things to do; so much to say; but the jealous, envious time will pass too rapidly, I fear. We will" . . . .

"Walk? drive?"

"Oh no, no! I want you for a *long day* all to myself--all by ourselves."

It was indeed fortunate for Emma that Thursday next was no distant date, for she absolutely slept not a wink in the intermediate time. Her long nights were passed in anticipation of her "long day," till she began to look as eagerly for it as a Mahomedan for the new moon and approaching Ramadan.

Thursday at length arrived, and Emma was "stirring with the lark." A drizzling rain ushered in the morning, but there was a day-spring within, which the external gloom could not invade. By nine o'clock the carriage of General Perceval drew up to the door of Mrs. Standish. Emma sprang forward to meet her friend. So warm was the welcome on one part, and so hearty the salutation on the other, as to give the appearance of a sudden recognition of bosom friends whom the chances of war had long kept asunder, or even of two lovers, who, from the depths of despair had been unexpectedly thrown into each other's arms.

"My dear, dear Julia, this is indeed kind of you," exclaimed the enraptured Emma; "you are come so early, the day is all our own; mamma will not be seen till dinner-hour."

"Why, we shall be too happy," replied the sparkling companion, whilst she thought on Time with Dr. Young, "How much is to be done."

The ceremony of breakfast now proceeded. The Mocha berry and the Hyson leaf poured out their fragrance. "The hissing urn" threw up its liberated vapour, which mingled the sublimation of busy thoughts, which burst from the lips of the two friends, as

though condensation were no longer a law of nature. The volubility of speech, the rattle of china—the talk, the toast—the mirth, the prawns—had already consumed an hour. It was past ten, and much past belief, when the service was removed, and the apartment free to the day's enjoyment.

"What shall we do first?" eagerly demanded the young hostess "You have brought your work? Your tambour frame?"

"No, Emma, indeed; I knew I should have no time for working it. Besides, I wouldn't have anything supply one moment of your society. Let's talk."

"And so we will," replied Emma, drawing her chair still nearer to her companion. "What a crowd last Tuesday at Lady Ellesmere's! Do tell me about this Mr. Harvey; he certainly likes you."

"Oh! *I* think *he* thinks so," replied Julia, laughing. "I don't hesitate to say I found him agreeable." Thereupon a very interesting narrative ensued, in which Julia took her turn as the principal speaker.

The history which she now entered upon, as it forms a chapter, with but slight variations, in the fortunes of most young ladies, we will spare our readers; suffice, that another hour was lost to these co-heiresses of time's estate, when they again turned to see how their account stood, mutually regretting their joint possession was sensibly diminishing.

Here Emma, by a kind of involuntary action, again poured out her expressions of delight at their present meeting, which being so abruptly parenthetical, snapped asunder the long thread of trifles, without taking up a new skein, so that for the first time, their tongues were brought to a halt; in fact, they had breathed their steeds so quickly over the favourable flat, that the bit of rising ground which now presented itself materially checked their pace, for,

> "He who mounts him on the swiftest steed,
> Will sooner bring his courser to a stand."

The pause continued; an embarass almost amounting to pain occupied the parties; each expecting the other was on the very brink of saying something, both remained silent.

"My dear Emma," observed Julia, rather abruptly, "I half regret I did not bring my tambour frame, it might have amused you."

"Oh! no, my love," responded the other, "it was for your sake I made the inquiry. I thought you might snatch five minutes for continuing it—but I see it is impossible."

Here, another fragmental chapter was brought to a close. Each lady caught the eye of the other—both smiled, but not a word was uttered.

"Do pray, Julia, tell me what book you are just now reading," exclaimed Emma, with such a display of over energy, as though her life depended on the reply.

"Oh! I am about finishing a most delightful work," answered her friend, in no less transport: "Mr. White's 'Three Years at Constantinople.' A most charming, exquisite book. No work exhibits the manners and habits of the Turk like it. I should have concluded it to-day, but——"

"Dear me! I am so sorry you did not bring it—for your sake."

"For my sake!" interrupted Miss Perceval, pressing the hand of her entertainer, "do not say for my sake, whilst I have so much happiness in being near to you."

Here another Shandean chapter was closed.

Julia was now nervously conscious of that peculiar malaise which is "past surgery," of course augmented by the repeated solicitations to consider herself at home.

Broken accents now succeeded, like the unmeaning sounds from a disabled barrel organ, till at length Emma, with a kind of convulsive start, which people sometimes exhibit in their sleep, said, "I fear we have nothing here worth your looking at; however, if you like to make the trial,—that is, as you may feel inclined,—but, pray just do as you like." Saying which, Miss Standish drew the attention of her friend to that bijouterie, a loo table—that central attraction of a modern drawing-room, covered with articles of every possible denomination but the useful, with the exception, perhaps, of a certain number of books, placed at a circular equidistance, like the signs on a zodiac, or like the diablerie in the incantation of Der Freischutz, and in this instance invoked, if not to raise a red devil, at least to dispel a blue.

"Are not these views on the Danube exquisite?" demanded Emma. "Well, just run through that Album first. Oh! these are some silly lines my cousin Charles composed on my birth-day; they're not bad either—and if we had time, I would just like to show you . . . . but it must be past two—dear me! a quarter to one!" continued she, running towards a time-piece—"how strange! this clock—it never stopped before."

"No, dear," said Miss Perceval, drawing forth her watch, "'tis right enough."

Poor Emma, who had fancied their pleasure would so far outrun their time, as the Spaniard's game at chess, which outlived the death and burial of three generations of Hidalgoes, began to feel that her spirits which had, at starting, fairly run away with her, must now laboriously be driven.

"What a crowd we had on the 13th at Lady Ellesmere's ball," said she, "there must have been, at least, three hundred persons," which words she had scarcely uttered, when the recollection of

having made pretty nearly the same observation before, challenged the blood into her very forehead.

"Ah! Emma, there is more in Lady Ellesmere's ball than I had fancied, and your looks indicate it too. Are we mutually to confess to-day?"

"'Twas my initiation. I never had been at a fancy ball before that evening."

"And were you charmed?"

"I think, had I gone without much premeditation, I should have been; but I had heard so much of this character of entertainment, and promised myself such abundance of gratification, that—"

"You were disappointed," continued the other.

Here the friends again caught each other's gaze, when a kind of bizarre sensation took possession of them, not very unlike that of a child, who is suddenly detected in pilfering a lump of sugar.

Here terminated a further Shandean chapter.

"You should, indeed, my dear Julia, have brought your tambour frame."

"I will, another time," answered Miss Percival.

One more chapter.

Again, the struggle de faire les frais de la conversation.

"Do you ever attend Faraday's lectures?" asked Julia, with the vivacity of an actress.

"No: but I do not say I am without a great wish so to do. This is an analytical age, both morally and physically. I should indeed like to hear Faraday eloquent

'O'er crucibles and stills,
Drugs and elixirs.'"

"Oh, what an extremely pretty quotation! Where did you find it?"

The weather having cleared a little, Emma, as she was standing at the window, observed Mrs. Standish in the act of stepping into her carriage.

"Mamma is going on her engagement; had I thought of it, we might have accompanied her as far as Howell and James's, and then . . . . dear me—is it too late?"

"Do not think of it on my behalf; you know we promised ourselves this day together."

"Oh, that we did!" exclaimed Emma, with more hypocrisy, perhaps, than she had ever in her life exhibited. "On the whole, it may be fortunate, for I have so much to tell you, that I should hardly have time for it in a drive."

"Quel bonheur!" cried Miss Perceval, as she turned her grateful gaze towards a piano forte, as though an oasis in the desert. "Will you let me run over that Bohemian Polka?"

"Oh! do, do, do," responded her friend, greatly relieved.

"Why, 'tis locked."

"Locked! and as I live, mamma has the key with her. How un . . . . how cruelly un . . . . but tell me, Julia, Constantinople must be a very interesting city. I really long to hear all about it."

"Upon my word I know not how to commence so general a subject," rejoined the lady, laughing, "but I do promise to send you the volume."

Miss Perceval now began playing with the lace edging of her dress, whilst her fair hostess turned over and over again sundry notes of invitation, which lay scattered on a side table.

"If we have time, Julia," said Miss Standish, "yes,—three o'clock, will suit admirably . . . . we will take a turn in the square. We have but to put on our bonnets, you know. I am sure you would like one short turn—just once round the walks," which observation was made so imploringly, that her visitor at once consented.

A few more hard struggles brought them to three o'clock.

Emma now felt tolerably at ease, and the ladies were preparing to equip themselves for the stroll, when Miss Perceval exclaimed,

"Emma, you will be disappointed; it rains again—bless me, what a shower! but come," continued she, observing her companion's ill concealed distress, "we have endless amusement here; for myself, I am happier where I am."

Emma now felt herself like a vessel suddenly becalmed midway of the great Atlantic, and looked anxiously for the breath of a single word to aid them on their voyage to the hour of six o'clock. She felt it necessary to rally the full force of her spirits—all the volunteers had long ago gone out to service, and her army was now composed but of pressed men; these, however, she drew up in order of battle. And now, by a kind of common plunge, as though rushing on death together, the two companions threw themselves into a stream of Mesmerism, Clairvoyance, General Tom Thumb, her Majesty the Queen, and Tennison's last poem. Inevitably would they have perished in this world of waters, had not one of the humane society, in the shape of a family footman, at this moment entered the room. The attendant announced the card of Captain Barlow.

"My cousin Charles," vociferated Miss Standish in unfeigned disappointment. "Would he not come up? True, we are denied to all our friends to-day—but Charles . . . . dear me! how unlucky!" when the young lady taking the little printed document from the man who waited, read in pencil, "We are off to-morrow for Ireland—fear I shall not see you—will write within three days."

"Emma, I am indeed vexed, distressed," observed Julia, "this disappointment arises entirely on my account."

"No, no, no," eagerly responded the perplexed lady, "but I should like to have bade him adieu; you would have admired him so much—I am sure you would. Charles is so pleasant, so very agreeable; and I don't think he would have interrupted us much."

"Could not your servant overtake him? He cannot be yet out of the street."

"Impossible, dear Julia," responded Emma, mournfully—and the two ladies ran to separate windows.

Five minutes—ten minutes now elapsed in perfect silence, during which our fair friends were wistfully gazing into a wide street, wherein nothing was stirring but a brisk shower.

To make out the time appeared now as vain as looking on the ground for the shooting star, which might just before have been seen in the heavens.

"The ladies now resumed their seats and began to saw away in the monotony of two stone-cutters in opposite boxes.

"Tempus edax rerum." Fain would our two patients have pronounced res edax temporis—but alas! two long hours were to be digested before the promised meal for six o'clock. Emma now starting from the enclosure of the window, opened such a volley of heterogeneous words, which fairly outpattered the rain storm on the verandah. It met with equal response, and the desperate friends talked away in a perfect hurricane. It was

"Quis, quid, ubi, quibus auxiliis, cur, quomodo, quando." But according to all metcorological signs, this was too violent to last; and the whirlwind of words was soon over, but without bringing sunshine on their prospect. The plethora had turned to a calenture, and to have lost half an hour, would have been as salutary to the patient, as letting blood in a fever: but the time did arrive when the sisters in affection were called on to make their toilet for the family dinner.

The strife was now suspended; their natural spirits again rose, and the animal barometer was at set fair. The sash, the bandeau, the skirt, the sandal, offered something to talk about; and by half-past six o'clock, the sworn martyrs met Mrs. Standish in the ground apartment.

Mrs. Standish was a tall, masculine lady, with tremendous eyes, which, like those of the ostrich, might verily hatch eggs by merely looking on them. She had but one virtue in nature, and that the frailty of Sevigné, believing the only excellency in the world was to be found in her daughter. But in denying to all the rest of the world one tittle of respect, she materially dishonoured that maternal partiality which might otherwise have been held blameless.

Mrs. Standish was one of those annulose ladies, all rings, arm-

lets, and bracelets. These hung in confusion about her, like a Chinese puzzle, reminding us much of the Tragic Queen, with whom she might have said,—

"——— But when I feel
These bonds, I look with loathing on myself." *

"You have passed an agreeable day, my dears," said the lady of the mansion, in a tone which but little harmonized with the sentiment.

"Indeed we have," responded Julia, who began to fancy she would very willingly recall the monotony of the morning, to have been relieved from the shortest span which the evening promised.

The ceremony of the dinner table now proceeded. Emma had in great measure recovered her composure—the only one perhaps, at this moment, at ease. Julia felt a kind of awe in the presence of Mrs. Standish, which had but little affinity with respect; and she discovered the character of her hostess more clearly within ten minutes, than her young companion who had scarcely been separated a day from her mother for nineteen years. But this is as it should be. Children rarely attain any influence over the weaknesses of parents, and it is well, therefore, that they do not see them. As to Mrs. Standish herself, it was not likely she should put on the hypocrisy of courtliness towards so girlish a visitor, particularly as she beheld a being beautiful as her own daughter, and one whose amiable qualities offered so much temptation to the indulgence of malice.

"I can assure you, Miss Perceval," said Mrs. Standish, after a few observations respecting her drive, "Emma has made a great sacrifice for you, this morning. Indeed Emma," continued she, turning towards her daughter, "you should have been with me on one particular visit I made to day,—but I will tell you more about it at another time."

Julia attempted to say something, but was unable. Mrs. Standish now directed her attention entirely to her daughter, speaking of a variety of persons who were, of course, utter strangers to her visitor, and mentioning a few family subjects in a half whisper.

"I called to-day to make enquiries respecting poor Mrs. Fraser —she cannot last long."

"What was the account?" asked her daughter.

"Oh, I was hurried, and told Williamson not to wait—but he left cards. There appears no question now in the case of Mr. Harrington—people talk of the insolvency openly."

* There was an ancient lawgiver, (Zaleucus), who, to prevent sumptuary follies, enacted, that no woman should be attended by more than one maid, unless overcome by drink—none make expensive excursions, unless for an intrigue—and none to wear golden ornaments, unless to hire themselves to wanton lovers.

"Mr. Harrington, of Bryanstone Square?" asked Miss Perceval.

"Yes, my love," responded Mrs. Standish, with more satisfaction than she had evinced in any previous reply. "Do you know him?"

"Papa is well acquainted with him. Mr. Harrington, the American merchant—he was accounted very wealthy."

"The event will not be inconsiderable, I believe: and such is the state of American affairs, that I apprehend it will be perfect ruin. How disgraceful to such a man as Mr. Harrington!"

"Calamitous indeed!" rejoined Julia with quickness, "but not consequently disgraceful. Misfortune should not imply dishonesty."

"No, by no means, Miss Perceval; but the term misfortune is too often its flimsy apology."

"Not in Mr. Harrington's case," observed Julia, with spirit. "Benevolent in prosperity, his gratitude in adversity will ——"

"How can a man show gratitude who has no money?"

"As a man can show courage who has no sword. He can ——"

Here the last words of Julia's observation were interrupted by Mrs. Standish turning suddenly round, and addressing her daughter on an entirely fresh subject.

The remainder of the dinner ceremony passed off pretty nearly in the same manner, with this exception, that Mrs. Standish had all the "talk" to herself, which, from the light blade of ridicule to the heavy sabre of invective, she exercised with considerable self-applause. Emma now, in a side speech to her friend, observed,—

"We shall have a pleasant evening together in the drawing-room. You will give us some music, I hope."

The ladies presently retired up stairs, when Mrs. Standish impatient to tell her daugher some of her transactions of the day, beckoned her to a distant corner of the apartment, where they sat down, leaving Julia to follow the course of the Danube or the fortunes of Mr. Harrington, perfectly uninterrupted. But the tea table brought them all once more together, when Emma, in a manner so gracious, made atonement for the sins of the mother, that Julia at once lost sight of her affronts, and harmony seemed restored.

The piano forte being opened, the anxiety of Miss Standish that her friend, who was an accomplished player, should perform one of her favourite pieces, was readily assented to. Miss Perceval selected a composition of Bach's, which she commenced in so brilliant a manner, that Emma felt a delight which, in this instance, surpassed her anticipations.

But there are secrets in the natural world which yet remain to be discovered. All discord may be harmony not understood, but

here was a converse quite new to philosophy. Mrs. Standish was a serpent not to be charmed with music, and her coil and recoil sufficiently proved the agony she was suffering. Vice may also be a monster, but in the eyes of Mrs. Standish, merit in a stranger was yet more hideous. The lady of the mansion hereupon complained of a sudden and violent attack of headache. Bach was broken off in the middle, and the grand piano forte closed.

After a suspense of some minutes, during which Emma had supplied her jewel of a mother with salts and restoratives, the patient languidly asked,

"Do you read German, Miss Perceval?"

"Not a word, madam."

"Dear me, what a pity! I am surprised that the General, your father . . . . indeed, I am a little surprised you yourself should not have turned your thoughts to this language. This, which was once but an accomplishment, is now become absolutely necessary."

Julia did not venture an observation.

"My dear Emma, just reach me 'Wallenstein;' the conceptions of Schiller are really sublime."

"No, no, not to night, dear mamma," said Emma, imploringly.

"I wish Miss Perceval to hear you read that particular scene in the second act, which . . . ."

"But Julia has no interest in the language. She . . . ."

"Then to oblige me," drawled out the Begum patient.

Emma was greatly perplexed, but the amiable intentions of her mother to awaken in the breast of Julia, a desire to become acquainted with so forcible a language, was quite sufficient. Taking the volume, she commenced reading aloud the imposed passage.

Of German, Mrs. Standish knew about as much as poor Julia herself. The applause, therefore, which she expressed must have been pure generosity. Emma really believed her mother was pleased—nor was she mistaken; but the nature of her pleasure she as little understood, as her parent the subject of her approbation. But Mrs. Standish still talked of the Athens of Germany—of the Grand Duke's invitations to Herder, Wieland, Schiller and Goethe, with an eloquence which perfectly imposed on her visitor, giving her to understand how much she had lost by her neglected education.

Some trivial interlocutories, soon after, passing between the two young companions, an exclamation from the lips of Mrs. Standish announced the startling fact of having lost one of her diamond rings. The auditors, of course, started from their seats, and expressed their united sorrow at so serious an event. Extra tapers were lit, the ottomans and tables rummaged, whilst Mrs. Standish reclining on the very down from the cygnets of Ganges, repeated

only the great value of her missing treasure. The drawing-room bell was now rung, and the footman dispatched on his search through the dining apartment, whilst the lady's maid was similarly employed in other chambers of the house. The lost ring most emphatically created "a stir;" and we are not quite sure that Julia did not feel some satisfaction in an event which gave a feather to time, though at so high a price.

Repeated were the messages from all quarters, but of the same gloomy result—the ring was still missing. Mrs. Standish endured these reports with the equanimity of a martyr, for it gave her, at least, an opportunity for descanting on the extent of her jewel box, on which she could not have been more eloquent, had she been actually putting up the articles to auction.

In the midst of this suspense, the lady's maid entered. An apricity seemed to illume her countenance. "Well Frances, have you found it?"

"No, madam;—but are you quite sure you have worn it to-day?"

Mrs. Standish now opened the very fullness of her eyes, and in a kind of impressive contralto pronounced—

"I believe, Frances, your suspicions are correct. I have not worn the ring to-day."

Depressing was again the reactive state of affairs. Emma still struggled to keep talking; but like the screwing up of an unreplenished lamp, the wick burned brilliantly for a moment, and all was again darkness.

A thundering taratant at the street door now startled the ears of the distempered coterie, when, to the surprise of Mrs. and Miss Standish, and in some measure of Julia herself, General Perceval was announced. Well might Mrs. Standish have hesitated whether it was indeed the General whom she beheld, for we confess he was not entirely himself. His flushed face clearly indicated his late devotions, and his whole deportment gave equal evidence to the same issue. He approached the lady of the mansion with the franchise of an old acquaintance, and surely should have been no less, as it was now nearly eleven o'clock at night—an hour when ladies may be visible to the mind's eye with striking claims to admiration, but are not usually supposed to entertain positive visitors. But good-humour, the General's faithful compurgator in all his movements, was here equally at hand; a fast friend, indeed, but sometimes wanting discretion.

"My good madam, my good madam," cried he, "this is not court etiquette, I believe; but you'll pardon a harmless old fellow like myself. We had a banquet to-day at Sir William Tontine's, the East India Director. 'Fore George, a great day! Carriage announced, made a short detour to carry home Jule myself, and pay my humble respects, madam, for your hospitality."

Mrs. Standish looked a reply perfectly unutterable by human lips, and then said—

"Do not distress yourself, General; would not it be safer to be seated?"

"Distress! distress! my dear madam, never was happier, and humbly wish your la'ship no less a piece of fortune. Your daughter, madam, I presume, and 'fore George, lovely as Hebe. What a form! What a form, madam. Fair as marble, but not as cold, not as cold—no, no. My sweet friend," continued he, approaching with a grotesque air of gallantry, "pardon an old worshipper of beauty—a perfect Hebe!"

"Or Ariadne," rejoined Emma, willing to preserve good-humour with all parties.

"Yes, my dear lady, I have heard of her too," said the General, not quite comprehending what his auditor would imply. "'Fore George, madam, you must pardon me, but in such a presence I'm like the volcanic mountains—a snowy head, yet burning within."

Emma now considered it time to look a little grave; Julia, in her turn, with filial piety, saw nothing but kindness in her fond father; while Mrs. Standish drew herself up in all the rigidity of a bronze Britannia.

The General proceeded—

"Must be pardoned, indeed must be pardoned; but I would pay my respects and run away with Jule, whom you've made happy as a queen, I see. Left Sir William just in time; claret after port! no, no, said I, 'tis an anticlimax. So good night t'ye."

Even Julia was getting now uneasy; for although she could discover nothing but thorough good-humour in all her father was saying, yet she perceived her friend was perplexed, and Mrs. Standish downright affronted. But the General went on.

"'Fore George, madam, I have my frailties—a full share, a full share; but want of respect to your sex is not one of them. I love to show respect."

"Sometimes to yourself, I hope," observed Mrs. Standish, pointedly.

"Why, madam, there are so many who have better demands on me, that I may occasionally neglect that quarter; but here are lips, madam, the very ruby of Ava. You must pardon the excess of my admiration."

"I believe, General you have used a proper term; it is your excess I must pardon."

"Ay, ay, ay!" responded the General with a chuckle. "There's my friend Sir William; now moderation has positively undone him—told him so, told him so; were't not for the moderation of his abilities he might have been a very great man—a very great man."

Julia, in the meantime, had taken an opportunity to equip her-

self for departure, and was now ready. The solvent hour had arrived, and the long day was at its close. The General, as though perceiving his time was short, redoubled his cannonade of devotional speeches, when Julia, in the most gracious manner, approached Mrs. Standish for the purpose of pleading a few words in her father's favour. Mrs. Standish was in the act of ringing the bell, when the General, rising from his chair made his last bow; but, on recovering his erect position, by an unlucky movement of the arm, swept from the table a beautiful Dresden figure, which, with the glass shade, fell to the ground, and both were dashed to atoms. The consternation of the whole party may well be imagined. The three ladies were perhaps the only persons in this wide world who could have witnessed the grotesque horror of the offender without expiring with laughter.

In the history of campaigns never had a general been more at fault. We have heard how terror once loosened a soldier's tongue, and the dumb spake; but terror now took away all power of utterance, and the General stood for the first time steady under the sudden spell.

Mrs. Standish, to do her justice, behaved far better under the circumstances than could have been expected. She felt, doubtless, that it would be no part of dignity to exhibit any sense of annoyance, whilst the matter which the whole scene had afforded for her active malice on the following day, was a great consolation. She therefore generously condoled with the General's distress; and, enjoying the mortification of Julia far more than she lamented her own loss, replied to the General's supplications with a triumph of self-possession which left her the sole heroine of these dramatic events.

"'Fore George, madam," . . . .

But the lady could hear no more, and the General, fearful of hazarding another bow, beat a retreat with the trembling Julia; and all parties were soon at liberty for the enjoyment of their own reflections.

ON AN INCIDENT CONNECTED WITH CAPTAIN PARRY'S VOYAGE TO THE ARCTIC SEAS.

Captain Parry, on one of his voyages to the Arctic seas, relates that while wandering along the beach he discovered the body of a young female lying on the shore, on whose breast the robin of these lands had built its nest.

He left the bowers of British love,
And the home where beauty smil'd,
Through many a distant land to rove
Whence pleasure was exil'd.

And all the joyous haunts of bliss
  Awhile he cast away,
To gaze upon the world of ice,
  Of dreariness and spray.

But oh! on such a scene as this
  Could Cupid build his throne,
And smiling o'er the arid waste
  Call any spot his own;
Or hath the demon of despair
  His scorpion sceptre spread
To rule the bergs of polar snow,
  The mansions of the dead.

As o'er the wild his step he bent
  A vision met his eye,
Fair as the ocean's hue when blent
  With the glowing western sky.
A child too pure for this dark spot
  Hath left her haunt of clay,
And every care and pang forgot
  To heaven had wing'd her way.

Her golden ringlet flowing yet
  Wav'd in the stormy gale;
Her rayless sun of life had set,
  And her placid cheek was pale.
And on her little silent breast,
  Where each true feeling sprung,
A wand'ring bird had built its nest,
  And reared its callow young.

There first they chirp'd their mellow note,
  And drew their earliest breath;
Like Phœnix spirits from the spot
  Where lay the seat of death!
And there the warbling requiem rose
  Around the lone one's bier,
Where not a friend had sooth'd her woes,
  Or shed the briny tear!

How passing sweet to gaze a while
  Upon a scene like this,
And o'er the wreck of life to smile
  When garlanded with bliss—
To feel that still through every maze
  Of life's revolving plan,
The torch of love may shed its blaze
  And gild the grave of man!

M.

A LEAF FROM LIFE.

"Truth is strange—stranger than fiction."—Byron.

The time of year was winter in its most sullen mood; a thick fog, pregnant with a stifling smoke, hung over the face of this modern Babylon, making the few lamps that were to be seen at the time we write burn with a ghastly flickering flame; and, as if to make outward things wear a more miserable aspect than the fog imparted, a drizzling rain came slowly down, drenching those who had the misfortune to be out of doors to the skin—when the door of a miserable tenement, in a narrow, squalid court, which ran between two rows of poor and ruinous houses on the banks of the river, turned on its hinges, and a man, poorly clad, and wan in aspect, made his way, with a rapid pace, towards some light indistinctly seen through the fog.

In a few minutes he had crossed Old London Bridge, and stood before a comfortable-looking mansion, in a street immediately adjacent to the Temple, from the lower rooms of which bright lights shone, and, now and then, "by fits," loud peals of laughter were borne on the wind. The man passed up and down the street some few times, and then knocked timidly at the door, which was opened by a red-faced, buxom female, who had thrown a capacious shawl over her head and shoulders to avoid the inclemency of the weather, and to her pert summons, what he wanted at that late hour—it was nigh twelve o'clock—he said he wished to speak to Mr. Jefferies upon important business, which would admit of no delay. She bade him wipe his feet, as the streets were dirty, and step into the passage while she went to inform her master that a fierce-looking man wished to say a word to him. She shortly returned, saying that Mr. Jefferies was then too much occupied to attend to any visitor at that late hour.

"Tell him," said the man, in an earnest but feeble voice, "that one allied to him by every tie that should bind one man to another must speak to him."

He was shown into an office, and told to wait until the master of the house could find it convenient to speak to him. In a few minutes the door was opened and a respectably attired elderly man stood before him.

"You have come, sir," he said, in a cool, even tone, without recognising his visitor, "at a most unseasonable hour. In what way do you wish me to serve you? You must be brief, as my time is in such great demand that I cannot waste it upon trifles,

far less on you, whom I hate far more than the vilest wretch that crawls these London streets."

"Edward," said the other, in a hollow, unearthly tone, "we should not meet like this, when so many long and tedious years have passed away since last we met—but let that pass. My wife and child are, at the present moment, perishing of want, in an obscure garret on the other side of the Thames, and I have come to supplicate from you a small sum of money to save them from the grave—every moment is of consequence to them and me. Even now I feel the thorny pains of hunger gnawing at my heart; but that is naught, compared to the sufferings of those who are dearer to me than my life."

"Know this, then," said the other, in the same unruffled tone, "that were you and yours on the brink of the grave, as I had hoped you were ere this, I would not give one farthing of my hard-earned gains to save you all from perdition. You come here no more; your way lies there—mine here; good night!" and the speaker coolly left the room.

The brother, who had drunk to the dregs of the cup of adversity, said no more, but, with clenched hand and distorted features, rushed from the house; while his kind relation returned to an adjoining chamber, there to drown care in the Lethean nectar.

* * * * * * *

In a garret, devoid of every essential to the enjoyment of life, a pale-faced woman and her child were sleeping on a miserable pallet, stretched on the floor. By their side sat a man, who was the very personation of death itself—a lone, friendless being; one with whom the world had long been on unfriendly terms. The dense fog which had enveloped the metropolis two nights ago had given place to a bright sky and moon, which threw a pallid lustre on the walls of the dismantled chamber. The man was gazing with a distracted air upon the sleepers, and, anon, passing his hand across the woman's face, to assure himself that death had not yet set his grasp upon the lovely, care-worn being, who was all his world—the subject of his thoughts and dreams by night. Sharp misery had worn the young mother to the bone; a hectic flush, the undeniable precursor of the body's exhaustion and premature decay, covered her face; the grave and she were surely soon to be boon companions.

The broken man—for such he was—had long been on ill terms with the world, buffeted to and fro by adverse winds on the great ocean of life for many, many years, and at last dashed upon a desolate rock, from which there appeared to be no retreat. He had been unfortunate in trade; hurled, in one little day, from a respectable tradesman to a friendless outcast of society—a wandering vagabond. He had, by every means in his power, supported

himself and family, until sickness and want laid their heavy hands upon him, and prevented him from holding a menial office which he had obtained through the instrumentality of the man from whom he rented his miserable apartment. He had been forced, much against his will (but stern necessity overleaps apparently unsurmountable difficulties), to beg from a rich brother, who had pursued him through life with a fiendish hatred, a trifle wherewith to support life. The rest is in the possession of the reader.

The night was bitter cold—a keen and nipping air was blown from the north, and large flakes of snow began to fall, when the man of whom we have spoken at some length stooped over the bed in which his wife and child were sleeping, and, muttering something like an oath, rose up and hurried into the street.

* * * * * * *

The time was three in the morning, and the well-told jest and sprightly laugh were heard at the rich brother's table. Presently the guests, one by one, began to depart, and soon Edward Jefferies sat alone in his splendid drawing-room. He was alone, both in mind and body—a conscience-stricken man. A letter, edged with black, lay open before him, which told of a man having destroyed his wife and child while asleep, and afterwards leaping from Blackfriars Bridge into the Thames.

THE TRUST RECLAIMED.

BY MRS. ABDY.

THE chieftain hastened homeward from the field of battle strife,
Eager to clasp his blooming boys and fair and faithful wife;
Alas! his vassals welcomed him in accents faint and low,
And his lady on a couch reclin'd in deep and silent woe.

"What aileth thee, sweet Isabel? hast thou no smile or word
To greet thy long-expected love, thy wearied warrior lord?"
But ever as he soothed her grief tears trickled from her eyes,
And mournfully she told her tale with sad and broken sighs.

"A potent ruler once," she said, "committed to my care
Two exquisite and precious gems of lustre rich and rare;
He bade me the deposit guard with prudence firm and just,
Till summoned at a future day to render up my trust.

Time pass'd away; those dazzling gems shone ever on my sight,
And daily they appeared to me more beautiful and bright;
My love for them increased by years, and, rash and reckless grown,
In fondness and forgetfulness I deem'd them all my own.

The rightful owner bids me now prepare my trust to yield;
Alas! I may not from his arm my cherish'd treasure shield;
Yet may my tears upbraid the act tyrannic and severe
That reads from my unwilling grasp the gems I hold so dear."

The chieftain on his lady fix'd a gaze amaz'd and stern—
"How hath thy tale destroyed," he said, "the joy of my return!
Can she, the truthful Isabel, the chosen of my heart—
Can she from honour's simple laws thus flagrantly depart?

Why were thy thoughts and wishes on thy frail possessions bent?
How couldst thou stake thy peace of mind on treasures only lent?
Restore the gems, nor show thyself, by weak complaints of wrong,
Unworthy of the noble trust reposed in thee so long."

A look of soft serenity replaced the lady's gloom,
She gently led her husband to a still and darken'd room;
There lay his lov'd and lovely boys once strong in beauty's pride,
Each wrapped within a snowy shroud, they slumber'd side by side.

The father gazed upon the dead—the warrior's heart grew weak;
Sobbing in bitter agony, he vainly strove to speak—
"See here," his trembling lady cried, "the loss I fear'd to tell;
These are the dear intrusted gems I valued but too well.

I knew the wise and gracious God, who rules o'er human ties,
Had to my charge these boys consign'd to train them for the skies;
I knew them fitted to depart, and yet in wayward pain
I murmur'd that the mighty Lord had claim'd his own again.

Now I repent me of my fault—I bow to Heaven's decree."
The chieftain paused, then by her side he prayed on bended knee;
That prayer an answer from the Lord of peace and mercy won:
In meek and tranquil faith they said—"The will of God be done."

Years now have pass'd, bright children smile around their happy hearth,
Yet hold they with a loosen'd hand these fleeting ties of earth,
And view the treasures of their house as blessings lent, not given,
Ever prepared to yield the charge they hold in trust for Heaven.

THE CHIRRUP OF A SMILE.

To H. J. B.

THERE sat a king upon a golden throne,
Radiant with very dignity, alone!
"Alone!" quoth he, "and yet two kingdoms and a half,
Kneel at my toe, or cry, or howl, or laugh,
While out of diamonds I the rich wine quaff;
And yet no smile!"

Afar there stood a girl whose eye was pure,
Yet watch'd the sorrows of the timid poor.
"I love," quoth she "to look upon the face,
Stamp'd by hard want but not disgrace,
Of those who run but never win the race,
And yet a smile."

And so men run, and each one plays his part—
The smile is but a shadow of the heart.

d.

A TALE OF HELLVELLYN.

BY RICHARD ROTHWELL.

In the spring of the year 1805, Charles Gough, a young gentleman of talents, and of a most amiable disposition, was lost while endeavouring to cross the mountain Hellvellyn after a fall of snow had partially obscured the path.

Whether he had perished by a fall or through hunger, could never be ascertained; but, after a lapse of three months, his remains were discovered at the foot of Striding Edge, a precipice, guarded by a faithful terrier, his constant attendant during frequent solitary rambles among the wilds of Cumberland and Westmoreland. He lies interred in Potterdale churchyard, in which stands a venerable yew-tree, the growth of centuries; and, unlike the generality of rural burial-places, there are no gravestones "with uncouth rhyme and shapeless sculpture deck'd," to tell the virtues of those who slumber peacefully beneath the verdant sod.

SWEET is the vale of Potterdale,
Secluded and serene,
Among the hills of Westmoreland
A fair and tranquil scene.

By Ullswater, in simple garb
Of loveliness it lies,
And all around impending hills
In solemn grandeur rise.

And in the prime of summer time
The stranger thither comes,
And 'mid the scenery sublime
With soul enraptur'd roams.

Beneath an aged yew-tree's shade
Within the churchyard lone,
By turf of freshest green o'erspread,
An humble grave is shown—

As that of one whom genius
With talents rare had bless'd,
And love of rural quietude
Upon his heart impress'd.

He was a child of nature—lov'd
'Mid solitude to stray,
And rove among the flowery meads
The live-long summer day.

And often, when the sun at eve
With trembling splendour shone,
Companion'd by his dog, he'd climb
The mountain side alone.

Or thro' the meads and woody vales
Would rove in silent glee,
And listen with enraptur'd ear
To woodland minstrelsy.

How pleasing was each lonely nook!
Each fairy-haunted glen
Had endless charms to lure him from
The busy scenes of men.

Oft, lost in meditative mood,
Outstretch'd by airy force,
He'd watch the waters rushing o'er
The fall with torrent hoarse.

He lov'd to see the sunbeams gild
With many-colour'd beam
The bubbles, as they wimpled on
Its bright pellucid stream.

There too, the butterfly he'd watch
Of deepest vermil dye—
Or borne aloft on azure wing,
'Mid sunshine flitting by.

In spots like these he drank delight
From ev'rything around;
The torrent's roar had melody,
Soul-rousing in the sound!

One wintry morn had pass'd away—
The sunless noon had come;
And cheerless wail'd the wind, as forth
He issued from his home.

Hellvellyn stern he sought to cross,
Tho' stormy was the day,
And falling snow had partially
Obscur'd the toilsome way.

"I know the mountain well," thought he,
"Tho' snow the pathway hide,
'Twill save me many a weary mile
To cross its rugged side.

The road that thro' the valley winds
Is not unmark'd by toil,
Nor boasts of scenery that might
Its tedium beguile.

'Twere suited more to woman's mould,
That weary way and long,
But fearless I may breast the hills,
Who am so young and strong."

Short was the space that with himself
Thus communing, he spent,
As high in hope, with firm resolve
He sought the rough ascent.

Emerging from the shaggy wood
That clad the mountain's base,
Along the steep half-hidden path
He strode with steady pace.

And oft upon the wonders of
The scene he stopp'd to gaze;
And on its Alpine grandeur dwelt
With soul-subdued amaze.

Thus dallying, as on he went,
Ere half his journey o'er,
Fast borne upon the breeze, the snow
Fell thicker than before.

And now the murky clouds of night
Around were closing in,
As wide across his path there yawn'd
A deep and dark ravine!

"This cannot be the path, I must
Have stray'd!" he cried aloud,
While to his heart a thousand fears
And apprehensions crowd.

"Alas! I know not where to turn,
Or whither to proceed;
Far in these mountain solitudes,
Oh! I am lost indeed!"

Bewilder'd now, he toils among
The hills, not knowing where;
Nor finds a shelter for the night
Upon the mountain bare.

With flagging footstep o'er the snow
His weary way he wends—
But still before his aching sight
The wide, wide waste extends!

He stops awhile—and all around
Most anxiously surveys;
No taper's glimm'ring ray appears
To cheer his longing gaze.

No cottage looms within his ken,
Where he may find at last
A solace for his wearied limbs—
A shelter from the blast.

Are those the sounds of revelry
That now his ears decoy—
The thrilling strains of festive glee,
Of merriment and joy?

He listens with attention keen,
New hopes his bosom fill—
'Twas but the howling of the wind
In cadence wild and shrill!

Was that the curfew's pleasant note,
The sound he lov'd so well?
Alas! the spirits of the air
But toll'd the lost one's knell!

With ceaseless dash the mountain streams
Rush'd thro' their icy bed,
And added to the tempest's roar
As headlong down they sped.

Hope, hovering on radiant wing
Around, the spot illumes,
And from his breast, so sad, oppress'd,
Dispels the midnight glooms.

"I see a shed," he cried, and on
Towards it hastened fast—
"A shelter from th' inclement night,
A resting-place at last!"

He struggles forward, gains the spot,
A cheerless rock he found;
And with exhaustion overcome
He sank upon the ground.

He breath'd a fervent prayer that Heaven
Would o'er him vigil keep—
A prayer for those he fondly lov'd—
And yielded him to sleep.

Perchance he dream'd of dangers dire,
The perils of the day;
Perchance in dreams of happy youth
His spirit pass'd away.

There unearess'd, forgot, beside
His master's pillow hard,
The dog reclines, and sleepless keeps
A close and faithful guard.

* * * * *

Three moons have wax'd and wan'd, and now
The summer's sun beams forth,
And sheds abroad a golden glow
Of beauty o'er the earth.

The trees are clad with foliage
And blossoms deck the brake,
And countless roses sweet adorn
The margin of the lake.

Festoon'd in rich luxuriance
They twine among the trees,
And yield a fragrance to the gale,
A banquet to the bees.

The winter floods that fiercely rus.i'd
In torrents down the steep,
Now dwindled into crystal rills
In streams of silver weep.

The sundew by their oozy marge
Luxuriantly grows,
And saxifrage its paly leaves
And purple blossoms shows.

It rugged shores upon the lake
A flood of silver sheen,
Reflected seem as though sustain'd
Two azure skies between.

Within the deep recesses of
The dark secluded glen,
The cushat's soft deep-burthen'd note
Is echoed back again.

The little wren, with piercing strain,
Startles the lonely dell,
And grey reverberating rocks
The thrilling measure swell.

And blithly chirps the grasshopper
Amid the sun-lit glades,
And lambkins gambol merrily
Among the flowery meads.

Bright blossoms fair perfume the air
Of woodland, moor, and lea;
The earth seems rife with insect life,
And all with melody.

It is in such a scene the soul
Soars from the silent sod,
And heartfelt adoration pours
In gratitude to God.

From off a thyme-empurpl'd rock
A stranger gaz'd below
Upon the vale bedeck'd with such
A bright entrancing glow.

When, hark! a dog's bark on his ear
Breaks piercingly and shrill,
And wafted light on echo's wings
Resounds from hill to hill.

"Perchance the dog has found a fox,
Or chases other game,"
He commun'd as he sought from whence
The sounds unwonted came,

No chase was there, no shepherd kept
A guard upon his flock;
A human form lay wrapp'd in death
Beneath a sullen rock!

And as the ravens wheel'd above
With croakings wild and hoarse,
Exulting o'er the tombless dead,
It scared them from the corse.

And dreary hours, and months, and days,
Had sped unheeded by,
As o'er its lifeless master it
Had watch'd unceasingly.

Strange instance of attachment! how
Sustain'd may ne'er be told,
'Tis known to Him alone who fed
The Jewish seer of old.

* * * * *

'Tis morn; the lofty mountain-tops
A misty veil enshrouds,
The sun is hidden by the deep
Obscurity of clouds.

The hills in grand sublimity
Above the valley tower—
Emblems alike of majesty,
Eternity, and power.

Mute are the songsters of the grove;
The breeze with moaning wail
Wafts, as it skims the valley o'er,
The tolling of a bell.

A mournful train in sad array,
With measured steps and slow—
With tearful eyes bent on the earth,
Toward the churchyard go.

And as the sad procession moves
Upon its gloomy way,
The willow-wren in sympathy
Warbles its plaintive lay.

The trees the dews of night distil
In sorrow for the dead,
And lightly o'er the passing bier
Their tearful tribute shed.

And tears bedew the blooming cheeks
Of youth; and furrow'd age
Sorrows; for he was dearly lov'd
By simple and by sage.

The sun smil'd sweetly through the clouds
As in the silent grave
They laid him down in peace beside
The lovely and the brave.

Around his tomb sweet flow'rets wild
In simple beauty spring,
And birds the strains he lov'd so well
With thrilling rapture sing.

And though no sculptur'd monument
His timeless fate unfold,
The hapless tale with many a sigh
By rustic oft is told.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

The History of the Church of Scotland, from the Reformation to the Present Time. By THOMAS STEPHEN, Medical Librarian of King's College, and Author of the "Book of the Constitution," &c. In 4 vols. 8vo.

THE splendid reputation which the works of Thiers, Michelet, and Guizot have obtained for France in historical literature, would, during late years, but for Alison and Thomas Carlyle, have completely cast Britain into the shade. But Carlyle with his startling pictures of epigrammatic point, and Alison with his magnificent imagery and perspicuous truthfulness, came well to the rescue. One of these may indeed be charged with a *bitingness*, and the other may have overloaded his periods, through the natural effect, perhaps, of the grand scenery of events which he had to unrol, yet both have amply redeemed the credit of their country, for a power to appreciate those great groupings of circumstances which form turning-points in the progress of the world, as well as for ability to detail them with lively and forcible eloquence. And here comes another with an addendum to his name, which shows that the partial leisure afforded by our collegiate institutions to their members, has in his case at least, been worthily occupied.

Whether there be any peculiarity in the air of the north that develops the native shrewdness in the Scottish mind to any remarkable extent, and which leads to the investigation of character as well as to the correct apprehension of it, we will not now pretend to say, but certain it is, that in the effect of philosophical inquiry into the actions of men and their results, we have little in the literature of the southern portion of the island that can be placed in comparison with the histories which Scotchmen have produced; and now in the title which is prefixed to this notice, we have a work in four goodly volumes, of some six or seven hundred pages each, which is likely to increase the reputation of their country. Mr. Stephen has completed a task of no small difficulty, and one which required penetration, much attainment, patient research, and the exercise of great industry, in a manner which entitles him to a high place among the historians of Britain. There is in the book before us abundant matter for contemplation, and the author has brought together a mass of facts interesting in the extreme, even in their isolation, but immensely important when

viewed in their continuity, and likely to be influential on the public mind long as the world shall continue.

The institution of Trinity College near Perth, in connection with the Episcopalian Church of Scotland, has, it must be allowed, given to that church a vitality of municipal position which it has never enjoyed with any prospect of duration since the days when Knox in his vehement assault on the Papal clergy and the conventual orders, brought the whole fabric of episcopalian jurisdiction down in one common ruin. By seizing the time then when public attention is turned to the Episcopal church in Scotland with so much more than usual interest, the author has acted wisely and serviceably in every respect. Comparatively few posess any knowledge whatever of the Episcopal church in Scotland. The establishment of the Presbyterian church since its recognition by the State in the time of William III., and still more since the consolidation of its rights by the Act of Anne, has so grown among the majority of the people beyond the Tweed, as to the general eye to overshadow the more ancient form of Christian communion. Mr. Stephen has entirely rescued it from this partial obscurity. He takes up the history of the Episcopal church from the period of repose which existed just previous to that tremendous tempest of popular energy which was destined to purify the spiritual atmosphere of Christendom, and to crush for ever the supposition that humanity could ever again be permanently bowed to intellectual bondage; and the author proceeds with a lucid transcript of events from age to age, until his work closes with the circumstances which are daily transpiring before our eyes. In the course of the narrative, a full exposition is obtained of the discipline and usage of the Episcopal portion of the church.

His method is clear, and though we cannot but demur to the tone of high-church principles which Mr. Stephen has assumed, and must condemn the spirit in which he speaks of Presbyterians and Presbyterianism, we are bound to say that he has stated his case with what he believes to be great fairness. He has consulted the Presbyterian as well as the Episcopalian writers, and has in every instance given his authorities—a practice which cannot be too much commended, as it enables the reader to test the truth of statements, and gives an indication, at least, of the confident honesty of the author.

The work is divided into the periods of the primacy of the several bishops who successively filled the office of Metropolitan of Scotland, and though we can by no means accede to that assumption of apostolical succession which the author claims as the fundamental basis for his clerical authority, we must allow that he produces strong facts and arguments to support it. For the views which he has adopted, a better book could hardly have been

written; it is extremely interesting, comprehensive, and perspicuous, and ought to be highly regarded by those who form the connexion of which it treats, and, indeed, by all who take a delight in church history. To them it will be an excellent addition to the stock. Great care has evidently been taken in writing the book; and the range of authorities consulted is certainly immense. State papers, ecclesiastical and civil annals, accredited pamphlets, and other private and public documents of all kinds, from the rusty black letter to the flashy political squib, have all been laid under contribution, dissected, and applied; and the way in which they have been used, proves not only the extensive attainments of the author, but will establish his reputation among those who share his peculiar views, as one of the very first ecclesiastical writers of the day. There is, we must say, an occasional causticity of remark—a want of charity to those from whom he differs, a keen abhorrence of the principles he reprobates, which might have been spared, and the absence of which would have enhanced the value of the work.

An admirable series of portraits of the most celebrated personages, from Cardinal Beaton downwards, spoken of in the history, illustrates the work, and the biographical details respecting them as well as the information on the present state and progress of the church, are satisfactorily ample. The book is well got up, and will form a very respectable addition to any library.

To the people of this country, its ecclesiastical establishments will always be deeply interesting. They have been heretofore bound up with the progress of knowledge and civilisation, and we therefore congratulate Mr. Stephen on the completion of a work which, notwithstanding our differences with him on some points, we esteem as a most valuable addition to our ecclesiastical literature.

Sketches of Life and Character, taken at Bow Street. By George Hodder, Reporter to the "Morning Herald."

It must be confessed that a police-office is not the most agreeable platform from which to look at human nature. It is generally an arena for the worst passions—a wrestling-place which man and wife enter to contend for the supremacy—or a sort of confessional-box for blackguardism and drunkenness to compound their enormities by the help of five-shilling fines—or else a tribunal before which injured innocence comes to weep and kneel for redress for some giant wrong. But no place is so dark and gloomy but that it is illuminated by occasional sunshine; and Mr. Hodder has published his experiences of Bow Street in order to prove that gaiety, generous sacrifices, and even touches of the best feelings, often assert their good influence in a police-office. His "Sketches

of Life and Character" contain abundant proof of this, and diminish the pity we have always felt for the police magistrates in having to deal only with the bickerings and petty animosities of daily life. The many humorous cases in Mr. Hodder's book must have afforded them hearty amusement. The "Spotted Dog" especially, in which an instance of theft was discovered by the sagacious evidence of a poodle, must have surprised the sulky walls of Bow Street with many a loud peal of official laughter; and though it must be a novel thing to see a magistrate weeping, we should imagine the case, headed "Adversity," if it occurred as pathetically as it is described, must have thrown the whole iron bench into tears. In fact, Mr. Hodder's little book abounds with so many incidents, now humorous, now pathetic, that it must be of sterling assistance to future novelists; whilst the many eccentric characters who figure as the heroes of nocturnal assaults, will indisputably be seized upon and thrown into Adelphi farces by our felonious playwrights. That they will confess the source of their felony is not to be expected; nor will Mr. Hodder require this fictitious aid to extend the circulation of his amusing book. It is richly illustrated by Leech, in his very best style, and has so many recommendations of its own, that it cannot fail to command the success it eminently deserves. The description of several of the characters, we can fearlessly assert, is equal to the best magazine-writing of the present day.

The Cock and Anchor. A Chronicle of Old Dublin City. In 3 vols.

This is an odd title, and does not indicate with sufficient clearness the nature of the book. The scene, as will be inferred from the title-page, lies in Dublin, and the time is the close of the seventeenth century. The purpose of the author is a moral one. It is to show how gradual, and yet how certain, the progress of crime often is. The hero, in whose person the proposition is wrought out, is a Henry Ashwoode, a young baronet of considerable wealth, of haughty mind, and passionate temper. He plunges deep into the mine of fashionable dissipation, and indulges in all the aristocratic follies and vices of the day. Among other vices to which he is addicted is that of gambling. The result will be anticipated; he entails on himself utter and irretrievable ruin, and dies in great misery.

The story is episodically enlivened by the introduction of Dean Swift, Addison, and other distinguished literary men of the close of the seventeenth and commencement of the eighteenth century. The book is written with considerable ability, and knowing, as we happen to do, that it is the maiden production of a comparatively young man, it must be considered a highly creditable production.

Description and Uses of the Improved Moveable Planisphere, exemplified in a Series of Problems, showing its utility as a cheap and portable Substitute for the Celestial Globe. By JEHOSHAPHAT ASPIN.

THIS is a singularly ingenious contrivance, and must prove exceedingly useful to those who are anxious to acquire a knowledge of what has been not inaptly called "celestial geography." In order that our readers may be able to form some idea of the meritorious contrivance, we shall give Mr. Aspin's account of the objects and uses of the Improved Moveable Planisphere. On this head Mr. Aspin makes the following observations:—

The Improved Moveable Planisphere, though simple in its construction, affords the means of solving most of the problems usually worked upon the celestial globe, with considerably less labour and more perspicuity in regard to the divisions of hours than can be effected by the ordinary twelve-inch globe: and, to say nothing of its comparatively low price, its portableness will procure it a decided preference in situations where the globe might prove an incumbrance.

The Improved Planisphere, consisting of only two cards, affords by a single movement of one of them, the times of the star's rising throughout the year; by a second motion, its times of culmination; and by a third, its times of setting for the like period. By means of a moveable index, corresponding to the brass quadrant of the artificial globe, most questions relative to the apparent movements of the sun, moon, planets, and fixed stars, or their positions at particular moments, may be correctly answered. This index forms *an entirely new feature* in the construction of planispheres, and renders the Improved Moveable Planisphere peculiarly useful and amusing to young persons who may not have the advantage of an astronomical preceptor. A very few exercises upon it will lead to a knowledge of the places of the constellations, and the names of the principal stars when viewed in the heavens; with their periodical seasons of rising, culminating, and setting; in addition to numerous useful deductions, to which the study will naturally lead.

For the use of schools this Planisphere possesses the decided advantage that each pupil may have one, either for the purpose of following the verbal instructions of the teacher in the hour of study, or for self-improvement in leisure moments; a benefit not to be derived from a globe, which pertains to the whole school.

We would willingly quote Mr. Aspin's description of his ingenious and useful invention, but have not the requisite space. It cannot fail to find its way into general use when its merits become known.

AN ESSAY ON NATURAL RESPONSIBILITY.

WITH A SECOND PART ON THE NATURAL ORIGIN OF CONVENTIONAL LAWS AND DISTINCTIONS.

BY MRS. LOUDON.

ADDRESSED TO THE LABOURING CLASSES.

CHAPTER I.

MAN possesses certain moral and intellectual faculties, human instincts, and human sympathies, which are as much parts of his own natural mind as his limbs are parts of his own natural body.

These constitute him a responsible being, responsible for the use he shall make of such powers.

Nothing less than the withdrawal of these powers by insanity or idiotism can release him from this responsibility.

Were I addressing only those who had been instructed in scriptural revelation, however unlearned they might be, I should have no need to tell them that they were responsible beings. I should only have to point to them the agreement between their natural responsibility and the commandments and precepts of the Scriptures. But as this essay has a further object, namely, to neutralize the poisonous doctrine of non-responsibility, which has been poured out among the labouring classes by persons calling and perhaps thinking themselves their friends, I take a line of argument calculated to show that natural responsibility exists, though in a more limited degree, even in the case of those who not only are unlearned, but who never have been instructed, from without, in religious or moral obligation of any kind. And further, that those who have been robbed by evil communication of any sense of religious obligation they may ever have possessed, are not, therefore, released from their natural responsibility. To such persons, I hope to make it self-evident, that the very possession of their natural powers of mind and human instincts as human beings, lay upon them a certain share of moral, social, and religious obligation, from which they cannot escape, unless they can plead the loss of those powers by insanity or idiotism.

All those who have received some cultivation of their natural powers, or been given some instruction in religious obligation, will, of course, feel, without my breaking the chain of these

arguments to press the conclusion, that their responsibility is increased in exact proportion to every such assistance they may have received from without.

No one can more fully value every such assistance than does the friend who now addresses you, especially when such assistance be given in the form of early, moral, and religious training; nor can any one more ardently desire that this blessing should be extended to the children of every one of you. The sincerity of these assurances will not be doubted by any one who reads the former essays of this series—one addressed to parents and one to her Majesty's Ministers.

But no sense, however deep, of the immense importance of early moral training can blind any persons who look within their own minds, and reflects on its powers, to the utter falseness of the dangerous and degrading doctrine which attempts to teach, that any want of aid from without can release a human being from the responsibility laid upon him by the possession of his own human nature.

We all by the force of a natural instinct desire to respect ourselves; no man, therefore, will be anxious to deny that he possesses these natural powers of mind which distinguish him from the brutes, and give him a higher rank in creation. But, that this conviction may not merely gratify his pride, but be strong enough to influence his conduct, it is desirable that every man should commence the study of this subject, by practically convincing himself that he does possess these faculties. This he can do by appealing to his own consciousness; that is, by turning his attention inward, and assuring himself that he feels the impulses moving within him. By this process every one who is neither a madman nor an idiot will find, that he possesses all the faculties about to be enumerated in a greater or less degree, but always sufficiently to constitute him a responsible being.

Commence then your self-examination thus. Recall your own experience! Is there any one of you who has never willingly, by a natural impulse, done a kindly action or said a kindly word, and experienced, on having done so, a feeling of satisfaction which disposed him to do the like kindnesses again?

I will reply for you. There is not one among you, I will venture to say, who has not more or less frequently felt and acted upon this kindly impulse, and experienced satisfaction in so doing.

This impulse, then, proceeded from the natural untaught faculty of benevolence; and the feeling of satisfaction which you experienced when you obeyed this impulse of benevolence was not an accident—it was so ordained by the Great Mind which formed your mind. This is quite certain, for you know that the feeling did not come to you from without. It was God, then, who through the voice of your natural conscience was rewarding you

for having done a kindly action or spoken a kindly word, and thus encouraging you to do the like again.

You may think that speaking a kind word is not worth all this, but you are mistaken; the kind word sends a soothing, pleasing feeling into the heart of a fellow-creature; it is therefore worth a reward from God, because it is doing his will—it is co-operating with him in making his creatures happy.

And this reward being thus conveyed to you through the inward voice of your natural conscience, proves to you beyond a doubt that you have a conscience—that is, a natural instinct which craves for your own approbation.

This instinct may be more or less enlightened, either by the other powers of your own mind or from without; but it has always by nature voice enough to prove the reality of its existence. Look within your own minds again! Not one of you can say that you do not feel more or less satisfaction, more or less pleased and contented with yourselves, when you have done any action which you believe to be good-natured, or just, or right in any way; and, on the other hand, that you do not feel, in despite of every effort to drive away the thought, more or less uncomfortable, out of humour with yourselves, dissatisfied, and degraded, when you think you have done an unjust, a cruel, or a mean action.

This proceeds from the natural instinct above named, which makes your own respect and approbation absolutely necessary to your comfort; whether or not you know how to deserve it, and whether or not you have been taught to know that this instinct represents the voice of God.

Thus, in the most ignorant of breasts there is still an altar to its unknown God; for, the natural longing of the human heart to be able to feel self-respect and self-approval is not merely a desire, it is the soul's instinct of self-preservation—it is an imperative want, which the soul can no more be contented without supplying, than the body can rest satisfied without the food necessary to life. Now, when you look within among your own thoughts and reflect, you can feel that this instinct is as much a part of your own natural minds as your limbs are parts of your own natural bodies.

Here is manifest design on the part of the Great Mind of the universe. Here is an *everlasting* motive placed within your own breasts, calculated to incline you *eternally* towards virtue and happiness; for here is the hand of God as visible as the sun in the firmament, drawing you towards virtue by the instinctive pleasure you feel when you think you have done right, and deterring you from wickedness by the instinctive pain you feel when you think you have done wrong. And though conscience, when not assisted by the other powers of the mind, sometimes makes

mistakes, this is not from any defect in that precious instinct. It does its office when it makes you desire your own approbation. It is the office of benevolence, and of the sympathies, and the understanding, to show you what to do, and what to avoid doing, to deserve that approbation. For, inasmuch as it requires the aid of various outward senses to test the nature of a physical object—the sight to distinguish its colours—the feeling its texture—the smell its odour—the taste its flavour—so does it require the concurrence of various mental powers to test the moral qualities of actions. Benevolence, as I have already pointed out, shows you, by the instinctive pleasure you feel in seeing pleasure, and by the instinctive pain you feel in seeing pain, that causing happiness is right, and that causing suffering is wrong; your human sympathies explain to you that others feel as you do. Your understanding—that is, the mental power which naturally without any teaching sees the connection between causes and their effects—shows you not only how to cause happiness, and how to avoid causing pain, but, by enabling you to trace probable consequences beforehand, prevents your being deceived by what may seem for the moment pleasure to yourselves or others, but which is calculated to draw after it a train of evil consequences, as all departures from moral order, however trifling they may appear at first, you find upon reflection are likely to do. Now each one of you having these moral instincts and powers of perception, of memory, and of reflection in your own natural minds, you are *able*, and *therefore* responsible to use them; and by their use to come to this rational conclusion, whether you have been taught the letters of the alphabet or not.

Much easier, no doubt, is the task of those who, having been instructed in scriptural revelation, have all these moral conclusions made for them and given to them in explicit commandments from God. Such persons also being thus taught that the disapprobation of their own conscience represents that of God, the voice of their conscienee has greater authority. But my immediate object, as I have stated in the commencement of this essay, is to prove to those who are without this or any other assistance from without, that even they are still responsible beings in consequence of their possession of the range of faculties which constitute a human mind, and by means of which every human being, however unlettered, carries about with him in his own breast a direct revelation of the intentions of the Mind which made his mind.

Examine again your own thoughts, and you will find within you a natural faculty which not only can admire, but which cannot help admiring goodness, and kindness, and honesty in others, even though you may often, from want of early right habits, do wrong yourselves.

Now observe, that when the mind yields itself to this admiration of goodness, the feeling immediately arouses the natural instinct I have already described, which craves for your own approbation as naturally as a hungry man craves for food; and thus urges you to strive to imitate this goodness which has inspired you with admiration. You do not always, it is true, obey this impulse (for if you did you would soon be perfect beings), but you are not quite satisfied with yourselves while you resist the impulse. Here then, you see in the natural faculty which admires, in the natural faculty which so craves for your own approbation as to urge you to strive to imitate what you admire, or be dissatisfied with yourself till you do so manifest a design on the part of the Great Mind of the universe to draw you towards virtue of a still more exalted nature than the mere avoidance of great crimes.

Here again it must be admitted, that the task is rendered infinitely easier to those who are assisted by the practical revelation addressed to the veneration of the Christian world in the life of the Saviour, devoted to instructing the ignorant, healing the sick, soothing the afflicted, and doing good in every way; and thus displaying the attributes of a good and merciful God made visible in action upon earth, and clothed in a human form to render their imitation by human beings more possible.

Yet those who have not this assistance are not, therefore, released from their responsibility, for they still have their natural conscience.

This it is that makes the eye of the guilty man fear to meet the eye of his fellow-men. This it is that makes the features of the guilty man grow hateful from the expression they cannot avoid acquiring of conscious degradation, and wicked hatred and defiance of those whose happiness he knows he is lessening—whose comfort he knows he is disturbing—whose just resentment he knows he is incurring by his invasions of moral order: for, as I have shown you, though he may not know the letters of the alphabet, the natural powers of his mind which I have described to you, acting upon his experience, have *compelled* him to see that evil consequences to some one have followed on all his evil acts; and his human sympathies, in despite of all his efforts to smother them, have compelled him to feel, that, by making others suffer what he would not like to suffer himself, he has put enmity between himself and them. It is in vain for him to plead ignorance; God has so made his soul that he cannot exist surrounded by the commonest occurrences of life, and remain in the dark.

And thus his natural conscience, though no human being but himself should know his guilt, has authority sufficient to punish him on the spot, by making him discontented, restless, and full of vague apprehensions, notwithstanding that he has never been taught (by precepts from without) to know that this reproving

voice of conscience, this constant looker-on at every passing thought, represents thus within the breasts of all the *omnipresence* of Him who sees the heart.

Wicked men, 'tis true, strive to brave their consciences by riotous conduct and loud laughter; but did any one of you ever see the eye of the wicked man dance with real heart-felt joy? Did any one of you ever see the smile of real peaceful happiness on his lips? Never!

Self-respect, on the other hand, being the natural voice of an approving conscience—the natural reward of honest and kind intentions, no one who has not forfeited his claim to the feeling by offending his conscience ought to be without such self-respect, however unimportant his adventitious rank in society may be.

This self-respect, founded in the first place on the possession of your human nature, which marks your rank in creation, should rise in proportion as you make a good use of those natural powers.

Many of you, though poor and unlettered, have so used your human instincts and human sympathies, that you have acted kindly in all your family and neighbourly relations; and so used your natural understandings, that you have observed the consequences of actions—reflected upon these consequences—tested them by your moral instincts, and made out for yourselves a plain, direct, moral common-sense, which has made you so far good judges of straightforward right and wrong, that you have seen that injustice always gives some one pain, and that lying always robs some one of the use of his judgment in avoiding pain; so that, thus enlightened, the natural instinct which craves for your own approbation has urged you to be honest and just in all your dealings, and true in all your words; because, you could not satisfy this your natural conscience, and feel happy and comfortable without being so. Such of you as are thus practising patient industry for the support of your families, and resisting the sore temptations of poverty for conscience sake, are worthy of the very greatest respect, nay, admiration, for there is heroism in the virtue of a poor man; and, in this case, the poorer and the more unlettered the man is, the greater the respect and veneration due to him, for goodness under such difficult circumstances is greatness indeed! I said unlettered, not ignorant, for I will not call him ignorant whom God himself has thus wonderfully taught, through his natural faculties and instincts acting upon the natural relations of existence. Yet some of you, because you are poor, and destitute of book-learning and curious and ornamental instruction, are apt to confound yourselves with your condition, and lose a portion of your self-respect. But this is a mistake to be carefully avoided; for, it not only deprives you of your just reward, but also of a great support of virtue, and thus subjects you to fall into degrading vices, and really forfeit that self-respect as

well as respect from others, to which you had else been so eminently entitled under every outward circumstance, however unfavourable.

He who has found out how to be honest and kind possesses that wisdom without which all other knowledge gives but the power to do evil the more effectually. Seek, therefore, all of you, first the wisdom which is virtue; for then only will the knowledge which is power (whenever you are able to obtain such) become a means of doing good.

A well-meant zeal for education, and in some perhaps, pity for those deprived of its blessings, may have produced this erroneous doctrine of the non-responsibility of persons thus unfortunately circumstanced. But short-sighted indeed, and insulting to you was the friendship of those who thought thus degradingly of you, and who strove so to degrade you in your own opinion, as to believe, and endeavour to make you believe, that you had no position in creation—no dignity as human beings, but were the mere creatures of outward circumstances; and that these outward circumstances could reduce you, with all the noble apparatus of mind which you possess, to the level of the brutes, and bridge over that immeasurable distance—a distance so immensely greater than that between the mightiest potentate and poorest beggar—the distance between the responsible human being, furnished with moral and intellectual faculties, and human instincts, and human sympathies, and, above all, with an insatiable craving for his own respect, and the non-responsible brutes, with their animal instincts moving them mechanically towards the appetites and operations necessary to animal existence, and resting satisfied in these as an end. While man, even when unenlightened, or worse, when led astray—ever ambitious, be it for a bauble—ever enthusiastic, be it for a fallacy—ever ready to sacrifice the interests or the life of the body to the ambitious struggles of the soul—ever longing for his own good opinion and that of others to raise him in his own estimation, evidences thus, by his very errors, the superior order and nobler destination of his being; a being which, when that instinctive craving is enlightened, when that instinctive ambition is directed to worthy objects, is capable of becoming a reflection of all that can be conceived as the attributes of a God.

On this superiority of nature let the humblest of *human* beings place his foot firmly; and thence, by cultivating those natural powers, the possession of which give him his rank in creation, strive to rise in virtue and in self-respect daily, whether he receive aid from without or not. There are many unfavourable circumstances, no doubt, especially the want of moral training in infancy, and the evil training you receive from bad people in childhood, which make the task of many of you very difficult; and therefore, where they exist, render you objects of compassion,

and make it the imperative duty of those who have the power to do so to amend your circumstances; but, while those circumstances do not make your task impossible (which nothing but insanity or idiotism can do), they do not release you from your *natural* responsibility.

A responsibility which is increased by living in a partly civilized country, in which, however far from perfect its standard of morals may be—however lamentably its national education may be neglected, yet the general voice of indignation against great crimes expressed by penal laws and public punishments, and the general disapprobation of disorderly conduct evinced by the difficulty which disorderly persons find in getting employed, must greatly assist the natural powers of the human mind in forming an approximation to a just moral common-sense, and thus increase the responsibility of all who live in a partly civilized country, however unfavourable their own individual circumstances may be. Even the very necessity which bad people are under of perpetrating their crimes in secret, is a species of moral training to themselves and to their unhappy children.

Now, though no want of aid from without can release any human being from his natural responsibility, yet a few words of plain advice from any friend who, possessing leisure, may have studied the subject, would very greatly assist you all in forming a moral common-sense from those materials which you possess within your own minds. Let me be that friend; let me endeavour to give you, as far as I am able, those few words of advice which, I can honestly say, I am prompted to offer you by one of the very faculties I owe to that human nature which I share with you—namely, the natural impulse which makes us desire each other's happiness.

CHAPTER II.

Cultivation of the moral faculties in adults.

If then, instead of forfeiting the self-respect which, in the first instance, you have a right to found on the possession of your human nature, you would greatly increase it, and cause it to grow into an approving conscience, representing the approbation of God, and entitling you to the respect and love of all good men, you will, notwithstanding your having been neglected in childhood, now, with your adult powers of mind, cultivate in yourselves, and cause to be cultivated in your children, the moral and intellectual faculties which are necessary to the formation of a perfect moral-sense or enlightened conscience; and which will thus teach natural conscience, or the natural instinct which craves

for your own approbation, when you ought to approve and when you ought to disapprove of yourselves.

Your being poor and devoid of book-learning need not prevent your doing this; the plainest advice will, as I have said, put the most unlearned in the way of setting about so desirable a work.

CHAPTER III.

Cultivation of benevolence.

Each of you can, for instance, cultivate the natural instinct of benevolence, by doing every kindly, every obliging action in your power, and by seeking occasions to do such. For this purpose it is not necessary to be rich enough to give away money or goods; there are a thousand other ways of contributing to the happiness and relieving the sufferings of our fellow-creatures, especially in the family relations, where the mere soft word, the kindly expression of countenance, and the cheerful tone of voice are the daily sweeteners of life, spreading a happiness and a sunshine around the cottage in which they dwell, that all the rank, the learning, and the riches in the world, cannot give without them. The costly pleasures you cannot afford, but gentle and obliging manners, and kindly words and looks do not cost anything; why should they be banished from the dwellings of the poor? Why should the poor wilfully deny themselves and their families such real and natural blessings; which not only do not deprive the person who gives them of anything, but which on the contrary, while he is giving them, fill his own bosom with a glow of satisfaction which disposes him each time more and more to do the like again. Nor is this feeling, as I have already pointed out, accidental; it is, as I have told you, God himself inducing you to be kindly and benevolent, by the promptings of your human sympathies and the pleasure you feel in obeying them; while he has given to your understanding the natural faculties which take notice of this and remember it, that you may feel encouraged by your own experience to do the like again, and so diffuse happiness around you and be happy yourselves.

Observe here the great difference when it is a mere animal instinct which you obey; the moment you carry its gratification beyond its lawful limit—as for instance, when you eat or drink too much—your understanding takes notice of the evil consequences which are produced; and therefore, instead of encouraging you to repeat such acts, warns you against them by your own experience. And when it is another person who suffers in consequence of what you have done wrong, your human sympathy of benevolence murmurs, and makes your conscience refuse to approve of you, which

makes you uncomfortable. So that it comes to this, that there is no real lasting pleasure to be had out of doing a wrong, either to yourselves or to any one else. This is a law of nature, and there is no use in struggling against it. All the human beings in the world put together have not strength enough to upset one law of nature.

Can you stop the revolving seasons, or prevent the alternations of night and day?

The faculties of the human mind are characters in which the Mind which traced the laws of nature has legibly written this commandment:—Happiness shall be attained through moral order only.

CHAPTER IV.

Cultivation of veneration, or admiration of goodness.

You can also, without riches or learning, cultivate the natural faculty which, when it admires goodness, prompts your instinctive desire of your own approbation to urge you to make efforts to resemble what you admire.

This you can do by habitually thinking about, and talking over with your families, all the good, and kind, and just, and generous actions and people you have ever heard of, and then trying to form the idea in your own minds of these good qualities, carried to the greatest degree of perfection you are able to conceive; and this you will be able to do, without any learning, by looking within your own minds, and dwelling on the thought; for God has given you all the natural faculties necessary to enable you to form to yourselves this idea of the greatest possible goodness, or of a real, perfect God, whom your mind cannot help admiring intensely (which is worshipping) as soon as it *sees the idea.* Not because the Great Mind of the universe, like an earthly prince, wants your worship to increase his glory, but because he knows that worshipping goodness will make you strive to be good.

CHAPTER V.

Design and contrivance visible in the metaphysical laws of mind.

Volumes have been written to point out the evidences of design in physical creation. Here is design as manifest as ever was displayed by mechanical contrivance however admirable. First, the revelation of the idea of perfect goodness, which the power of conceiving the idea brings before the mind; then, the natural impulse

which cannot choose but admire this revelation; then, the natural instinct which craves for our own approbation, but which, having seen this revelation, cannot grant its entire approbation to anything short of this high standard, and, *therefore*, presses continually on the will to urge our whole being forward towards perfection. Here the *mental machinery*, with its mechanical contrivances, and the great motive or *moral propelling power* are both visible, as it were, to the naked eye!

When the finite imitates the Infinite, the distance in degree must, of course, be immeasurable. But it is the assimilation in nature, despite the distance in degree, which renders it ennobling to the mind of man to set itself to the great work of imitating the goodness of God. The immensity of the distance but opens before the soul an eternity of progress.

Some of the well-meaning among the poor Chinese, who have not been taught any religion, and who are thus without any holy object of worship to inspire them with a veneration for goodness, strive to supply this deficiency by putting up in their houses the picture of some very wise and virtuous old man, before which they constantly burn a lamp as a mark of respect.

This seems to be an instinctive effort to enlighten and stimulate natural conscience; for, when the instinct which admires is thus induced to reverence goodness, the instinct which craves for your own approbation prompts you to imitate what you reverence.

CHAPTER VI.

Advantages of metaphysical instruction to the unlearned.

Despite the popular prejudice, that of all studies metaphysical ones are the most difficult for the human mind to grapple with, and require the deepest learning and the greatest amount of leisure, the love of truth and the sincere desire to do good compel me to believe, and to declare my belief, that, on the contrary, the study of our own minds by means of consciousness, the convictions arising out of this study, and the practical application of those convictions to conduct, form a means of cultivating the moral faculties and elevating the human mind, which is peculiarly adapted to be the resource of those who have neither the leisure nor the opportunity to become learned. It is a resource which may be made available even to those who cannot read, if such persons, instead of wasting their time and their earnings in public-houses, were persuaded by worthy neighbours to attend the meetings of mechanics' institutions of an evening, where they might hear short essays on such subjects read aloud, and also hear lecturers who could direct their attention to their own minds, and make them observe their human sympathies and human instincts

moving within them, so that they must feel sure that they do possess such, and then compel their understandings, by the plainest illustrations, to confirm every right impulse, as they led them to follow out the consequences of actions, till they arrived at the irresistible conclusion that happiness cannot be attained but through moral order; taking care to keep always in view the main fact—namely, that the powers of mind by which they get at this conclusion are natural to the human species, and are to be found, in a greater or less degree of activity, in every human breast. For the great advantage of thus convincing every individual, and especially the unlearned, by their own consciousness, of the absolute existence, within their own minds, of a certain set of natural instincts and natural powers, out of which, when attended to and compared, certain moral and religious convictions and obligations grow as naturally as the stem and branches of a tree from its roots, is, that such convictions can never afterwards be shaken. No arguments nor scoffs could persuade any being, however simple, however unlettered, however unprotected by all other answering arguments, that convictions *thus arrived at* were but the mistakes or the fabrications of other persons, pressed upon them by superstitious zeal or undue authority. Each individual must know that the revelation had been made to his own mind; nor would he need any library to pursue the subject, for the materials for study would be within his own breast; nor would his inability to read books prevent his thus reading his own thoughts, and talking them over with others similarly situated.

Such discussions would furnish each individual with additional convictions, that the human instincts and human sympathies which he would thus find that all felt more or less, and the rational conclusions he would find all were thus, in dispassionate moments, disposed to come to, must really be natural to the human soul. While the general approbation, which in moments of calm converse all are ready to grant to the kindly and just impulses would tend to raise, in such assemblies, a public opinion in favour of virtue, and a stronger sense of the responsibility consequent upon the possession of their *human* nature; a responsibility which they would find, in trying to converse, that common parlance, by the consent, as it were, of a common instinct, acknowledges when it uses the expressions "*inhuman*" and "unnatural," to indicate cruelty, or unkindness, or even the absence of kindness.

When such convictions were *thus arrived at*, those to whom religious instruction had been given could not fail to feel a strong internal evidence that inspiration must have dictated the written revelation, which, in conformity with this natural revelation, kindly addresses the poor, and calls little children to its bosom to tell them to "love as brethren, to be pitiful, to be courteous, and to do unto others as they would that they should do unto them;"

together with an equally strong internal evidence that all fierce, cruel, intolerant doctrines which are opposed to this perfect image of a good and merciful God are but "the devices of men," and that all warfare, whether religious or political, except in the strict defence of our own homes, or of the homes of those who are unable to defend themselves, is the most gigantic, the most all comprehensive of human crimes.

THE HALF-HOLIDAY.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Yes, ye are free, the fields and bowers
  Look gaily in this summer weather—
Free to enjoy some merry hours
  Of harmless liberty together—
Mounting the green and breezy hill,
  There to pursue your playful gambols,
Or wandering to the ivied mill,
  That sweetest of all summer rambles.

'Tis eve, and now by yonder brook,
  Homeward I mark ye swiftly wending,
None wear a sad and troubled look
  Because the day's glad sports are ending;
To study ye shall turn again
  Refresh'd and cheer'd by healthful leisure,
And shall by diligence obtain
  A passport to fresh hours of pleasure.

Alas! when in the school of life
  We find in after years employment,
And from its paths of busy strife
  Snatch a short season of enjoyment,
We hope "free nature's grace" to share,
  We hope to break the chains that bind us—
But no, in spots most bright, most fair
  We drag our fetters still behind us.

Our weary labours we resume,
  But cannot bend to the transition,
Thoughts of streams and trees in bloom
  Flit round us like a mocking vision.
We lack the light elastic mind
  That varies with quick alternation
From flowery fields to scenes confined,
  From care to mirthful recreation.

Ah, me! the longer that we live,
  Spite of our boasted sense and reason,
The more we feel that years can give
  No joy like youth's unclouded season,
When actively we toil'd to earn
  Freedom to range 'mid nature's beauties,
Yet could from pleasures promptly turn
  Whenever summon'd back to duties.

THE GLEE-SINGERS;[1]

OR,

THE GUELPHS AND GHIBELLINES.

CHAPTER XVI.

The web is wove, the work is done.—
Gray's Bard.

At length the large nuptial banner was finished. On the day of its completion there was a large assembly of noble Florentines of both sexes at the Palazzo Gondi. As soon as the Signora Gondi announced that the task was done, two attendants came forward, took the work from its frame, and, standing on a table, held it up to view. All rose from their seats; the ladies, presenting their hands to each other, bent with a gesture of salute and thanks for their mutual assistance, and the young Cavalieri, holding their caps in their hands, raised their clear sweet-toned voices in a general "Viva!" which, though loud and animated, was still very unlike the stout-lunged roar of a British cheer.

Buondelmonte, easily excited, was gratified for the moment, and smiled, and sent round a glance of pleased acknowledgment; but his eye fell upon Imma, who, sheltered behind her mother from all observation but his, stood pale as ashes, with drooping head, quivering lips, and eyes filled with tears. A light broke upon his mind, and a revulsion of feeling which he could not control shook his spirit. Without uttering a word he precipitately quitted the room and hurried home.

Some of the Florentines were astonished, others looked wise and laughed.

"*Oibo!*" said one young man, "why, Messer Giovanni is as modest as a young lady on the approach of marriage. See how he has fled from beholding the signs and tokens of such a nervous event."

"I hope he will wear a veil on his wedding-day," said another.

"Oh, no!" laughed a third, "he can hide his blushes behind the folds of the banner."

"Now you are all wrong," said Uberti, "it is love, not modesty that has hurried him away. He flies to be the first to tell his lady-love of the completion of the banner, and to press for an early day to seal his happiness."

[1] Continued from page 173.

"*Evviva*, Uberti!" cried the young men, "that is a more gallant suggestion than ours, and we accept it as more worthy of a Florentine."

The assembly broke up, and the streets of the city were enlivened by the numerous gay groups passing cheerily to their palaces.

Buondelmonte had gone home to compose himself. He now suspected the interest he had awakened in Imma's bosom: his self-love was gratified, but his honourable feelings were grieved. For *himself* the die was cast; inclination *must* yield to duty: for *Imma* . . . but he thought "She is young: time and reason and her own integrity will obliterate a hopeless love for the husband of another." But with the instinctive jealousy of a lover, he would not whisper to himself that the impression he had made might be effaced by another amid the crowd of admirers her beauty could not fail to attract. "I must," thought he, "hasten to fulfil my destiny with the best grace I may. Of what use is my delay but to increase my trouble? I must go to the Palazzo Amidei and make many happy by deceiving them. How miserable would Amidea be if she knew that my heart rejected her—how pained my kinsmen if they guessed my repugnance to the lot they have cast for me!"

Then he fell into a train of reflections more grave than were usual with him; reflections that were the offspring of his sorrow and dissatisfaction. He whispered to himself: "How radically false this world must be when delusion is so requisite to happiness, and the knowledge of realities so subversive of it! It is necessary to our very existence to live on in the delusions of hope: it is necessary to our self-complacency to believe in the conventional civilities of acquaintances, and the unvarying affection of friends. How humiliated we should feel if we knew how often we are irksome even to true friends: how often the service which we think is kindly and voluntarily done for us, is wrung from some ungratifying motive: how often thoughts of blame and of transient estrangement flit across the minds of even those who love us as perfectly as imperfect human hearts *can* love. We are happy children, and even sensible children, while we are amused and satisfied with toys—the wooden dog that pretends to bark, or the painted bird that seems to sing. And we are foolish children when we break our toys to pieces (thus losing the future enjoyment of them), to try and find out of what they are made. Delusion is so necessary to earthly happiness, that with the instinct of nature men seek after it. Why do we love poetry, pictures, tales of fiction? Because they are delusions. Truth, indeed, has in all times some faithful followers, else we should forget the very name of truth—but these are almost always martyrs in body or in spirit. What an inducement to fix our minds on that better

sphere where alone truth unveiled, in the full revelation of her holy beauty, can be wedded indissolubly to happiness!"

Buondelmonte's mood was more serious than it had ever been before, and it was with some difficulty that he exerted himself to rise from his couch and mount his favourite white horse; and feeling very much like a martyr to the peace of his country, he set out for the Palazzo Amidei.

There he found assembled the heads of the family Amidei, with Uberti, Lamberti, and Fifanti, Amidea and Padre Severino, and also some of the Buondelmonti, who had courteously gone to announce the completion of the banner.

Buondelmonte entered with a flushed brow and a hurried manner. He exhibited the signs of a man in love; and to whose influence could Amidea attribute it but her own, when he had taken such pains to play the lover to her? The Amidei were flattered by his apparent inclinations; the Buondelmonte were gratified that they had not made for their kinsman the altar of Hymen an altar of sacrifice. All were happy in their delusions—all but Buondelmonte, for he alone knew the reality.

The marriage was fixed for the ensuing Thursday, and Buondelmonte compelled himself to say as much as could be reasonably expected from him on the occasion. Amidea mentioned to him apart her intention of requesting Imma Donati to attend her as bridesmaid; "for," said she, "my other bridesmaid and cousin, Francesca Uberti, is a Ghibelline, and it is but right, in this union of Guelph and Ghibelline, to choose my bridesmaids one from each party."

Amidea was now speaking from the influence of an impression to this effect formerly made on her by the Widow Donati, for her own private reasons. Buondelmonte felt a shock at the idea of seeing Imma on such an occasion and in such a capacity; but he could make no plausible objection, and he assented with an apparent coldness that surprised Amidea.

The party separated, and the news was soon bruited about Florence that Thursday next was to be the important day. The city was filled with a bustle very unlike its usual monotony; for the wedding, being one of public interest, was one of public participation. Many and mighty were the preparations to be made among all classes to do honour to Florence in *general*, to the happy pair in *particular*, and to each person's own self in *especial*. Many among the young Guelph and Ghibelline damsels who had suffered their inclinations to stray beyond the pale of their own party, now fluttered with hope that the excellent example about to be set would not be thrown away, but would find many followers; and they were quite prepared to declare the propriety of checking faction feuds, and to give in their adhesion to the principle of "mixed marriages."

Mosca Lamberti, at all events, was resolved to lose no time in working out that principle. He thought the present a most favourable time for his own suit, and said to himself—"Now, while all Florence is ringing with the wedding, and every young signorina has her head full of fine clothes, feasts, gifts, and compliments, each will be wishing it was her own turn to act the principal part in such a pretty pageant, and will be quite ready to marry the first man who offers her an opportunity of doing so. Then away to Imma Donati in the glow of the first excitement. I suppose *she* would like to play bride as well as the ugliest woman in Florence."

He repaired to the Palazzo Donati fully determined to make his proposals *now*, and was not to be diverted from his purpose, though the Widow, who was instinctively aware of it, endeavoured to parry it with voluble questions about the approaching event. But Mosca gravely entreated her attention; he described to her the joy of their fellow-citizens at the prospect of a union between the hostile factions; he observed that the joy would be increased, and the peace doubly cemented, by a double union between them; that, admiring the example of a Guelph leader choosing a Ghibelline wife, he, a Ghibelline chief, begged leave to seek in the House of Donati a Guelph bride; he detailed his wealth, his rank, his connections, all the advantages he possessed; and he wound up his speech, as in duty bound, by a profession of the most intense admiration of her beautiful daughter.

The Widow in her reply flattered Mosca on the advantages of a union with *him*, which, she said, was quite sufficient for the ambition of the Donati. She expressed much gratification at his proposal, and were he (she said) of the Guelph party, there could not be a moment's hesitation as to its reception; but she confessed she rather doubted the success of the experiment now about to be tried in the close union of the opposite factions. She feared that, if not between husband and wife, still between the families on both sides, their different opinions must frequently create causes of contention that would more or less injure the happiness of the married couple.

Mosca combatted her objections, and observed, that the collective wisdom of Florence had decided with a different judgment from hers; to which, however, in all other cases but this he would reverentially defer.

Still La Donati pretended to demur—to be fearful of such a risk for her daughter's peace—again wished (hypocritically) that Mosca had been a Guelph. At length she said,

"Well, Messer Lamberti, allow me at least a little time to see how the experimental union succeeds. Give me one month for observation; it is not too much for a mother to ask on behalf of her only child. Come to me on the day month after your cousin's

marriage, and I can then, with greater propriety and satisfaction, reply to your flattering proposals."

"And your daughter meanwhile may be won from me: she is too beautiful to remain unsought."

"My daughter's inclinations are yet disengaged." (She knew she spoke falsely, but she did not blush, for she made a mental reservation that Imma's affections had not been *claimed*). "I promise you," she added, "that for the time I have named, I will guard you from the dangers of any *new* rival." (She satisfied her conscience by the use of the word *new*). "I will go further and say, that I will never give her to any Ghibelline but yourself."

Mosca was obliged to submit with a good grace, and took his leave, not quite certain whether he was satisfied or not. He returned to the Palazzo; and retiring to his private apartment, desired a domestic to summon "Piero" to attend him.

Piero entered; his dress was a plain murrey-coloured long gown of camlet, confined by the usual leather belt; and his person bore a strong though coarse resemblance to that of Mosca, who, reclining back in his chair, pointed to a stool, on which Piero sat down with an air that marked he was not on terms of perfect equality with Lamberti, who addressed him, however, in a manner of familiarity.

"Well, Piero, I have made my proposals."

"And how have you sped?" asked Piero.

"Somewhat between yea and nay," replied Mosca: and he detailed what had passed between him and La Donati, and then asked—

"Now, what think *you*, Piero?"

"I think that what the Widow said seems reasonable enough."

"But cannot you, Piero, see anything lurking under a woman's *reasonable* talk? *Capperi!* I sometimes think you are half a fool, and wonder how we both can be the sons of the same sagacious father, but that indeed, *I* am the son of the high-born *Dama*, the noble wife, and *you* of the lowly *Contadina*, the credulous mistress; and, like the dog of perfect breed, *I* have the finer senses, and *you*, like the mongrel, the less acute."

"Spare some of your gibes on my birth," said Piero, sullenly. "Either treat me like a brother, since you acknowledge me one, or treat me like an alien, and forget my birth."

"Ay," laughed Mosca, maliciously, "but you know you are only half a brother, half an alien; and I treat you half and half accordingly."

Piero got up to go away.

"Come, come, do not be sulky," said Mosca, changing his tone. "*Via, via!* sit down again, and do not mind a brother's jest. Do I treat you like an alien when I make you the confi-

dant of my thoughts, and a fellow-artificer in all my"—he paused for a word. Piero supplied it: "Malpractices."

"Well, I forgive the word," said Mosca, "in consideration that I galled you. But do you think that Mosca dei Lamberti" (and he drew himself up proudly) "would stoop to a confidant who had not noble blood in his veins on one side at least; or that a Lamberti would be fool enough to trust in one who was not bound to him by kindred ties? Yes!" (and he assumed a tone of significance, and looked shrewdly at Piero)—"Yes! or one who was not bound to him by ties something stronger than those of half blood—even by considerations for personal safety?"

Piero quailed under Mosca's eye, and looked down. Mosca continued in a kind of half raillery, "Believe me, dear Piero, I prize you highly. You are an invaluable fellow to me. I could never match you; for you are just noble enough to be fit for my prime agent, and just ignoble enough to be more useful than any stiff-necked gentleman in full." And he added in a serious voice, and with something like feeling, "And verily, I do love thee, Piero, in some sort. You are the only apology for a brother I ever had, and you were my playmate in happy and innocent years." And even Mosca sighed when he thought of his youth. "But," he resumed, "we have wandered away from the point, which is the Widow Donati. I guess by her manner that she is playing some part. Some thought she hoped to make Buondelmonte break his engagement for the sake of Imma's charms, but that is now out of the question; and I confess I am puzzled to understand her. I perceive she is not acting honestly, though she speaks plausibly. When women of La Donati's stamp talk *reasonably*, they mean to talk *speciously:* it is only pure high-minded women, like my cousin Amidea, who can be trusted and believed when they speak reason. La Donati has certainly some motive for cajoling me for a time, though what it may be I cannot guess; for if there were a better match in the case, surely she would have refused me at once."

"And if," asked Piero, "she should at last refuse you?"

"Why then," replied Mosca, "she must retract her refusal in all possible haste. I *must* marry Imma, whether by fair means or foul. And two such experienced hands as you and I are, Piero, cannot fail of finding a way to carry out my determination."

"Is there no one else in Florence that would do as well for you?" asked Piero, carelessly.

Mosca half rose from his chair and looked at him. "*Bestia!* could I obtain influence over the Guelph party by any other connection? Have I not explained to you twenty times?"

"*Perdonate mi!* my very fraternal patron; you have often *begun* your explanations, and as often turned aside from them in

your gibes and jeers, which do generally take from me the desire of hearing, or the ability of comprehending."

"Basta! Piero, listen! for as I *may* want you, I may as well explain. When I was in Germany I made good use of my opportunities with the Emperor Frederic. I possessed him fully of my great zeal for the Ghibelline cause, and my desire to assist him in recovering Florence. We came to an understanding; I agreeing to use all my influence in the furtherance of his object; and he promising, in the event of success, to give me the highest honours and the highest authority in the Florentine territories, with a splendid revenue, under the character of Imperial Governor, and the title of Duke of Florence. Think of *that*, Piero! think of Mosca the virtual sovereign of Florence! How I would indemnify myself for every offence I have ever received! how I would set my foot on the Guelphs, for I hate them with all the fervour of a partisan. I would as soon marry a she-devil as a she-Guelph, but that my marriage with Imma is a necessary step in the ladder of ambition. Frederic told me that he had engaged two young men with fine voices to come hither in the disguise of glee-men or itinerant minstrels, to sing party songs, for the enlightenment of the populace of course; and with these men he desired me to communicate on every necessary occasion, or whenever the time for taking some decided part should arise. It is strange that the Emperor would not tell me their names or history: he said they had reasons for concealment. Now Frederic is a poet, and consequently has a great dash of romance in his composition. There is some Troubadour story of a run-away wife or lady-love among them, and Frederic is working it into some poetic or romantic foolery, and is playing the part of confidant. That is nothing to me: but not choosing to commit myself with men who are guarded with *me*, I have represented to Frederic, that for the sake of fair play, I begged to remain equally incognito to *them*, and I requested him to mention me only as 'the noble Ghibelline.' I have taken care never to meet them myself, but have appointed you my lieutenant and proxy. Frederic told me, that by the marriage of Buondelmonte and Amidea he expected the Ghibellines would obtain an ascendency over the Guelphs, well kno wing the character of the bridegroom, kind and easy, and open to feminine influence. And now I remember, the Emperor said that, though he considered the marriage beneficial to his interest, he regretted it for his dear Florestan's sake; but he supposed it were better now under existing circumstances that it should take place.

"Hitherto neither the Glee-singers nor I have made much way, owing to the situation of the factions at this time. But let Buondelmonte be once married among us, and subjected to our influence, and his party shall be unnerved. Let *me* marry Imma

Donati, and gain possession of her wealth, and authority among her kindred, and the power of the Guelphs will be destroyed. At a favourable juncture a body of Ghibelline troops will steal a march on Florence; the gates will be opened to them; the noble Guelphs, without a head, will be unable to offer any effectual resistance, and the populace will be led by the *ears* by the Glee-singers, and by the nose by Mosca Lamberti, Imperial Governor and Duke of Florence."

"And what of Piero?" asked his companion.

"Piero shall have his share of wealth—enough to gild over the trifling blot in his escutcheon," replied Mosca.

Piero observed, "Frederic, you say, spoke of *two* singers, here are *three*."

"Yes," said Mosca, "but only the two elder are accredited by the Emperor: the young lad is some kind of page to the bass-singer."

"There," replied Piero, "that accounts for my not having seen him in my interviews with the others. But Brunetto, as the treble-singer calls himself, has always concealed his face from me."

"I have often thought," said Mosca, "that these young men are here on some business of their own rather than on the Emperor's; for I cannot see that they are very useful, though they may be very zealous. And it would be just in character with Frederic's romantic turn, to pass them off as political agents, and thus make mystery on mystery. But let them work on, they cannot, under any untoward circumstances, betray *me*."

"What will you do about La Donati?" Piero inquired.

"I must wait, I suppose, during the time specified."

"Would it not be an effectual means of obtaining Imma, to bribe her mother's ambition by confiding to her your brilliant prospects?"

"Are you going mad, Piero? Confide such an important secret to a woman! why she *could* not keep it. She would accept me in too great a hurry, that she might run about tantalizing the other women with hints of her daughter's coming greatness, the future grand-duchess; and Guelphs and Ghibellines, equally envious, would fly at me together and annihilate me. No, no! she must give me her daughter on some other inducement."

"Are you the least in the world in love with Imma?" asked Piero, with a sinister smile, "for *your* love is fatal."

"Imma may live for ever if *my* love only is to be fatal to her. I think my last adventure has cured me of love. In truth I never intended it to have been so tragical to all parties. I commenced in mere levity—but I got entangled myself; and being unable to untie the knot quietly, I had to cut it. Verily, Piero, if there be such a thing as remorse I should feel it often, but that I lull it with dreams of ambition; and the remembrance of one

beautiful face rises so frequently in my mind that it prevents me from doing justice to Imma's charms."

"And yet," said Piero, "she is very beautiful."

"I care not for her beauty. Were she as ugly as sin she would be equally welcome to me as the heiress of the Donati. But why do people call sin ugly? It seems very lovely and attractive to the generality of the world. They fly to it, and devote themselves to it, body and soul, as completely as the most passionate lover could to the most enchanting nymph. And you and I, Piero, in *our* days have acknowledged the attractions of the Syren."

"I would thank you," replied Piero, "not to remind me of disagreeable things."

"Oh, but I must," laughed Mosca, "lest you might forget the hold I have on you in something more than brotherhood. If it were not for my knowledge of your being amenable to what they call offended laws, I should not be quite so sure of your inviolable and invaluable secresy as my bosom friend and half-brother. Come, come! smooth your brow; bring a flask of wine, and let us drown all unpleasant recollections in its rosy tide."

CHAPTER XVII.

I love you:
And what my heart durst never tell my tongue,
Lest it should blab my thoughts, at last I speak,
And iterate, I love you.

A Challenge for Beauty.—Heywood.

The Widow Donati had been somewhat disconcerted on learning that the day for Buondelmonte's marriage was actually fixed, but she would not yet own herself defeated: while ever the noble Florentine continued free, even up to the last moment, she said, he might be won; but as time grew short, some decisive measures she saw must be adopted, and she desired Carlo to bring Buondelmonte to the Palazzo, that she might have an interview with him.

"You must proceed very cautiously now," said Carlo.

"Nay," replied the Widow, "that is not always the best way. If you want to discover a truth, while you are putting your cautious questions it is ten to one but the person interrogated discovers your drift, and gains time to fabricate answers, and delude you; but make an abrupt and unexpected onset, the person is then taken unawares, and stammers out a good deal of the truth while attempting some thin unprepared disguise, and the confusion of looks and words ekes out your discovery."

"And what truth do you want to elicit from Buondelmonte?"

"Indeed none; for I well know his only secret, his love for Imma; but I have much to do, and time is too short to admit of wasting any in slow cautiousness. I dare say a great part of the war consists in knowing when to dash boldly on the enemy, and when to steal a march upon him—when to use force—when stratagem. And the great art of civil tactics is to know when to come boldly to the point, or when to work skilfully round. But away on your errand."

Carlo soon obeyed his aunt, and brought to her Buondelmonte, who was somewhat uneasy at her summons. When he entered the room where she awaited him, she exclaimed,

"What news is this I hear, noble Buondelmonte? They say that on Thursday next you wed with a Ghibelline; I will not believe it till I hear it from your own lips."

Buondelmonte in much surprise observed,

"I should not have thought this was strange news to you, Madonna. You have long heard of my engagement, and long looked upon the preparations for its fulfilment."

"Yes," said La Donati, "I have been looking on, as a spectator at some carnival mummery; but I have been expecting every moment to see the end of the acting—to see the principal player take off his mask, and resume his natural character. How would you have me believe the reality of anything so unnatural as that you, the head, the hope of the Guelphs, would abandon your position, and forsake your father's party, to wed a Ghibelline, and, worse, one who had loved another than yourself—the rejected, the forsaken lady-love of a worthless, criminal Ghibelline? Oh, Buondelmonte! if your noble father lived to see this day!"

"Madonna," replied Buondelmonte, with dignity, "Florence is my mother, and Florence has commanded this alliance."

"Say rather," replied the Widow, "your step-mother, the Ghibelline part of Florence. Do you seek popularity? The Guelphs are the most numerous among the Florentines, and they would rejoice to see you make an alliance more worthy of you and them."

"Then," said Buondelmonte, summoning his firmness, for his heart thrilled, "then they should have found it for me earlier. I cannot now retract—my honour is implicated. I should be a mark for the finger of scorn, as the most inconstant, the most vacillating of men. I should, in all probability, be the means of exciting a civil war. But setting aside these considerations, I could not, I would not, treat with such levity and dishonour a noble lady like my betrothed bride."

"And yet," said La Donati, "you know you were not the *chosen* of Amidea's heart; she was forced into accepting you; and if I know anything of womankind, she is just that grave, retiring, and romantic person, that would much rather you left her

at liberty to mourn her lost love till the novelty of grief was over (for he is not a year dead), and then to choose for herself."

Buondelmonte's vanity was a little hurt at this insinuation, and that feeling lent him the more spirit to reply.

"When I formed this engagement at the wish of Florence, I was aware of the wound the lady had experienced. I have exerted myself to heal it, and I trust not wholly in vain. My perfidy (as she would naturally term it) would tear open again that recent wound. No, I would not pain her thus: it would be doubly cruel."

"You are a prudent man I perceive," observed La Donati, trying the effect of a slight sneer. "The Amidei, with their numerous kinsmen, the Uberti, the Fifanti, the Lamberti, are too powerful to be offended."

Buondelmonte reddened.

"Madonna, I may not reply to a lady's taunt as I would to a man's; but you know that the Buondelmonti fear no one in Florence."

"And especially," said the Widow, changing her tone, "and especially if united with the Donati. Do not start. You must have known that the most natural alliance must be that of the head of the Buondelmonti with the heiress of the Donati: and you, Giovanni—you whose mother was my dearest friend—you whom I once hoped to call my son—look (it is not vanity), look upon your advantages. Say, is there any one in Florence so worthy of you as my beautiful, my unrivalled Imma?"

"Beautiful! beautiful!" sighed Buondelmonte; "worthy of a better, a nobler man than I am."

"*We* seek no better nor nobler," answered La Donati. "Giovanni, be frank—you love Imma—do not begin to exculpate yourself—I do not blame you. How could you see her and not love her? I have seen your love for her in every look and gesture; and daily I expected from you the avowal of it—daily I expected your breaking those disgraceful Ghibelline trammels: and a thousand times have you acted the lover, in all but words perhaps, to Imma."

Buondelmonte knew this charge was true, and cast down his eyes.

"But perhaps," resumed the Widow, with a slight tinge of sarcasm, "perhaps I was mistaken, and you were only wooing her for your future kinsman, Mosca Lamberti."

"Mosca Lamberti!" cried Buondelmonte; "has he dared ——"

"Yes; he has made his proposals in form. Do not *you*, who set the example of mixed marriages, approve of the shrewd Ghibelline as a husband for the beautiful Guelph?"

"Oh, name not Mosca! I could not bear to think of *him* as—

as aspiring to the happiness I would purchase with my *blood*, but not with my *honour*—not with the sufferings of another."

La Donati, like all cunning people, was not without some meanness in her mind; and to attain her ends she scrupled not to compromise her daughter's dignity.

"You," said she, "who are so mindful of the feelings of one you *cannot* love, are you careless of the feelings of her whom you *do* love? Suppose the part that you *know* you have acted with Imma has succeeded, and that you have gained her affections, what will be the consequences? She is younger than Amidea—she is more simple—her mind less schooled—her health is delicate—her frame fragile. Oh, Giovanni! must I owe to you the probable loss of my daughter? For I will own to you—I *must* own it—her young heart is all your own. I have not only seen that it is so, but I have drawn the confession from her innocent lips in the first burst of feeling, when we learned the appointing of that ill-omened Thursday."

Buondelmonte felt an exquisite thrill of delight shoot through his whole frame when he learned the certainty that he was dear to the beautiful Imma—a delight which prevented him from seeing the impropriety of the Widow's conduct all through, both to her daughter and himself, engaged as he was to another. He stood a moment in a whirl of thoughts, then abruptly raising his head, requested the indulgence of an inverview with Imma.

"He is ours," said the Widow to herself exultingly, as she directed him to the door of the room whither Imma had retired, and left him to the meeting unrestrained.

Imma was seated on a couch, resting her head with an air of despondency on her arm. Buondelmonte saw her attitude, though she started up immediately on his entrance. He knelt at her feet, and said in a hurried tone,

"Imma!" (he had never called her so before, and she looked surprised) "Imma! lovely and beloved Imma!"

Imma's heart beat for an instant joyfully at the words, "beloved Imma;" but her delicacy came to her assistance.

"Rise, Messer Buondelmonte, and be silent. The bridegroom of another must speak to me in more measured terms, or never speak to me at all."

"Hear me, hear me, Imma," urged Buondelmonte; "I speak by your mother's sanction. From the hour I first beheld you my whole heart has been yours, so wholly yours that my engagement with the Amidei (arranged by my kinsmen's choice alone) has been painful to me. But I determined to fulfil it—to *honour* Amidea if I could not *love* her. Imma, I could not, I dared not—a shackled man—have sought your hand; but now your mother has given me thoughts I could not entertain before. Imma, I do not ask you to confirm in words what she has said, one look will

be sufficient to make me at once the proudest and the happiest man in Italy."

Imma became covered with a glow of confusion.

"What!" said she, "has my mother". . . . *betrayed me*, she was going to say, but she could not; and with wounded delicacy she turned away from the anxious Guelph.

"Imma," cried Buondelmonte, "one word; say you will be mine, or *look* it only if you will; confirm to me by word or look that I am not indifferent to you, and let Italy say what it will, I am yours for ever."

"And Amidea?" whispered Imma.

"Amidea is kind and high-minded; I will appeal to her generosity. Besides, her heart was not *voluntarily* given to me."

"And Florence?" remonstrated Imma.

"The Buondelmonti and the Donati united may defy Florence. But, my beautiful, my beloved, let Florence rage, let Amidea condemn me, let the Ghibellines reproach me, I brave all rather than lose you; you, the only one I have ever really loved; you, the most worthy of love that the sun ever saw."

"Oh! had you but been free," sighed Imma. "But we have met too early or too late."

"What, Imma! do you reject me? You will not tell me that you hate me?"

"Surely not," said Imma, with a blush; "but I know what a solemn engagement is contracted in the face of our country. I fear it; I dare not let you break it. Oh! Buondelmonte, it is not for myself I fear, but for you. I can bear sorrow and blighted affections—if I *must* say it" (and she coloured deeply)—"but I cannot bear exposing *you* to danger and obloquy. Florence ought to be proud of you, and shall *I* make you hated and despised? My heart tells me I have erred greatly, perhaps inexcusably. When we met you were not free; I should have regarded you as a married man. I have erred. Oh! how truly did the nuns of Livorno tell me that the world was deceitful; my first steps in it have been a lesson in evil and sorrow."

"Imma, my dearest Imma!" Buondelmonte began, but she interrupted him—

"I must not hear such words from the plighted husband of another woman. I imagine myself for a moment in Amidea's place, and I know how bitterly she would feel could she witness you now—you who have been so long as her lover. Yes," added Imma, with some of that bitterness which often so paradoxically accompanies passionate attachment, "yes, I have heard of the fickleness of men—I see it now. You have been for months uttering vows to Amidea, and the moment your marriage day is fixed you hasten to offer your hand to another, and that other . . . . Alas! I have listened too long."

"Spare me, Imma! spare me," said Buondelmonte, in a voice of so much feeling that Imma, angry with herself for the petulance that only sprang from an aching heart, burst into tears, gave him her hand, and suffered him to support her till she had recovered breath. At length she summoned firmness.

"Go, leave me; I could not bear the scorn of Florence for you and myself. How shameful, how cruel, to appoint the very wedding day with a noble lady, and then forsake her! And how could her kinsmen bear it? Oh, Buondelmonte! a frightful thought forces itself upon my mind,—they would wash out the insult in your blood—the Ghibellines are so revengeful. Ah! Santa Maria, have pity on us."

And she covered her eyes as if to shut out the fearful image she had conjured up. The idea of danger to her lover decided her the more strongly in the sacrifice of her own feelings, and she addressed him with forced calmness—

"Buondelmonte, be satisfied if I own to you that had you been free I should have been happy in your preference—that I am at least far from happy now. But I know your duties and my own. Stop! Do not expostulate, else I must bind myself by some solemn vow never to speak with you again."

"Oh! do not do that, Imma; I have some superstitious dread of such a vow."

"Then urge me no more. It is too much to combat both you and myself. Must I so soon forget the lessons of my early youth! Go, go! fulfil your duty; let Florence bless, not curse you."

Buondelmonte, divided between love and honour, knew not how to combat the resolution of Imma, feeling that she was but too right. After a pause of mournful thought he said—

"But after next Thursday—ill-omened day!—how shall we meet again?"

"We must not meet again," replied Imma; "at least for a long time. I will entreat my mother to let me return to the convent of Livorno. She will see the necessity of granting me at least a temporary retreat, where I may hide my heart-sickness till I recover a little."

"And I," said Buondelmonte, "I have no retreat where I may lie down in *my* heart-sickness and wait for recovery. What can be more miserable than for a lacerated heart to be forced into society—to come in contact with the frivolous or the disagreeable, to be driven into activity when it longs for repose, to feel as an insult the gaiety of the happy who intrude their satisfaction upon us in rude contrast with our silently-enduring sorrow? Oh! this is martyrdom; it is worse, for there is no crown to reward it."

"Time—trust to time," said Imma, gently.

"Time! ay, time may work miracles. In time I may learn to value Amidea as I ought; in time my heart may learn its duties

too well to deviate from them; in time I may bear to see you the happy bride of some one who may deserve, but cannot love, you better. But that reminds me, your mother tells me that Mosca Lamberti aspires to you. Imma, there is something in that man's eye that makes me dread *him* for you more than any man on earth. Alas! I should envy *any* man, and think him scarce worthy of you; but Mosca!—the thought is hideous."

"Mosca Lamberti!" said Imma. "In sooth I have never thought of him; but were he the best and worthiest, I would be governed by your judgment—it is the only poor boon I can grant you. Mosca shall never have my hand. No, nor any Ghibelline," she added, half reproachfully; "unlike *you*, Buondelmonte, *I* will ever be true to the party of my friends and of my lineage."

"Imma, Imma! let this our first, our last interview of love pass over without any added pang. Let us at least part in peace."

Imma's tears flowed again, and she half averted her head from her lover.

"I must go—I must bid farewell, or you must permit me to stay for ever."

"You *must* go," replied Imma, "and let us, if possible, meet no more. I have had strength *now* to refuse to steal the husband of another—to be happy at the price of perfidy and cruelty—I must not be tempted again. I will entreat my mother to spare me that sad part that Amidea's unsuspecting friendship has urged upon me."

"I know it," said Buondelmonte; "spare me, too, if you can, that trial."

"But," continued Imma, "if my mother compel me to be present, I shall go in a spirit of endurance to accept the trials of that hour as a penance for having looked upon you and listened to you as I have done. Now farewell, Buondelmonte; but when you leave me, avoid my mother and Carlo. I fear *they* would not be as jealous of your honour and your fame as I am. Farewell, Buondelmonte, we have had some pleasant hours together; forget them—farewell, and be happy."

Buondelmonte was kneeling beside her; he looked sadly and earnestly upon her as if taking a last look.

"Farewell, then, too beautiful, too generous Imma. Forgive me, forgive my past errors, forgive every hour I sought you, every word and look I addressed to you; forgive my unrepressed admiration, forgive the tenderness I did not conceal from you, and the pains I have half unconsciously taken to render you and myself wretched. Imma, you are silent; am I not forgiven?"

"More than forgiven," she could scarcely speak; "go—go in peace."

He fixed on her an earnest look. "The best wish I can make for you is, may your future happiness equal your beauty." Then

pressing on her passive hand one sad and earnest kiss, he sprang up and left the room. He avoided, as Imma had desired him, the room where the Widow anxiously awaited him, and retired by the postern door.

When La Donati's patience was exhausted, she went to Imma's apartment, and was surprised to see her daughter alone and in tears, and was greatly disappointed to learn that Buondelmonte had taken leave of her previously to his marriage. But she felt an instinctive prompting to conceal from her mother that he had made her an offer of his hand. Imma had now left her girlhood for ever, and feeling had matured her into womanhood; the frankness, the undisguise of girlhood was gone. She was beginning to understand her mother's character, and to fear that if La Donati knew what had occurred some painful scenes would be the consequences, and poor Imma longed for repose.

She implored permission to decline attending Amidea to the altar on the plea of illness, but the Widow would not hear of it; she said it would be accounted an insult by the Amidei, and would give rise to disagreeable surmises. All that Imma could obtain was leave to retire.

"It is all over, aunt," said Carlo.

"Not quite," replied La Donati, "not till Buondelmonte is actually married. But I grant you the chances lessen every hour. Well, the greater merit would be in success at the last; ay, at the last moment, just before the priest joins their hands, I will not despair of him. I confess I thought he would have tired ere this of straining after resolution and being honourable against his inclination. Well, there is yet a chance. Imma will stand beside the bride; he will see the difference between them; and at the very church door he may repent."

"Impossible!" cried Carlo.

"Not quite impossible," replied the Widow. "His firmness will begin to relax when he thinks himself quite victorious. The best moment to defeat a man is when he is most self-secure, for then he is off his guard. Besides, the closer Buondelmonte draws to an event that he dreads and dislikes, the more will his dread and dislike increase; and when he comes to the point he will feel desperate enough to do anything for a release."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Oh, Vulcan! cruel and voracious deity, see here thy prey!
Thiebault's Anecdotes of Frederic the Great.

On the evening before Amidea's wedding day, Padre Severino had passed some time with her, receiving her confession (as is custom-

ary before marriage in the Roman Catholic Church), and afterwards in counselling her on the approaching change in her situation. As he rose at length to leave her he said,

"My child, when all around are congratulating you, and wishing you happiness, let your own hopes of felicity be chastened. You must not, cannot look for uninterrupted bliss; such is not the lot of human nature; and the marriage state has cares peculiar to itself; but He who has appointed this state, and hallowed it as an emblem of his church, has allotted to it also peculiar consolations, peculiar privileges, in that entire oneness of heart and spirit that cannot exist in any other relation. The very sorrows that are piously borne together by a Christian couple are sweeter to the feelings and more elevating to the soul than solitary unwedded happiness.

"Parental love may be mingled with vanity or ambition; filial love with somewhat of self-interest; brotherly love with somewhat of pride; but wedded love alone is pure and unselfish. Parents, brothers, children, may some time or other feel the presence of each other irksome, and sigh to be alone; but wedded love can never grow weary thus: when together each is alone with a second *self* in all the freedom, without the dreariness of solitude.

"No merely human institution could ever have produced the perfect integrity of feeling that exists in Christian matrimony; and if ever an era arrives when the world shall overlook the sacred nature of this tie, and the spiritual miracles working in it that it daily presents, and shall come to regard it only as any other civil and legal agreement, it will be a visible symptom that the world has fallen into a cold-hearted, low-minded, irreligious old age.

"You are going, Amidea, to leave the light-hearted state of singleness for a situation of responsibility—to change the flowing wreath of the maiden for the sober matron veil; but you will receive more than an equivalent in accession of dignity. The example of the honourable matron is of more weight in the world than that of the most honourable maiden, and her guidance is of more authority. In her own house she is queen, not by power indeed, but better, by love; and the love and protection of a manly heart is as a guard of honour to her.

"Many women have embarked on the voyage of wedded life with favouring gales, and yet have made shipwreck, because they expected too much; they have expected their partners to be angels, forgetting that, mortals themselves, they have wedded mortals—forgetting that marriage is a divine institution for mutual example, mutual patience, mutual charities in the sickness of the mind as well as of the body, and mutual good humour to smile away little offences, and be indulgent, if not blind, to little faults.

"Now, farewell for the last time, Amidea degli Amidei. To-morrow, when the noblest in Florence pour out their wishes for

the happiness of Amidea dei Buondelmonte, none can be warmer and truer than those of the old Padre, though his feeble voice may be unheard."

He laid his hand upon Amidea's head as she knelt before him, gave her an earnest benediction, and left her to her own meditations.

Amidea rose from her knees, and seated herself. She pressed her hand to her forehead, and tried to compose her tremulous thoughts.

"Then the die is cast, and I am about to venture on a new sphere of existence. But why do I tremble thus at becoming the bride of Buondelmonte, he who came forward to console me when I was deceived and forsaken by the perjured Bastiani? It is well—it is very well that I spoke with those Glee-singers; for nothing less than the testimony of that wretched man's accomplice, and his victim's unhappy brother could have prevented me, even at this hour, from looking back upon his memory with regret. Yet how grateful I ought to be that I have been rescued from the man of perfidy and blood to become the wife of the frank and honourable!"

She tried to think of the morrow, and to image herself kneeling at the altar with Buondelmonte; but she saw only the ruined amphitheatre at Arezzo, and Florestan at her side. She strove to imagine she heard Buondelmonte plight her his faith; but she only heard the sweet, low tones of Florestan as he whispered his first avowal of love. She prayed mentally for the power of controlling her thoughts, became by degrees more collected, and nerved herself to perform what she considered an act of imperative duty.

She went to her large, heavy cabinet, and drew from a deep recess a casket of oak, banded with brass, and re-seated herself near the hearth, where a wood-fire was burning. The casket contained some hoarded relics of her first and ill-fated attachment. She had never had resolution enough to look at them since her return from Arezzo; but now, on the eve of marriage with Buondelmonte, she felt it incumbent upon her to destroy them. She opened the casket, and, one by one, took out its contents.

"Here is the first rose he gave me. It was one of extraordinary beauty, and he brought it from his uncle's garden for me. It was then blooming, like his beauty: it is now withered, like his fame."

She threw it into the fire and saw it consume with a suppressed sigh.

"Here is the letter he addressed to me on his arrival at Sienna; fatal Sienna! 'My own Amidea.' No, I will not read it. False Florestan! How soon the same hand could write 'My own Rosara!'"

The thought gave her fortitude, and with jealous indignation she threw the letter into the blaze.

"The black curl of his glossy hair—how bright it is still! and the head that bore it is in the grave! Why does it look so life-like? Let it, too, turn into ashes.

"The ring, the chain, the golden heart—his various gifts. The buckle I took from his belt in revenge for his theft of my ring.

"Wall-flowers and ivy from the ruined amphitheatre, the scene of my first dream of happiness. Wild thyme from the hill where we used to sit and watch the sun set. Water-flowers from the Arno. These fragile things hardly faded sooner than my dream; and their shrunk, pale forms are as little like their fresh beauty as the Florestan of Sienna was to the Florestan of Arezzo.

"My portrait. How well I remember when it was painted at Florestan's eager wish, when he was obliged to leave Arezzo! With what pleasure he seemed to receive it! and, after his trial, with what a letter of simple pathos he returned it to Padre Severino! Poor Florestan! that, at least, showed a delicacy of feeling towards me. I am altered since this was painted; the head is elevated with an air of hope—the eyes are bright with happiness; now their light is dimmed. There is a carnation on the cheek, a smile on the lips that has faded away from the original. Shall I give this portrait to Buondelmonte to show him what I *was?* No, no; let me bring no relics of the unhappy past to my future home. And this was Florestan's Amidea. Let *her* perish: another shall be painted for Buondelmonte—an Amidea all his own. Perhaps Florestan showed this to his Siennese love, and bade her see how inferior was the Florentine."

That was a stinging thought, and she hastily threw the portrait into the fire.

"Here at the bottom is his picture. How beautiful! the serene high brow—the exquisitely-formed mouth—the calm dark eye—the rich black hair—the tinge on the cheek that glows through the clear olive complexion: all mouldered in the dust; and well that it is so before more hearts were broken. He is in the full-dress of a Ghibelline officer. How soon were those dishonoured trappings torn from him; and now he lies buried in the sordid, bloody garments of a common soldier! Oh, miserable Florestan! when I look upon this placid, this beautiful face, and this honourable garb, how can I credit the dreadful reverse!"

She held the picture a long time gazing on it; then moved it towards the fire—withdrew it—gazed upon it as if she was imprinting it upon her memory; then, with a hasty resolution, committed it to the flames. She had *thrown* in the other relics; but this portrait she *laid* on the burning logs tenderly, as though it were a corpse committed to a funeral pile She almost held her

breath as she watched it fall piece-meal into ashes; and the ideas she mentally applied both to the now lost picture and person of Florestan were of the same tenor of those afterwards embodied by her then unborn countryman, Petrarch, in one of his pathetic sonnets after Laura's decease:—

"Gli occhi di ch'io si scalda mente,
* * * * * *
Le crispe chiome d'or puro lucente,
El lampeggiar del angelico riso,
Che solean far in terra un paradiso,
Poco polvere son che nulla sente."*

When she had made this last sacrifice she could not contain her tears; but while she was weeping sadly and silently, she was roused by the voices of the Glee-singers, who sang under her windows the following serenade, the composition of Brunetto:—

BRIDAL SERENADE.

Not for thee, Christian bride,
Invoke we now the mythic Paynim powers;
Young Hymen with his robe in saffron dyed,
Bright cestus'd Venus, or the laughing Hours.
For all unmeet were words of heathenesse
To mingle in our pious prayers for thee;
We may but ask thine alter'd lot to bless
With heavenly gifts the Christian Graces three.

Firm Faith be thine for ever!
Trustful, unwavering, true to wedded love—
Pure Hope, that when on earth its ties dissever
Seeks to retwine them in the realms above—
Meek Charity, that can forgive, forbear
In human frailties; and in human ill
Can soothe each pang, can lighten every care,
And make for man one bower of Eden still.

Mourn not to leave the wreath
Of summer flowers round maiden tresses twin'd;
For time would steal the rose's fragrant breath,
And shake the wither'd leaflets to the wind.
But to the honour'd matron's crown of gold
Time's friendly hand shall but fresh lustre bring;
And its pure light, which happy eyes behold,
Shall round her home a holy radiance fling.

* "Those eyes of which so fervently I spake,
* * * * * * *
And the crisp tresses, shining as with gold,
The lightning of that all-angelic smile
That wont to make my paradise on earth,
Are now a little dust that feeleth naught."

Glide on thy noiseless course,
Like some majestic river to its shores,
Imparting health and joy, e'en from its source,
Till to the main a tribute stream it pours.
So may thy life flow on, and never cease
A tide of bliss and thankfulness to be;
Blessing and blest, until thou reach in peace
The glorious ocean of eternity.

GIPSY BALLAD.

ZINDELLA, THE GIPSY QUEEN.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Come, Zindella, come with me,
Come across the "deep blue sea;"
Quit thy wild and mountain home
Where the roe and wild deer roam;
Quit the hills and forest bowers
For that pleasant land of ours,
Where, amid the woodland scene,
Thou shalt reign my Gipsy Queen.

Seek with me fair England's strand,
Freedom's own unconquer'd land!
Where, of kindred heart and mind,
Friends and brothers thou shalt find,
And thy native dance shalt see,
Fav'rite of the bold and free;
There, amid the joyous scene,
Thou shalt reign my Gipsy Queen.

Come, my lov'd Zindella, come,
Quit with me thy mountain home;
Wild Bohemia, rough as free,
Flower of Beauty! suits not *thee*.
Come, Zindella, charms like thine
E'en in courtly halls might shine;
Come, in every sylvan scene,
Thou shalt reign my Gipsy Queen.

Weep not for thy mountain home;
Fear not thou the wild sea foam;
Grieve not for the dance and song
Which to these rude hills belong;
When we cross the "deep blue sea,"
Thou shalt dance and sing with me;
And, in every festive scene,
Thou shalt reign my Gipsy Queen.

RICHARD BIDDULPH;[1]

OR,

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF A SCHOOL-BOY.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

SOMETHING ABOUT AN OLD BONE, A PRISON CHILD, AND A PANTOMIME.

Why, what a curious amalgamation for a single lady, or a single chapter! Why, it's enough to make a walking gentleman sneeze outright, or to induce a Lord Chief Baron blow up a junior counsel—that it is. Now only fancy taking such a prescription to a druggist's wife, or a chemist's stern-looking apprentice; why they'd have to consult with one another, and wink at one another, and grin towards one another, previous to taking down the separate bottles which contain them. Still, for all that, I insist upon its being made up, so that it may operate through the various twistings of the body, until it sits down upon the human heart, to rest itself for a century or two, or longer than that if it feels inclined to do so. But first of all, the thread must go again into the eye of the needle, so as to trace some of those stitches which have been worked whilst we, dearest reader, have been dreaming of other chaps, who, though they may not appear to be necessary, are actually and positively essential towards the completion of that picture which wishes to get hold of your sympathy because of its *natural actuality*.

Well then, the beggar died, or rather went out like the snuff of a candle, for want of marrow, or fat, or tallow, and left her little child as a legacy to the old bone, who really was glad when he found that it was so. Nay, he even said as much to Mrs. Harty as thus:—"Ma'am," he said, "ma'am, what does the world want of beggars? Nothing. Besides, because beggars have children, that isn't to say they ought to be beggars; so it is far better that beggars should jump out of beggary into well-planed deal coffins, if any one will—the state, for instance, ma'am—will teach the little ones not to be beggars. And as to the little one—this Jerico that this beggar has left behind her—why she shan't be a beggar, that I can tell her; no, not even if she wishes it, she shan't."

Mrs. Harty, of course, listened attentively to what fell from the old bone, just as though she were reading some old book, full of truth and goodness, and said yes to every three words that he uttered, because she knew that his withered old heart was the very fountain of charity, as well as universal philanthropy. Then she dangled about the child in her hands lustily, and returned its little smile affectionately, as did the old bone, as well as the whole Harty family.

[1] Continued from page 229.

So days passed on, and weeks, and months, during which time the old boy didn't forget the poor folks he had been kind to so long, but rather increased his attentions to the sick and weary wanderers about old London. He was out at all manner of hours, and in every direction, looking about for happiness; and he was fortunate enough to find it, hourly as well as daily, for the tear of gratitude was a happiness to him, as well as that smile of affection which toddled along with his aged body, lighting up his old dim eyes, and making his flannel waistcoat jump again. The old chap hadn't forgotten Richard Biddulph, not he; but then he was not to be blamed for not finding him, and he used search enough, in all conscience;—still he wanted to see him again, and perhaps he did see him; nay, I may say at once that he did, but years will have to elapse prior to its being detailed to the reader.

Richard Biddulph was only one of many—many poor devils who required the thought of old Mr. Howard, and as case came upon him after case, those which were nearest were in front, whilst those which, like his old *protegé*, had escaped out of his sight, were in the back. Yes, they were still at the back of the old fellow's picture. He would sit staring into the fire for a long time, when he would put on his spectacles, and look harder and harder into the dying embers, and say, "Oh," once or twice, just as though he saw a corrupted face he had seen before it was corrupted; then he would get up hastily and look out of the window into May's Buildings, and as sure as he did so he beheld a real living star shining out of the head of a beggar, right full upon him, which glad eye said, "Oh, you happy old bone, to have the poor man's honest blessing!" Then there was the old kitchen, with God looking through the cracks at the be-sored devils who were feasting upon scalding soup, cabbages, and potatoes. Then there was this, that, and the other, of a similar character, which are really too long to put down in this chapter. Yet amongst all these delightful sensations, the old bone was fidgetty, and peevish, and cross—nothing appeared to go right with him. There was a screw loose somewhere; and that was simply because the child didn't grow fast enough. To be sure the eyes lost that redness or soreness which tinges all beggars' children, and its cheeks swelled out more than a little, whilst to speak the honest truth, it actually did grow very fast indeed; but then it didn't grow fast enough for the old bone. He was continually asking Mrs. Harty when it would be old enough, and when she thought he might do it safely.

Poor soul! Mrs. Harty wanted to give him pleasure, but she couldn't go against her own right conscience in the matter; so that she was obliged to say "Not yet, sir, but I hope very shortly."

She knew what he wanted, bless you; oh yes, without asking; she was fully up to the secret, and knew full well that it was the old chap's intention to take the little darling to see a pantomime, as soon as it could stand it.

There was the cry, the shout, and then—oh! blessed sound—for the old bone, there was the word *daddy*, and addressed to him too. There was the toddle, and afterwards the downright walk. There was the clapping of the little hands joyously, and there was the smack of affection, as well as of fond recognition.

Still it didn't grow fast enough; for, Lord bless you, he would have

liked to have done it on the instant, and without any more dreaming or pondering. Yes, the eccentric old dog yearned peevishly for the accomplishment of that one of his many kind intentions.

The child was nearly three years old when Mrs. Harty gave her opinion that, with great caution, it might be attempted, when you might have knocked the old bone down with a sledge hammer—a feather would not have been heavy enough—he was so overcome, so taken off his guard, so fearfully electrified, at the welcome intelligence; so that he went out for a whole morning to gaze at the various play bills which hung up here and there and everywhere. Really I don't know how many shops he didn't stop at, to look at various hard names through his spectacles. As to which of the many to pitch upon he didn't know, because they were all more successful and thrilling, and gorgeous, and brilliantly stupendous than all the others put together, which were not to be mentioned, or thought of, or dreamt about, in connection with the one which there and then engaged the whole of his attention. Then each had the best pantomime that was ever witnessed, as well as the best clown, little dog, and columbine. The old bone went about half over London, and read the bills many times before he made up his mind to a particular theatre, when he toddled back to the old house in May's Buildings, so as to get rid of the time prior to the commencement.

It so happened the pantomime was to be the first performance, in consequence of its being a "Children's night," so that that was most fortunate for all parties, except Mrs. Harty and her daughters, who imagined that they should not be able to finish the child's bran new pelise, as well as those other new things which were to go under it. Still they put themselves out of the way, and had her dressed and ready by five o'clock, although the curtain was not to get up or rise until seven.

The old bone did not speak one word more than was necessary, but kept watching the old clock in the corner, which seemed determined not to go faster for the watching, although, in spite of its rules and regulations, it did at last strike six, when the old chap got up hastily, and taking the child out of the arms of the whole family of the smiling Hartys, he started off to the palace of fun and jovial merriment.

First of all he walked very fast indeed, then equally as slowly, until at last, after meeting with many little adventures, he came up to the entrance of the theatre.

The old fellow bought two play-bills, and apologized to many industrious people for not buying more. He purchased a whole hat full of oranges, and then—thrice worthy old bone—he entered into the pit of the theatre with the child he had rescued from beggary. He appeared to be surprised at nothing—not he—but took the whole effect quietly, lest he should burst; and after all it was for the child's sake that he was there. The third row of seats from the orchestra they sat upon, when the little darling's exteriors were taken off by the old man, so that others might witness the effect it had upon her.

The theatre was crowded, and all around the boxes were little aristocratic fans, which belonged to the children of the rich, which, though young, had learnt not to laugh too much at anything.

In the pit were fathers and mothers, and whole hosts of little ones,

who were prepared for real, unaffected enjoyment; whilst above in the high gallery were radiant faces, which were determined to laugh at everything, let it be a tragedian or a clown.

By the side of the gallery there were other seats, filled with satins, silks, and velvets, which covered very poor and very miserable creatures, who performed nightly moral tragedies, although it was not every one that saw the point of them; no, for judging by the giggling, as well as the boisterous laughter which emanated from these daughters of misfortune, an outside observer would have taken them to be so many living comedies, or farces, or even pantomimes, not being acquainted with those gigantic sorrows which were hid behind the laugh. But any further considerations of this sort must pass away for a time, at least out of this chapter; so that those joyous sounds, those merry voices, those cat-calls, those whistles, those coughs, and really happy amalgamations of noises which meet the ear prior to the commencement of the play, and more especially when additional light is thrust upon the audience all of a sudden, Oh! there was such a tumult of happy exclamations of impatience, that the fiddlers, as well as the chaps who intended to thrash the kettle-drums, actually took their places and rattled away a brilliantly funny medley, which nearly took away the breath of the old bone, as well as that of the little darling who sat beside him.

Now at this time—stop a moment, take courage, my friend, and if you have any heart in the centre of your great coat, when it is upon you, read the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

AT LAST THE CURTAIN RISES. WHAT IS IT? A PANTOMIME!!!!

Lord bless you, reader, don't imagine for one instant that I don't know what the old bone was then and there thinking about, because, the fact is, I do. The old fellow had gone back many years of his life, and was sitting, not as an old bone, but simply as a young child, fully determined as a child to enter into and to enjoy everything. He had thrown off the miseries of the world, and had taken into his nature a portion of heaven, so that he might laugh right merrily at the scenes of merriment which were then behind the painted curtain, which said curtain was something like the dress of a young lady, whose whole modesty is sought after the more it is concealed. The old bone took out his pocket-handkerchief, and rubbed and rubbed at his spectacles until they were positively polished, when he fixed them over his old eyes and looked at the child again and again. While the overture was being played he was pleased to find she gave up her whole attention to the sounds, so that he expected great delight—the fine old chap—when the thing itself should present itself to her eyes for the very first time. But really it's a monstrous shame to cut the picture down to a mere gibbet without the four men hanging to it; so that if you please—ay, or if you don't please for the matter of that—you must go into the clown's dressing-room; and should you pass the columbine's I don't

see any objection to your peeping through the cracks of that also. Well, then, the clown's name was Jones; and he was an ordinary-looking fellow enough when he was seen coming out of a public-house, although immediately he put his great toe upon the stage he was most extraordinary.

He was a tall thin chap with hollow cheeks, and eyes which said continually, "Well, mister, and what haar you staring at, haay?" eyes which belong to Old Bailey barristers, as well as to dead mackerel, clowns, pantaloons, and columbines. Eyes which shine angrily everywhere, whether at a trial, at a marriage-feast, or at a pantomime, just as though they knew the value of being angry, and made the most of it.

Jones the clown came to the theatre in ordinary clothes; and having gained his room, he took them off and put on the striped bags, the full sleeves, the wig, and the whiting. He might have used a stray fifty oaths or so, but then his dresser didn't seem at all surprised at that, or at his drinking off a whole pot of porter at a draught neither. The clown had been a clown for many years, and was famous—quite tip-top in his way, so that he had cramps, and aches, and pains just the same as all other clowns; and moreover it must be said, that he was the very image of the columbine in one particular, that however ugly he might have looked when dressed as a clown, he was much more ugly in the plain clothes of a civilian.

The columbine painted her cheeks, put on some tight clothing as well as pads over her shunken shanks, had her hair pomatumed and her body spangled, when she too partook of some porter, and then took her station at the side-wing with the harlequin, devil, and so on, in order that when the proper time came they might take all the wind out of the bodies of the audience. The overture got to the middle, and then rattled away towards a finish, when the prompter winked at the stage-manager, who again winked at the scene-shifters, who in their turn winked at the *ballet* girls; whilst all of a sudden a little bell told the anxious crowd that the curtain was about to go right up into the heavens; and sure enough it did eventually, when a stillness came over the whole audience, which by comparison might be likened to an angry wife after a tremendously good thrashing. Oh, how every eye was pushed forward towards the fairy scene which was spreading out with beauteous effect before it; and oh, how each young heart palpitated with delight—the delight of hope—the delight of unbounded expectation. The little beggar's child clasped the bony fingers of the old chap, and kept looking up towards his face asking little tiny innocent questions of her "daddy." Then to see him stoop down and whisper a sort of explanation which she understood in an instant, which induced him to grin at her through his well-worn spectacles.

Now, as the name of the pantomime has not been stated, it must be understood that all pantomimes are something about the same, and are meant to reflect some of those eccentricities of the times, so as to prove them to be so. Of course there were lots of fairies with spangled wings and brown leggings, who danced about the stage like humming-tops, and for all the world as though they had so many bushels of joy within their bodies, that they didn't know how to contain themselves.

Their dresses made them look rich and well to do, although, baring the paint, which was two inches thick upon their own faces, they had to exist upon 1*s.* 6*d.* a-night, and a day as well for the matter of that. Then there were some speaking fairies, and some singing fairies, and some swinging fairies, the last species getting threepence a-night extra in consideration of the risk they ran. Then there were old men and women with large masks over their faces, just as though they were ashamed of them; whilst reptiles and animals of many descriptions went about upon four legs for the sake of uniformity.

The old man and the child kept turning their attention to one object after another, as though they did not know which to admire the most; for there was such a mixture of oddness with reality, and such a combination of curiosities all pouring themselves upon the mind at once, that really it appeared quite perplexing. Still they managed to look at all, and kept up such a joyous chorus, did the second child Mr. Howard, as well as the first child little Jerico—such shouts of joy and merriment, that even the chap who was personating the "Spirit of Evil" cast a side-long-glance at the ballet-girls, to see whether they enjoyed the joke as well as the old bone and Jerico.

So the first scene or two passed away, when all of a sudden there was a redness—a dazzling redness—flew right away from the back of the stage into the eyes of the audience; then was even more brightness still; when a cloud descended as if mechanically and as though it had ropes attached to it; yet for all the ropes it worked like one of those joyous clouds which smiles now and then in the real firmament of heaven upon the sons and daughters of the world, and says, "I am one of God's ministers, though I don't kick up a dust in a wooden pulpit, and I preach joy and mercy, and unaffected happiness to all those who will look up at me; so look up, poor people—do look up, for my Master longs to see your yellow faces lighted up with the smile of joy, which is sure to last for a long time. So look up—*do* look up." Well, the pantomimic cloud descended gradually, and assumed a brighter aspect the nearer it approached the boards; and when it rested upon them—just as clouds rest upon the bosom of the ocean—and when it rested upon them it opened from its centre, and disclosed, oh, such a brilliant collection of stars that made the eye-lids quite jump again, and in the midst there was a form—a form of forms—a joyous and heavenly form; yes, it was the form of a young woman, who was dressed in gilded stars and paste-polished diamonds, with a face which was most exquisitely lovely, independent of the forced smile which was made to perch upon it for full five minutes at a time. Now, as to what this young woman was dressed in, that is not necessary to know, nor is it essential to consider how many true lovers she had when she was at home in her garret, although it might be questioned if she had one; for poor thing, she was anything but beautiful when divested of the stars and away from the dominion of the paint-pot. Still for all that Miss Sophy Sanders was a downright good one at such characters as the one now in question; for she not only metamorphosed her face so as to look beautiful behind the lights, but even sacrificed her name for the benefit of the manager; for as he said to her, "Sof Sanders won't look tidy in the bill, so Rosalia Smeller shall

stand for hit; so mind you get into the sky when the call-boy sings out for her, and mind you say the lines what has been wrote for you by the horther of the pantymind, with decency."

"Yes, sir, yes, sir, yes, sir," answered Miss Sanders, at the end of every syllable as it came out of the thick lips of the manager of that bank which handed her over no less a sum than 16*s.* 6*d.* weekly; so that accordingly she advanced out of the firmament with a wand in her right hand and a magic lath in the other, right amongst the motley crowd who were then and there waiting her simple dictum, and hers only. There is no doubt it was a proud moment for her, yet she behaved as though she didn't think so, but rather assumed the appearance of a single young lady whilst walking with a single young gentleman in the centre of a fashionable party. Miss Smeller came right forward to the lights, said something—really it's too much to expect the old bone and Jerico to remember what she did say—but there is no doubt she changed a thin lover into harlequin, a painted lady into columbine, the aforesaid Jones into clown, and a high-cheek-boned fellow that was used to punishment—he might have been in the army or navy—that was used to punishment—into the lean and slippered pantaloon.

Of course there was every conceivable kind of firework brought into play; so that it seemed a real land of enchantment, without one tear or sorrow—no, not even a shade of one. Then Miss Smeller went back to her cloud, which took its place in the distance amongst those other clouds which hadn't theatrical Smellers in them personating spirits of mirth, and fun, and joy, and revelry.

Oh, didn't little Jerico screech lustily when she saw all the characters take hold of hands and run round the stage one after another; and it isn't saying too much to state that the old bone kept full pace with her, for one or two prim chaps with high satin stocks to make their heads rush into their hats, actually passed remarks about the folly of admitting such noisy people into theatres: whilst there were no less than a hundred heads with *real* eyes in them inclining from the front rail of the gallery, so as to catch a glimpse of the happy pair, and so as to get an ounce or two of pleasure from it. There were mothers too who looked kindly towards the pair, and Mrs. Harty's face might have been amongst them, who said in a chorus, "Oh, God bless that old man, for I'm sure he is the father of a large family." But stop, to say No! unless, like the Great God and Father of us *all*, the old bone may be said to be a father. Well then, yes, he is the father of a large family, and so God bless him; and God bless any one who is kind to the poor. But enough.

Of course—I say of course, although you may say it isn't of course—of course the pantomime was as full of serious fun as a duck's egg is full of nastiness; for there never was a pantomime without serious fun, ay, fun with a vast tail to it full of notches and gravy too, even like an oxen's; so that whilst Jerico sat screeching from very merriment, the old chap became serious all of a sudden, and more especially when he saw a prison changed by the mere touch of harlequin's wand into the outside of a large public school, which had a door at each extremity of the building. Then came a mother with her only darling,

who was all innocence and smiles, who was full of hope and joy. The mother smiled too, and was delighted to place her child under the calm wing of charity; when she went away, and coming back again, she found a stern-faced young man come forth out of the other door, with terrible reading upon that face about flogging, and punishment, and blighted hopes, and disappointed expectations. "I went in," said the face, "to be educated, and I *have been educated.* I went in a child in heart and disposition, and come out a man in vagabondism." The mother wept as she looked at that face, which did not remind her of her early darling—she wept bitter tears; ay, and so did the old bone too. And that was in the pantomime! Then some Englishmen dressed as soldiers and sailors came upon the stage and took off their clothes, so that they might receive—not so many kind words—but so many lashes. The officers stood by just as though they enjoyed it. And that was in the pantomime! A young girl—she might have been a governess, or she might have been a dress-maker—put her figure—an unhappy wasted figure—upon the stage and held up a paper, upon which was written the amount of wages they received from the aristocracy. And that was in the pantomime! Some paupers out of a workhouse put their comparatively happy faces into the back of the picture and said to their fellow-men "Heaven bless you." And that was in the pantomime! There was a prison full of cages, with live men and women (?) in them; and there was an old chap—it really might have been the old bone himself—going into it as though he had an object. And that was in the pantomime! There was a gallows with a motley crowd around it, who derived much harm at the sight of a man swinging like a dead dog from a cross beam upon the top of it. And that was in the pantomime! So that it may be supposed that the old bone had plenty to think about, and to ponder over, although Jerico, the darling Jerico, was laughing and screeching with delight; for she didn't see the point and moral of the pantomime, but rather looked at it as most grown-up young ladies do, who seem to imagine that a pantomime is so much trash invented for the purpose of making them stretch out their elastic stay-laces, whereas it is anything but that; for a pantomime is—bah! *you*, dearest reader, know what a pantomime is, and if you don't, get your wife to tell you; and if she doesn't know, why, ask the parson.

Well, the changes took place rapidly, and scene took the place of scene in no time, until Miss Smeller's cloud came again upon the stage, and all was over; ay, even like unto the once joyous face of a lover when it is hid beneath the lid of a coffin, with its brass nails and its coat of black.

The old bone put on Jerico's bonnet, wrapped her up in his cloak, kissed her little sleepy face, and then with a mixture of thought and joy he toddled back to the quiet home of the Hartys in May's Buildings; so that Jerico might dream of the pantomime, and he might dream also of its morality.

So good night, old bone, and good night, Jerico, and may the blessings of Heaven be your favoured shadows even unto the end of that joy which results from charity. You, my dearest reader, may after drinking a glass of wine—if you can afford it—fancy yourself a mighty giant, and try to conquer the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE IRON COLONEL'S HEART TURNS OUT TO BE TICKLISH.

Old crusty, musty, fusty Locke says that the child's mind is a mere sheet of blank paper, and may be written on variously; and really there's some truth in the old fogy's reasoning, although it would seem some fellows don't think so, or they wouldn't have so many keys to it. But after all, it's the back that's the paper, or the arm, or the snout, or the anything which waits for an impression upon its surface, so that men may tell what animal has been upon it. Yes, it is the back which, after a flogging, shows the marks of nine tails of the cat; which said marks travel up to the mind of the man, and write a terrible volume upon it, with indelible marking ink—ay, in red, glaringly red, and apparently bloody ink.

Now the iron colonel's yellow, withered-skinned, old back was painted all over by the privates, as afore stated, where the surprised piece of aged iron was left by them, near to his own quarters, so that he might get to them without the assistance of a carriage, and also that he might enjoy the cool of the evening, as well as the cold application of salt and water, which dripped by gradual degrees into his newly created wounds.

Smarting with pain, overcome with surprise, disheartened at the bare idea of the indignity he had suffered, he looked at the pale moon, which stared placidly upon him, for pity and compassion; but he didn't find any from her, for she opened her languid eyes, then closed them, just as though he had actually deserved it.

The iron colonel looked again into the moon steadily, and saw myriads of sparks of light collect around a focus, and he imagined himself to be one of the specks, and other folks to be other specks, whether they were officers or whether they were privates—nay, his imagination even carried him into the idea of an equality of specks, when he thus soliloquised:—

"Why, what the devil is a private but flesh and blood? and what the devil am I but flesh and blood? and what the devil should take me out of pains, and aches, and throes, and turnings, if the privates have 'em, eh? Then what the devil, do privates suffer as I suffer now? Do they? Do they?"

The moon answered the iron man's questions in a brace of shakes, by putting all her specks into action at one and the same time, out and away from clouds, and all the specks said,—

"We are all specks, mere specks, mere ideas—men, women, and children, flogged, and bruised, and tortured, who all suffer alike from it; and we all tell you, colonel as you are, that punishment is not the way to reform us."

The colonel looked full at the moon, and received a lesson which he was anxious to say to his brother officers, as well as to the world at large; so that he rose up, humbled and *better* as he then was, and

marched to his rooms, when he went to bed and dreamt of the good he must effect throughout the British army by doing away with corporal punishment. The iron frame of the man didn't suffer a little from the castigation he had received, although he was too proud to mention it to any one; so that when the sun peeped through the barrack window in the morning, it saw him twisting about his body in a variety of ways, as he put on his padded regimentals over his shrunken, lanky form, previous to commencing the labours of the day. His face had lost a portion of its decision, and his body had given away nearly all its iron character; whilst about the colonel's heart there was an electric, tickling sensation, which was quite new to it. He finished his toilet, he put on his cocked hat, and after he had had his breakfast the colonel went to parade, just as though nothing whatsoever had happened to disturb the equanimity of his ironness, and he marched about in front of the privates in his ordinary manner.

Well, as he marched about, there passed a few quick glances, one towards another, from those particular privates who had performed the experiment upon him on the past evening, as much as to express the idea of funking, lest they should be had up before a court martial, preparatory to a military execution; and Richard Biddulph, particularly, stood ready to be singled out as a ringleader; but in that idea they were all mightily disappointed, for the iron colonel would no more have thought of publishing to the British army his own disgrace than he would have imagined it necessary to ask the assistance of the all-merciful Father of us *all*, previous to an onslaught upon the field of battle. No, he simply got through the parade as soon as possible, and went back to his quarters with decision; where, after locking the door, he took off his pads, and reflected his well-flogged back by means of a looking-glass, and sighed away privately; where it is better to let him remain, so that it may be stated that the cats slept for a long time in their boxes, to the surprise of the chaplain, and to the dismay—the fearful dismay—of the doctor. They were well worn, it is true, and had seen much service, so that they deserved some quiet; but if it had not been for the iron colonel's pains and twinging, it is possible the British army might have been acquainted with them even more intimately than they then were. That flogging had effected a wonderful good to the whole army, for the privates were being gradually taken out of the land of punishment, and it was extraordinary that they weren't harder hearted for it.

But the seed had been planted too early in Richard Biddulph's mind to be ever eradicated, so that he went on his course recklessly; getting into all manner of messes, and not caring to get out of them with honour. He used to beat his drum upon parade, hang it up afterwards, when he had the rest of the day to himself; so that whenever the British army marched he generally found some way of amusing himself.

Unnaturally made what he was not as a child, he was callous to every good or noble principle; so that at fights—such as dog fights, and man fights, and cock fights—he was perfectly at home, and gloried in seeing the blood flow from a bite, a whack, or a peck; yes, it was all the same to him, so that there was blood, it did'nt matter where it came from.

There wasn't a chap in the whole British army that was his match in fighting, inasmuch as he was quite out of the influence of justice, but simply went on as he had been taught to originally.

He had reached the age of hardy manhood, and having a set of ready as well as willing acquaintances, he got the approbation of them all for his daring insults to the whole female population, whether in the person of a maid, a wife, or a widow. Some folks thought it was fortunate when the British army marched into the town, and some thought it was fortunate when the British army marched out of the town; for, as it has been hinted before, they generally did more harm than good to the whole population.

Richard was a regular devil incarnate, dressed in the clothes of a drummer, and if it were possible to paint, with writing ink, a face horrible to look upon, it should be attempted; but as it isn't possible, why it shall not, further than this; it was a face made up of vice, savage brutality, and thirsting for blood; it was just such a face as may be imagined created by a rod, or a cat-o-nine tails, and fit only for a public executioner.

Reader, don't look at the boy as he was before he was introduced to Dr. Frampton and the British army, but look at the man as he is. Why the old bone will have to use six pairs of spectacles, in order to identify him, by and by, and if the spirit or ghost of his mother still hovers about the path of her early darling, oh, do not expect its face—I don't know if ghosts have faces—don't expect its face to be written upon with the paint brush of a smile. No! no! the heart of that ghost must be swollen to the size of a balloon, from very sympathy and compassion towards that monstrously bad man, who had received the first rudiments of his education within the gates of a Christian school—a public school where rods, canes, and every species of punishment were used for the purpose—oh! wise and heavenly disposed masters!—for the purpose of engrafting sound principles on the minds and hearts of its children. Now, don't say this was bad, and that this was base, and that this was diabolical, but rather say that it *is* bad, base, and diabolical. Now—for it is to the present that this chapter appeals for confirmation——but why go back from the British army to school again? Why? because it is the same principle, to be sure, *and the principle must, and shall be, reformed.*

Richard Biddulph kept beating the drum in the British army for a long time, so that he might find the means of living, although if he had then died it would have been better, and he would have continued in the army much longer, if he had thought the work (?) too hard for him; and after all, he only imitated the conduct of a vast number of gentlemen who ride up in omnibuses from Putney or Paddington daily, so that they may stand before fires in Somerset Houses and Treasuries, complaining of the labour they have to perform being excessively hard and extremely perplexing. Newgate Market women, or Covent Garden porters think nothing of a hundred weight, whilst Shakespeares and Lord Chancellors complain of having executed far too little work for the time taken to do it in.

Richard Biddulph, in fact, had a very little to do; so that naturally he thought even that little much, and eventually he found it so irksome

that he determined, upon the first occasion, to leave the British army, and go into the ordinary world again. It was not easy to desert, but what did he care for results; so that one fine morning he marched away from his comrades, taking with him a few trifles, such as money, and so on, which did not actually belong to him. It ought to be stated, however, that the iron colonel very seldom, if ever, flogged, so that Richard Biddulph's occupation was to a certain extent gone; yet he wished, from doing little, to do actually nothing.

He left the British army, and went—but stop, my dear reader, you must allow yourself a few minutes' rest, and if you should pursue the subject, you are likely to meet with him in a much more prominent position than he has taken before; so let's go into another chapter.

CHAPTER XL.

RUM STRIKER AT BARTLEMY.—THE OLD BONE AND JERICO AT A SHOW.

A few chapters back it might have been stated that it was possible the worn-out black who played the cymbals for the British army might be met with again by my dearly-beloved reader, and sure enough here he is, standing in the front row of the picture, so as to get all the ladies to stare at him. Poor fellow! He was so accustomed to attention and praise from the eyes of young ladies whilst he was attached to the army, really he couldn't live out of such benign and captivating influence; so that after wandering about as a plain man in ordinary clothes for a time, without attracting any kind of attention, he at last agreed with a gentleman who carried his show over the country, to do the cymbals in front of it in consideration of a sum of money weekly, two large bags to put his black thighs into, a bright spangled jacket, a turban made of five cotton pocket-handkerchiefs, and a pair of boots, commonly called ankle jacks. Independent of this agreement, there was an all-important proviso that the aforesaid Rum Striker should occupy the most prominent position on the outside of the caravan at all fairs, &c. &c. &c.

Now the gentleman would have carried the point about prominence to the black without the proviso, but then Striker did not wish to be under the slightest obligation, but rather to take up his position by right, and right only; so that he invariably had his stool placed at the extreme front of the stage, in order that he might be seen to perfection, and, if possible, make himself the sole object of attention.

It must not be imagined that because he was worn out, as far as regarded the British army, that he was actually so to general society; for if that had been the case, the gentleman who kept the show would not have entered into an engagement with him. What is meant by worn out is, that he was old, and not plump enough to play for the British army, although he was quite young enough and fast enough to thrash the cymbals for a show.

Well, Rum Striker upon getting the appointment mounted his clothes

as well as the stage, and forthwith flung the cymbals one against the other until the very air, as well as the ears of his audience, rang again. The gentleman whose show it was exhibited a fat lady—a tremendously fat lady—and a learned pig on the canvass outside, and upon the floor inside of his travelling carriage. To ascend to particulars, the fat lady's name was Smiggs—Mrs. Smiggs—and the pig's name was Trotter; and as these two curiosities had travelled together for a long time, they were most intimately acquainted; but after all their acquaintance was nothing, when compared with the intimacy which existed between the gentleman and Trotter; for Trotter obeyed every mandate that was given him, and received a wipe with a stick out of the sight of either the inside or the outside audience.

There were many opinions as to which was the greatest curiosity of the two, the pig or the lady; and really many disputes took place upon the subject, so much so indeed, that the gentleman felt inclined to send them out in two caravans—ay, and might have done so if it hadn't been for Striker, who, upon being introduced to the lady, gave an opinion that the pig could no more do without the lady than he could. To tell the honest truth, the worn-out black had a design upon the fat lady, and moreover the fat lady had a design upon Striker, a design which it pleased the gentleman to encourage, or at any rate to wink at. The lady had been in the show since she was a child, and had gone through the several appellations of the Fat Child, the Fat Young Woman, and now the Fat Lady, so that she had opportunities of seeing a great variety of persons of both sexes at her house daily; but not one ever struck her maiden heart so intensely as well as energetically as the black who played the cymbals.

She was very fat was Missis—she was called Missis by courtesy—now Mrs. Smiggs, and had great dabs of suet underneath her chin, as well as all around her armpits—nay, to use a comparison, her skin was as full of lard as a pig's bladder at a butterman's, so that, in fact, she was a great curiosity. Of course, the gentleman maintained her upon the very richest gravies, and never by any chance allowed her any exercise, save that which was imperatively necessary, such as rising from her seat so as to show to the audience her ponderosity, and getting into, as well as out of, a large scale to test the weight of it. She wasn't allowed to talk or to wear stays; but it was part of her contract to laugh as much as she was able; and Striker received a hint that tickling the fat lady might have the effect of putting one or two inches of weight into the scale with her.

Somehow it got abroad that the cymbal-player was in love with the fat lady, when of course thousands of customers came up the ladder in a twinkling—nay, the gentleman even hinted as much to his outside audience through a speaking trumpet, when Striker was busily engaged with his cymbals.

Well, after going over a vast expanse of country, the gentleman ventured up to the great mart of the world; and accordingly, at the time specified by the Act of Parliament, he had the fat lady, the learned pig, Striker, and himself, conveyed to a specified place at the great fair of Saint Bartholomew, otherwise Bartlemy, which was then held in Smithfield.

Upon reaching the spot the gentleman put up his canvas, got Rum Striker to flourish his cymbals, so that when the Lord Mayor's state carriage passed, they might salute the great civic functionary; and accordingly he did. Now the fat lady peeped through a crack at the Lord Mayor, who was a curiosity to her, and the Lord Mayor looked at Rum Striker, as did also all the little boys and girls who accompanied him, which of course made him hit the cymbals with greater decision and to more purpose. The gentleman cried out through his trumpet, "God bless your lordship, and all of you, my customers;" but his voice was not heard at all because of the cymbals, which made more music than the entire band at the menageries; and soon the whole market was one scene of merriment and joy.

So went on the day, with hosts of people going up ladders into shows, and out of shows into crowds of people of every description of dress and character. Some of whom thought there was more to be seen outside than inside, and many persons, particularly young ladies, took up their position in front of Striker for whole hours at a time, so that they might gaze at his blackness as well as listen to his cymbals. There appeared to be a vast quantity of joy collected together in that place, and much care done away with; so that at such a place we naturally look for our friend the old bone and Jerico, who, sure enough, very soon made their appearance; for he had told Mrs. Harty that Jerico *should* see a show—ay, and many too, and he was as good as his word upon the subject.

Mrs. Harty dressed Jerico in a plain manner, and the old bone went off from May's Buildings in high ecstacy, first allowing her to walk, then carrying her in his arms, then toddling on as though he were in a hurry to keep his promise.

At last the pair reached the wished-for haven, and got almost lost amidst the crowd which wended its way towards the same object; and soon the old chap stopped in front of that particular show which had Rum Striker in the front of it; and sure enough, after looking well at the outside, and scrutinising the black through his spectacles, he made up his mind to take Jerico within it, so that she might behold the various tricks of the learned pig, as well as the fatness of the fat lady. Of course, Striker was looked at well first of all, and admired not a little for his peculiar black appearance, and also for the noise which he created by means of his enormous cymbals.

The old bone and Jerico got through the crowd of young ladies who were standing, full of admiration, looking up at the turbaned man; and after ascending the ladder, went straight behind the curtain, where, sure enough, there was another curtain, behind which reclined no less a personage than Mrs. Smiggs, otherwise the fat lady, as well as Trotter, otherwise the learned and intellectual loin of unroasted pork. Their curiosity was excited to no ordinary extent, just in the same proportion that the other folks' curiosity was excited; so that they were all impatient for the drawing aside of the curtain so that they might behold the mystery.

The old bone kissed Jerico several times, and held her up in his arms, so that she might see over the heads of the others, whilst he peeped on one side of her, so that he also might enjoy the show; for he was a

child in that matter, just as all clever men and charitable men are. At last, after waiting for a time, the gentleman came into the interior with a speaking trumpet in one hand and a small cane in the other, when he informed the company that there never was such a show before—that is, having such a singularly wonderful combination of eccentricities as a fat lady and a pig that was learned; and, as he would not keep them long, he'd begin at once with the pig. Accordingly, Trotter was ordered to come forth into the midst of the ring, so that the performance might commence, which order he was just about obeying when Mrs. Smiggs called out, "What, a nasty pig afore a lady what is fat?" The gentleman was surprised, as also were the penny audience, and much more so when Rum Striker joined in the dispute on the side of the corpulent lady, so that there was a row—such a row as only fat ladies can create, which ended in a regular fight one with another, which made the quietly-disposed persons leave the show to those who were inclined to be noisy.

After the old bone and Jerico had left the place, it appears there was a gigantic rumpus; for the gentleman called both of them no better than they should be—which actually means nothing; and then they went to it again, until, through exhaustion, &c., the fat lady fell into the arms of the black, when the curtain closed again.

The old man and Jerico went about the fair, out of one show into another, and saw all kinds of sights, which appeared to amuse them both amazingly; for when they got home to May's Buildings, little Jerico rattled away merrily a full report of everything she had seen, to the infinite delight of the Hartys.

It was by such means that the old bone brightened the path, the youthful path, of the beggar's child; and he felt the greatest pleasure in doing so, although he did not neglect the other objects of his charity, but rather tried all in his power to make *every* one that he met as happy as he could. For this God blessed his old heart and his old mind with that peace which passeth all understanding; and the dew which falls upon the earth to refresh it was a type of his course through this world of cares and sorrows—no, not cares and sorrows to the charitable; for they are taken away from such influences, even though other men feel them, and really they DESERVE it.

CHAPTER XL. AND A HALF.

A SHORT CHAPTER, WHICH REPRESENTS MANY LONG YEARS.

Why, the House of Commons contains many little men who represent large constituencies, and so this chapter with regard to time. Reader, pray allow it to do so—in order that some effects may have arisen from causes, and whatever they be you shall be made acquainted with them.

Time sleeps in chimney-pots, and the smoke passes through it, and time rests upon the scales of the snake. Time—but stop! Time

went on as usual, and enveloped the world in darkness as well as in fogs and mists; there were coffins, and there were bridal meetings, and all the usuals of society.

Time went up into heaven, and Time descended into the lowest depth of hell. So let this stand for it.

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Dots and tittles, and small eyes to needles.

Dear reader, the next chapter will suppose—as the play-bills have it—years to have passed; so that it is possible Miss Stiff may be heard of again, also the bone, Jerico, Richard Biddulph, and the rest; but mind this, my fine fellow, no breaking off friendship—no cutting *sow*; no, we know one another too well for that. So adieu, my dear friend, until next month, when, please the pigs as well as the poultry, we will resume. So God bless you all!

A CUMBRIAN ODE TO THE MEMORY OF SOUTHEY.

Mountains, woods, and towering steeps,
Crowning Derwent's lovely dell,
Where the dark-leav'd ivy creeps
O'er the hermit's mould'ring cell.*

Where the bounding cataract † falls,
Gleaming through the distant brake,
Then a hidden streamlet rolls
Onward to the calm blue lake.

Where the sun, now low descending,
Shadows deep'ning o'er the vale,
Tints of eve are softly blending
Voices ling'ring on the gale.

Tune no more your chords of gladness—
Joy from every heart has fled;
Let your songs be songs of sadness—
Albion's laureate bard is dead.

Low beneath yon hallow'd tower ‡
Pointing upward to the skies,
Waiting his appointed hour,
Slumb'ring in the dust he lies.

* The ruins of the cell and oratory erected by St. Herbert in the seventh century are still to be seen on one of the woody islets of Derwentwater Lake.—See Southey's Colls., vol. 2.

† Lodore. ‡ Tower of Crosthwaite church.

Oh, ye streams, and thou, Lodore!
Once ye could his song inspire;
Now your plaintive notes no more
Mingle with the Muse's lyre.

When Redemption's glorious day
Dawn'd upon your northern land,
Oft arose the chaunted lay
By "St. Herbert's islet strand."

Once again your voices raise,
Yours is still the land of song;
Nature owes her mead of praise
To the bard she lov'd so long.

Lasting as the saint's renown
Be the woodland poet's strain;
Fresh the wreath that decks his crown,
Immortality his gain.

Southey! may thy mem'ry live
Long as Britain rules the seas—
Long as Cumbria's oaks shall give
Music to the mountain breeze.*

Sacred is the voice of sorrow
When the saint-like droop and die;
Fair the "promise of the morrow,"
Dear the mourner's parting sigh.

Honour'd minstrel! well thy worth
Claims the tribute of our love;
May we hope, though lost to earth,
Thou hast gain'd a home above.

Thine a glorious task has been,
England's crown with song to grace;
Favour'd bard of England's Queen,
Last, but loveliest of her race.

Thine to clothe with deathless fame
Feats by Britain's valour won,
And her peerless chieftain's name
Link for ever with thy own.

* The plaintive sound produced by the rustling of the wind among the trees and wild shrubs of the hills, especially upon the approach of a storm, is proverbial among the mountaineers of Cumberland.

Heroes, too, of nobler line,
  Live, recorded by thy hand;
Who, sustain'd by power divine,
  Fought and won the promis'd land.

Oh! if counsell'd by their story,
  Thou hast gain'd their vict'ry now;
Dead to earth's renown—her glory—
  All an empire can bestow.

Then may all who sadly mourn thee
  Dwell with transport on the theme
Where the angel Death has borne thee,
  Bright shall be thy rising beam.

In the evening of thy day,
  Sadness veil'd thy waning light;
So the sun's declining ray
  Darkens at th' approach of night.

But, as breaks the rosy morn
  Ere the star of night has set,
Shall thy spirit, heavenward borne,
  Wake in fairer regions yet.

Brighter dreams await thee now
  From a holier land of song;
Purer streams shall round thee flow,
  Sainted forms around thee throng.

While, before thy raptur'd sight,
  Like a banner wide unfurl'd,
Dwells the Pure, the Infinite,
  Thron'd in yon celestial world.

Past thy day of toil and strife;
  Through the twilight's mournful shade,
Shalt thou rise to endless life
  In thy lowly mansion laid.

Thou shalt rise to joy's glad fountain
  Through the confines of the tomb,—
Like the stream from yonder mountain
  Hast'ning to its ocean home.

FRANK MERVYN'S TEMPTATION.

A TALE FOR SPECULATORS.

BY MRS. ABDY.

When Mr. Vansittart reduced the interest of the navy five per cents., the measure was considered to be exceedingly judicious and politic, but although very satisfactory to the nation, it was in many cases fatal to the individual; people were not contented to be deprived of a fifth of their income by the government, but took immediate means to be deprived of every shilling of it by their own act and deed. There never was a period when such a phalanx of companies and societies started forth, all professing to "give new lamps for old ones," or in other words, to take the poor remains of our mutilated navy fives, and give us, in lieu, shares that would pay from fifty to a hundred per cent. in the prettiest sounding investments ever heard of—not odious turnpike tolls and canal shares—but "Pearl Fisheries," "Coral Fisheries," "Gold Mines," and such dazzling names, the last in particular coming sweetly on the ear, and reminding us of the gay and gallant king of the gold mines, who wooed and won the charming All-fair, despite of her unwilling engagement to the yellow dwarf. Many people, however, seemed likely to starve in the midst of plenty; all these schemes professed to build up a fortune for us in a very little time, but the point was which would be "safest and best;" which would do it most swiftly, and most securely. The world was not long suffered to languish for want of a guide; a certain Mr. Glossington most kindly volunteered to be gentleman-usher to the goddess of fortune, and to introduce timid novices into her immediate presence; he was conversant with all the plans and prospectuses of all the companies, and although he certainly gave a preference to a few, he was generously ready to allow that the very worst of them was immeasurably superior to the English funds, as an investment of property. It was not quite easy to divine who Mr. Glossington was; he had been for a short time on the Stock Exchange; he had also practised the law; he had occasionally volunteered his services, before the introduction of the calculating machine, to arrange the intricate accounts of gentlemen under temporary embarrassments, and he had now and then officiated as a sort of house agent, and undertoken, for a douceur of fifty or a hundred pounds, to bring farward a nonpareil tenant, who would pay double the rent that anybody else would, which nonpareil tenant—strange to say—was

never forthcoming when wanted! For myself, I was discreet and suspicious as an old man ought to be (to be sure I must allow that my property, being in the three per cents., had not suffered any reduction) and I felt extremely indignant with all the thickly gathering short roads to wealth, which I was disposed to define as short roads to ruin. Nevertheless, I kept my opinion to myself. The occurrences of every day brought more and more to my remembrance the title of an old drama, "A mad world, my masters;" but I did not annoy my acquaintance with interference, I recollected the saying of a clever man, parcel wit and parcel philosopher, whom I knew—"If any person choose to make himself a fool, it is his business principally, not to say exclusively," and I offered to the community no portion of that valuable treasury of advice locked up in the mind of every old man, but which, sooth to say, unlike other treasures, is generally lavishly volunteered by them, and ungratefully rejected by their young friends. At length, however, I was induced to depart from my usual nonchalance, for the purpose of giving a "wizard's warning" to the thoughtless, impetuous Frank Mervyn. I had been his father's friend, and, like most father's friends, saw great reason to lament that the son partook so little of his worthy sire's solidity and prudence of character. Frank inherited from his father the very inconvenient property of five thousand pounds, enough to prevent him from applying steadily to a profession, and not enough to support him independently of one. To do Frank justice, he was fully sensible of the insignificance of this sum, and had repeatedly wished to magnify the five thousand pounds to fifty, but wishes were in vain till Glossington, like the enchanter of a fairy tale, came forth to realize them. Oh! how plausible were his wordy calculations and paper schemes, the fair sex in particular admired and trusted in him; single ladies and widows, too numerous to be reckoned, sold out their four (late five) per cents, and brought the proceeds to Glossington, humbly hoping that he would accept of their small pittances, and give them splendid fortunes in return; and the worthy Glossington always complied with their requests, bowed, as though he were the obliged party, took charge of their property, and assured them that they should all be laden with wealth in a very short time. I had always a great horror of speculation; Mervyn assured me that many speculators were men of the strictest honour, but I would not altogether agree with him; it seemed to me that a habit of speculation, although it might not precisely stain the honour of him who practised it, must in a great degree deaden that nice sense of conscientiousness and moral principle which I should always wish to see prominently displayed in the character of a relation or friend. Mervyn denied the truth of my assertion, and the argument ended as arguments between old and young men generally do, neither party succeeding

in convincing the other. A few days after this conversation I was walking up Cheapside, when I overtook Mervyn, who seemed to be in a great hurry, and in high spirits.

"I think I shall soon have a large sum of money to invest in Glossington's hands," he said, "I am just going to buy a prize in the lottery."

"I rather doubt that," I replied, drily; "you may very probably be going to buy a ticket in the lottery, and I must say that considering you have risked nearly the whole of your property in speculation, you can ill afford to spare two and twenty pounds from the remainder."

"Nay, I cannot be going to do an imprudent thing," said Mervyn, "for Mr. Creswell, my father's friend and yours, who is a perfect pattern of caution, has just written to me, begging that I would purchase a ticket for him, and transmit it to him by the post."

"I can only say, in answer to that observation," I rejoined, "that Mr. Creswell is a man of large fortune, and if he think proper to throw away two and twenty pounds, he can very well afford to do so; but I recommend you to purchase a ticket for him only, and to wait till you are at least half as rich, before you purchase one for yourself."

Mervyn merely smiled, and told me "I was very wise," (a just observation certainly, only I did not quite like the tone in which it was spoken), and the next moment we were both within one of the Cornhill temples of Plutus. Several persons were crowding round the counter, choosing shares. One man wished for the number of the year in which he was born, and another for that in which his grandfather gained a lottery prize. A pretty young country girl said she had dreamed the night before of a wedding-ring, and as that was best described by a circle, she wished for a number containing a 0. One terminating in the desired cypher was immediately handed to her, a sign, as her brother who accompanied her told her, that "her wedding-ring would end in nothing." This joke, poor as it was, flushed the offended damsel's cheek with indignation, which was not at all lessened by a smart young clerk, with a green bag under his arm, telling her "not to fret, for that if she got the ten thousand pound prize, he would marry her himself!"

Mervyn advanced to the counter, and asked to see some tickets; he despised all speculation on a small scale, and that he might not be suspected of any partiality for lucky numbers, or any faith in dreams, he hastily snatched the two first that presented themselves, but not before I had taken a memorandum of their numbers in my pocket-book. I walked home with Mervyn to his lodgings, wishing to borrow a book from him. While I was selecting it, he hastily wrote a short letter to Mr. Creswell, enclosed in it one of

the tickets (which I did not observe) and returned the other to his pocket.

"I will go out with you," said he, as I was preparing to take my leave, "and put this letter in the post."

We walked together to the end of the street, and then separated—I to return home, and Mervyn to proceed to the post-office.

Perhaps my readers may think me very prosy in entering into these minute details, and will be ready to accuse me of practising the "penny-a-liner" art of making the most of a story; but I beg to assure them that I have always a good reason for everything that I do, and they will soon find out the necessity of my present exactness.

The next morning the drawing of the lottery began, and about the middle of the day I happened to be passing down Cornhill, when my attention was attracted by a crowd round the office where Mervyn had purchased the tickets the preceding day. A prize of twenty thousand pounds was already drawn; the number seemed familiar to me; I looked into my pocket book—it was one of those held by Mervyn. I instantly proceeded to his lodgings; he was at home, and I found him resting his head on his hand in an attitude of despondency which I could not have believed any disappointment in money matters would have induced my lively friend, Frank Mervyn, to adopt.

"I see," said I, advancing with a duly gentle step, and modulated voice, "that you know all, and I fear that the fortunate number"——

"Was the one you saw me enclose to Mr. Creswell," he answered, in a gloomy manner, without raising his head.

"This is certainly an unfortunate accident, my dear Frank," said I, "but there is no blame to be attached to anybody."

"Blame," interrupted he, quickly, "no, certainly, who presumed to talk of blame?"

I did not quite like his manner of addressing me, but I knew that vexation seldom improves the temper, or polishes the manners, and therefore I excused his abruptness.

"Oh!" said he, after a few minutes' silence, "how just was your remark, that a habit of speculation deadens the nice feelings of honour!"

"Yes," said I, gratified by his compliment, although I did not exactly see what it had to do with the subject in question. "I believe most of my remarks are very just and sound, and might also be very profitable, if you and my other young friends would only be persuaded."

Here Mervyn again interrupted me—

"How proudly once," said he, "did I boast of my ability to resist temptation; and now, how near have I been to falling!"

I was still more puzzled.

"I dare say, Frank," said I, "you are angry with yourself for not having taken my advice, and relinquished your idea of buying a ticket."

"Angry with myself!" he repeated, rising, and walking up and down the room, "I despise myself."

I was in doubt whether I ought not to ring the bell, and send a messenger for medical assistance, considering Mervyn's senses to be in a very precarious state, when he settled the point by ringing the bell himself.

"I wish this letter to be taken to the post-office," said he, giving one, as he spoke, to the servant who attended.

He stood at the window, watching his messenger round the corner, and then turned to me with a completely altered expression of countenance.

"Congratulate me," said he; "I have overcome the unworthy inclination that I blush to think I could ever have entertained. The letter which I have just given to the servant was the one which you saw me direct yesterday to Mr. Creswell!"

I pressed Mervyn's extended hand in silence, and he continued:

"Soon after I left you, yesterday, I met with a friend whom I had not seen for some time; he pressed me to accompany him home to dinner, and I completely forgot the letter. This morning I was, like you, attracted by the notification in Cornhill of the splendid prize just drawn; I eagerly took out my own ticket, and at the same moment that I ascertained that it was not the number in question, I felt that the letter for Mr. Creswell still remained in my pocket; I returned home, and for the last hour I have been combatting a disgraceful and culpable impulse to change the tickets."

"But you have overcome the impulse," I said.

"Yes," he answered, "but I do not think I should ever have entertained it for a moment, had it not been for my unfortunate familiarity with speculation; in fact, I am persuaded that had this event occurred a twelvemonth ago, I should no more have thought of appropriating Mr. Creswell's lottery ticket, than of abstracting the contents of his strong box; but this was the insidious, baleful form in which the evil spirit assailed me. You know my firm confidence in the judgment and integrity of Glossington, and that this twenty thousand pounds (if my own) would immediately have been delivered over to his management. I thought to do the same in the present instance, and when it was trebled in value, to disclose the whole facts to Mr. Creswell, and divide the profits with him."

"It would have been long enough, I fancy," said I, "before the disclosure took place, if you waited till the money was trebled by Mr. Glossington's powers of multiplication."

"I cannot agree with you there," said he, "but I immediately began to reflect that I had no right to judge for another person; the money was fairly and equitably Mr. Creswell's. I knew him to have a decided aversion for speculation, and felt that I could not be justified in running risks for him, which he certainly would never have run for himself. Above all, I reflected that, although my fellow-creatures would not see my exchange of the tickets, it would be beheld by that Almighty Judge who will one day 'bring to light the hidden things of darkness.' My cheerful days, my peaceful nights, my even spirits, must all be sacrificed, and replaced by self upbraidings, gloomy retrospection, and anxious forebodings. A prize in the lottery is a desirable thing, but the proverb tells us that 'even gold may be bought too dear,' and certainly I am not disposed to purchase it at the price of an approving conscience."

"You will, I hope, inform Mr. Creswell of your honourable conduct," said I.

"Assuredly not," he replied, "the circumstances are not at all to my credit; I feel much more ashamed of having admitted the temptation, than pride in having resisted it."

"Nay," said I, "do not undervalue your own conduct; few have ever been placed in circumstances of such remarkable temptation, and I sincerely hope that the honour you have evinced, will, in some way or other, be rewarded."

"Thank you for your good wishes," he answered, "but I cannot bear such phrases as 'honour rewarded,' 'virtue rewarded;' a modern writer humorously designates them as 'the clinking of cash in the white pockets of conscience.' I will immediately go to the lottery office, and give them the name and address of the fortunate holder of the prize (alas! for me not 'the fortunate youth'), and then return to the usual concerns of life, with rather a more humble opinion of my own excellence and rectitude than I entertained before."

I accompanied Mervyn to the office, where we inquired the fate of the other ticket, and learned that it had been just drawn a blank!

Some time afterwards, Mr. Creswell arrived in London, and, notwithstanding Mervyn's strenuous solicitations to deposit the proceeds of his lottery prize in the hands of Glossington, persisted in placing it in the inglorious security of the three per cents.

I was well acquainted with Mr. Creswell, and under the seal of secrecy, acquainted him with Mervyn's triumph over temptation.

This circumstance added much to the interest which he had always taken in him, and he joined with me in deeply lamenting his speculative habits; but reasoning was not now of any avail—it was too late; Frank Mervyn's capital was already in the hands of Glossington, and few and faint were the hopes to be entertained of its escape from them.

Shortly after these events, I was at Bath, for my health, when the London papers informed me of the complete exposure of Glossington's fraud and dishonesty. He had lately added forgery to his other "choice receipts" for amassing a large fortune in a short time, had been apprehended and imprisoned, and his unfortunate dupes found that they had purchased wisdom at a dear rate, for most of them had exchanged for it the whole of their worldly wealth.

I received a few lines from Mervyn, in which he (very properly) regretted that he had not followed my advice, congratulated himself that he had not been the gainer of the lottery prize, which Glossington's magic wand would so soon have converted into a blank, and finally informed me that his kind friend, Mr. Creswell, had earnestly pressed him to pay him a long visit at his country seat, which was within a few miles of Cheltenham.

Three months after these occurrences I bent my own steps to Cheltenham, and took an early opportunity of riding over to Mr. Creswell's house, where I hoped to find Mervyn still domesticated. Mr. Creswell had an amiable wife, a pretty daughter, two lively and agreeable sons, and a beautiful house and grounds, and I thought that Mervyn could not be in more desirable quarters.

Mr. Creswell received me with all the cordiality of an old friend, and told me that I had just come in time to condole with him, for that he had made up his mind to part with his only daughter.

"Not, however," he continued, "that I can expect much sympathy from you, for I am about to bestow her on your favourite young friend, Frank Mervyn."

"I congratulate you," said I warmly, "you will gain an amiable, kind-hearted, honourable son-in-law, and it matters little to you that he is not a rich one."

"Nay," replied Mr. Creswell, "we must not speak lightly of his possessions, since to him I may be said to owe the portion that I have bestowed on my daughter. I should have contrived in any event to have given her a becoming fortune, but now I have settled the matter very economically for myself, and very satisfactorily for the young couple, by making over to her the twenty thousand pounds which I received a few months ago from the golden mart, in Cornhill."

I was completely silent with surprise—a very unusual effect for surprise to take on me. The straight path is always the best, but in this instance how wonderfully had it also proved the most prosperous! Had Mervyn yielded to the temptation of exchanging the tickets, he would continually have been oppressed by the burden of a troubled conscience; his ill-gotten gains would have been swallowed up in the vortex of speculation, and any attentions that Mr. Creswell had shown to him in his adversity would have been shunned by him, from a natural horror of receiving benefits

from one whom he had injured. Now his conscience was easy, and his prospects bright; all was clear and peaceful without and within, and the two greatest faults in his character, a love of speculation, and a little propensity to think too highly of his own excellence, had been chastened and improved by the experience of the past.

Twenty-two years have since elapsed; Frank Mervyn and his wife reside principally in London, and I often visit at their house. I have now acquired the experience of nearly a quarter of a century, in addition to the tolerable stock of wisdom which I possessed in the days of Frank Mervyn's temptation, and I have seen many changes and revolutions in that time, some of which have been very satisfactory to me.

Lotteries are now at an end; people have acquired such a salutary horror, and quick perception of smooth swindlers, that the present era is uninfested by a Glossington, and the funds have been so often reduced, that the fund-holders begin to emulate the apathy of the celebrated Mandrin, who said when he was undergoing the punishment of the wheel, that the first keen pang brought with it a stunning torpor, which deadened his senses to all those that followed it. Still, however, I am far from being contented with the aspect of things in general; my opinion is, that the world is madder than ever!

For some years I have been excessively annoyed and disconcerted by the increase of railroads; nobody stays at home for a month at a time, neither is home any longer a place of domestic quiet, it is filled with perpetual guests brought down by the railroads. The "homes of England" have ceased to realize the charming description of Mrs. Hemans; the master of the family is always running to London by the railroad, to visit his club, or to get his fowling piece put in order; the sons run by the railroad to every possible part of England, and then avail themselves of the facilities of steam in another element, by running over to the continent; the ladies constantly stand in need of mineral springs, or sea bathing, and the railroad is at hand to convey them to a watering-place; and should one of the daughters feel inclined to effect a runaway match, there is no hope of overtaking her, as in the good old days, when one post chaise used to enter into Gretna Green, with another fifty yards behind it; no, she elopes by the railroad, and nobody can follow her till the next train sets off. I thought that railroads had done their worst, but it is very difficult to say when anything animate or inanimate has done its worst. There is a mania at the present time for railway shares—the newspapers are full of the subject, private conversation is engrossed by it; there are railway quadrilles in the very assembly room, in which an imitation of the abominable whistle is introduced, and the dancers converse on railway investments in the intervals of

the figure! The traffic is no matter of secrecy; fathers and sons go together to buy railway shares, ladies devote the superfluities of their pin-money to the same purpose; nay, the director of a savings bank has assured me that numerous depositors have recently drawn out their money, and that he has a shrewd suspicion of the reason.

Business and relaxation used to be separate pursuits, but railroads now are the connecting link that unites them. People talk not of green banks, but embankments; not of shepherds and reapers, but of stokers and engineers. None of the common authorized roads to ruin suit the impetuosity of modern speculators—nothing will satisfy them but going to ruin by the railroad; yes, I repeat it advisedly, the world is madder than ever!

I have, however, one pleasing association connected with the present day. Last week I was dining with a large party of gentlemen. I am much more prone to give general advice than I was two-and-twenty years ago, and I read a very sensible lecture on railway speculations to my next neighbour, who pleaded guilty to divers misdemeanours of that description.

"Depend upon it," he replied, "that there is not a person in company, with the exception of yourself, who has not speculated in railway shares."

He proposed the query successively to all the party, one alone was able to answer it in the negative, and that one was my friend, Frank Mervyn.

I cannot close my little narrative better than with this anecdote. I do not think I can possibly give my readers a more convincing proof of Frank Mervyn's entire reformation.

THE ARAB AND THE PYRAMIDS.

BY N. MICHELL, AUTHOR OF "THE TRADUCED," &c.

The following lines were suggested by a view of Horace Vernet's beautiful picture—"The Arab Praying in the Desert."

O'ER Lybia's hills the Day-god sinks once more,
As he went down three thousand years before,
Lovely as then the hour of evening throws
O'er Egypt's vale the spell of bright repose.
Soft glides and dimples 'neath the sun-set smile
The Stream of Ruins, ancient hoary Nile,
Save where some sphinx, or temple lone and vast,
On its still bosom lengthening shadows cast.
The green papyrus, priz'd by scribes of old;
Beauty's rich dye, the henna's flowers of gold;
The sweet acacia, dropping od'rous balm;
Emblem of youth, the tufted, graceful palm;

All droop so still, so lifeless, that they seem
Carv'd on the air, the phantoms of a dream.
But where the lotus, in its snowy pride,
Blooms as it floats, no root but in the tide,*
Its soft white leaves, meet chalice for the tear
Of hov'ring sylph, a bark for love to steer,
Where slow it sails, that once fond worshipp'd flower,
By Edfou's groves, or Luxor's ruined tower;
The winds, as charm'd to life, rich odours bear,
Sigh like the ghost of ancient glory there;
Or 'mid the weeds in fairy music play,
A soft sweet death-song o'er the bier of day.

Yet while in shade Nile's waves begin to flow,
Obelisk and temple-top still flash and glow;
But brightest falls the farewell golden light,
Where Ghizeh's wonders awe, but charm the sight;†
The mighty tomb of Egypt's early kings,
Where Time hath broke his scythe, and dropp'd his wings;
The hoary god for ages standing by
Watching their unchanged summits pierce the sky.
Up from the desert shoot the crimson rays,
No cloud, no mist, relieve that living blaze;
The horizon burns, like some vast funeral pyre;
Each giant pyramid is capp'd with fire.
'Tis but a moment, one by one away
Fade the red beams, now softer colours play,
Pale rose-hues quiv'ring down each structure's side,
Till Beauty smiles upon their awe and pride.

Hark! on the desert winds what murmurs come?
'Tis not the Nile's far flow, the beetle's hum;
No people'd town, no Arab tent is near,
Nor is the granite harp of Memnon here.
'Tis a low human voice—the voice of prayer;
And where the lips that call on Allah there?
An aged man hath knelt him on the sands,
While tether'd near his patient camel stands;
His brow is tow'rds the south, his wild dark eye,
Reft of its fierceness, lifted to the sky.
It is the hour when Moslems bend the knee;
What though no priest, no mosque he see,
His prayer ascends, and 'mid the twilight dim,
He feels that desert place a mosque to him.
E'en the poor brute, as soft those accents sound,
And in strange murmurs float and die around,
Half seems his master's holy task to know,
And droops his eye, and bends his head more low.

* The lotus, a plant held sacred by the ancient Egyptians, does not in some parts of the river abhere to the soil, its sole nourishment being derived from the water, on the surface of which it spreads its delicate white blossoms.

† The pyramids of Ghizeh, the erection of which is ascribed to Cheops, Cephrenes, and Mycerinus, and from whom they severally take their names.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A LITERARY MAN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF CH. PAUL DE KOCK.

THERE are persons who imagine that the career of a *man of letters* is a pleasant path, all strewed with roses and laurels; but before arriving at that degree of celebrity to which every one who feels himself animated by a veritable inspiration, naturally looks forward, what must he not suffer! what subjects of disgust—of annoyance—of trouble—and of pains taken, whose only result has been loss of time! What injustice to support, what little intrigues to struggle against, and what dull criticisms to despise! Then, when you have at last attained an honourable rank, when success has crowned your laborious vigils, when the suffrages of the public have made you amends for the gross calumnies of some envious rivals, don't take it into your head that your days are to glide on in sweet tranquillity; that you may, in the deep retirement of your study give yourself up to your poetic reveries, to those labours which constitute the charm of your existence; no, in good truth, you will not be permitted to pursue in peace the career that you have proposed to yourself, and which you have already successfully commenced. If a thousand disappointments await upon those whose reputations are not yet established, what swarms of malicious, tiresome, importunate, or intriguing fools and noodles fasten upon the fame of him whose talents have received the stamp of public approbation! The man who has earned a little renown hears them buzzing around him unceasingly, as the hornets buzz around the flower whose honey they covet.

If an author meets with some success, he sees his house besieged every day by persons utterly unknown to him, who come to offer him their co-operation in his literary labours. These people sometimes employ *provincial vulgarisms* * in explaining their subject, or perhaps they write their articles after the orthography of M. Marle; and they quit the house in very bad humour because you refuse the partnership they propose; and go about everywhere proclaiming that you have stolen their ideas.

And then come the albums! A man who has some reputation is always certain to find on his return home some albums directed to him, which have been left with the porter. The album is the *bête noire*, the terror of the man of letters and of every distin-

* *Cuirs*, a term apparently of convention, not to be found in Boiste, and perhaps ill translated.—*Trans.*

guished artist. The album pursues him unceasingly, in town, in the country, in the sanctuary of his library or of his study. Persons whom one has never seen, of whose very names one is ignorant, are not afraid to send you their album with a little note written on scented paper, in which they place you above all the greatest men past, present, and even to come, and all this to get from you a few lines, or a drawing, or some verses, or something in water-colours.

If you do not speedily satisfy the impatience of these demanders, they will write to you every day to beg of you to have the goodness to think of their album which they requested you to send back to them, for they cannot even take the trouble of coming to seek it.

In order not to receive any more letters, you yield to importunity; you inscribe something in the album, and then you send it back by a porter.

They return a thousand and a thousand thanks on receiving the album, but they do not pay the porter; and it is you who have to do that, for having lost your time and done an obliging thing for some one whom you do not know.

I know an author of great wit and genius who has adopted the wise resolution of regularly writing the same thing in every album that is sent to him.

Penetrate with us a moment into the cabinet of one of our authors of celebrity. Let us take in preference a man of letters who is married, for if *Hymen is a charming tie*, the details of the domestic economy are not always in accordance with the respect which one owes to the muses; and the voice of a child who is crying, or a woman who is scolding makes the favourites of Apollo quickly descend from the celestial regions, by reminding them that they are but simple mortals.

Monsieur G. is a man of talents and merit; he has a pretty wife and two children, of whom he is extremely fond. Let us follow him into his cabinet, which he enters about eleven o'clock in the forenoon.

M. G.—*(Seating himself at his desk).* Ah! now let us work. I feel myself in a good vein to day *(looks at the time-piece).* Already eleven o'clock—we have breakfasted too late. I have told my wife twenty times that I would be in my cabinet at ten o'clock, but wives do not comprehend that when one has the head full of a subject and the imagination fired, the hour of repast should be advanced or retarded. When mine has said: "My dear, dinner is ready," or, "the breakfast is waiting for you," it is absolutely necessary that I should comply with the invitation; otherwise my cabinet is besieged, and then there is ill-humour and grumbling; and, as I love peace, I prefer yielding at once *(he takes up a manuscript which he perceives upon his desk).*

What is this we have here? I do not know this handwriting—another manuscript that some one has brought me, and that my wife has received during my absence. I had said, however, that I would have nothing to do with any more of them. It is astonishing how little what I say is attended to here *(turning over the manuscript)*. What a scrawl! These authors ought at least to learn to write legibly. What species of work is it? *(reads the title)*. THE GRAND TURK AMOROUS; *or*, POISON, PONIARD, *and* BOWSTRING. Very pretty and promising! *a* DRAMA *in five Acts, with two* PROLOGUES. That ought to be curious *(lays the manuscript aside on a corner of his desk)*. Pretty amusement indeed, to pass two or three hours in deciphering that! If one received all the manuscripts that are brought to one, then instead of working for one's self, it would be necessary to pass all one's time in looking over the works of others. I shall scold my wife seriously for having taken in this manuscript. Now for my little poem on *Domestic Happiness*. How! what has become of my manuscript? There, they meddle always with my desk: all my papers are overturned—it is insupportable *(calling)*. Constance! Constance!

*(*MADAME G. *enters in a wrapping-gown, a pretty cap on her head.)*

MAD. G.—What do you want, my dear?

M. G.—You have overturned all the papers on my desk.

MAD. G.—I! A pretty story, indeed; what have I to do with your desk?

M. G.—Then the maid has done it. Everything is turned topsy-turvy—my pens—my penknives—some day I shall have an important paper taken; a chapter or a scene, to singe a fowl, or cut into curl papers. *(Speaking very loud.)* I tell you again, that I will have nothing touched upon my desk.

MAD. G.—Oh, heavens! Well, well, nobody shall touch anything. It is not worth while to be in a passion about——Look, how do you like this cap that has just been sent home to me?

M. G.—*(Still searching amongst his papers.)* Where the devil is my poem? I left it here, yesterday.

MAD. G.—Is it not very becoming to me?

M. G.—They have taken all my wafers, too; not left me one.

MAD. G.—Oh! for the wafers, it is your daughter who took them to play with; you will do well to scold her. The colour of this riband is pretty, is it not?

M. G.—If it is my daughter, that is another affair; provided, however, that she do not eat them, for that might do her harm. Ah! here is my poem; that is very lucky.

MAD. G.—You see your poem was not lost, and that there was no need to make such an outcry about it; this riband is of a pretty colour, is it not?

M. G.—*(Without looking at his wife.)* Yes, yes, it is pretty, charming, delightful! you look very well; but leave me to my studies; go away, I beg of you.

MAD. G.—He has not even looked at me. Apropos, somebody has just sent us a very fine salmon.

M. G.—*(Out of patience.)* Well, very good; what is it to me that some one has sent us a salmon? Leave me, I say, to my studies.

MAD. G.—How very gallant these authors are! and there are women who will say to you—"Ah! you ought to think yourself very happy to be the wife of a man of talent." Yes, indeed; these great geniuses are very amiable. Ah! did you see the manuscript that was brought here yesterday? I put it there.

M. G.—You were very wrong to take it in. Once, for all, I will no longer trouble myself with reading the manuscripts of all those men who get up some fine morning with the idea of writing a drama or a romance. They come to ask of you advice and counsel, and when you tell them frankly what you think of their work, they are angry. Who was it brought this?

MAD. G.—A very young man, with fair hair, who was so genteel, so polite; who supplicated me so earnestly to take his manuscript.

M. G.—There it is now; the way of all women. Because it was a young man with fair hair, he was not to be refused.

MAD. G.—Truly, Monsieur, I advise you to speak, and when women come here, under pretence of showing you their manuscripts, provided they be young and agreeable, you know very well how to introduce them to your cabinet, and to shut the door.

M. G.—Because a lady is often timid, and afraid to speak before witnesses; but enough of this. Constance, will you do me a great favour?

MAD. G.—Certainly, my dear; what is it?

M. G.—Only to go and leave me to my studies.

MAD. G.—I was sure of it. What it is to marry a man of letters! he has not even once looked at my pretty cap.

*(*MAD. G. *goes out, and her husband resumes his seat at his desk, takes his poem, reads it over, seems to meditate, and says, while mending his pen,)*

It seems to me that this passage is not amiss,—

> "Of a marriage well-suited, a child crowns the joys;
> See this calm fire-side free from discord and noise:
> This wife, whose mild virtues and love without bounds,
> With the gentlest attentions her husband surrounds."

Very well, that is conclusive; let us finish this chapter; I am engaged in the portrait of the wife.. *(He knits his forehead.)*

Ah! good; I have it. *(He declaims.)*

"A wife is a god—"

Yes, that is not a bad idea.

"A wife is a god—"

(Some one scratches softly at the door.)

"Is a god——who—who—"

(The scratching becomes louder.) But who the devil torments me in this manner? One cannot know what it is to be quiet here. *(The noise ceases.)* It seems as if this had been done on purpose. As soon as I come here, in order to study, it is who shall make the most noise to annoy me. Let us see; I had my verse. Ah! here it is:

"A wife is a god who unceasingly strives——"

(Some one scratches much more violently than the first time, and kicks at the door.)

M. G.—*(Very angry.)* Who is there? What do they want with me? Is this noise never to have an end? *(Goes to open the door of the cabinet; a little girl about six years old has stuck herself close to it, with a cup and ball in her hand.)*

Little Girl.—It is I, papa; I knocked very softly, because mamma had forbidden me to disturb you, and that I am not tall enough to open the door myself.

M. G.—*(In a harsh voice, which becomes every moment more gentle.)* How is this, Mademoiselle Clare? Is it you who take the liberty of coming here to interrupt me? This is not to be borne! *(Taking her on his knee.)* What is it you want? Let us see; have you been crying?

The Little Girl.—*(Very quick, without taking breath.)* Papa, it is only because my brother, who is always plaguing me, who teazes me, and who has broken my cup and ball, which I would not lend to him.

M. G.—Ha! Monsieur Ernest does so, does he? Very well, he shall settle that with me.

The Little Girl.—Yes; I told him that I would tell you of it. He said he did not care if I did, and then he put his tongue out at me.

M. G.—The little rascal! Very well; I shall speak to him. Now go away, my pretty.

The Little Girl.—Put my cup and ball to rights.

M. G.—I have not time. The devil! *(Taking the cup and ball.)* It is nothing but the string which is broken. I think I have some here. *(Puts a string to the cup and ball.)* There, I have put a shorter one; it will be more convenient for you to play with. And take great care not to play too roughly; you may hurt

yourself with the ball. Here, do you see? this is the way you must do. *(Gives her a lesson how to play the cup and ball.)*

THE LITTLE GIRL.—Oh! I know very well how to make it go so. Thank you, good papa. *(Taking the toy.)*

M. G.—*(After kissing his little daughter.)* Now, go away—go away; and, above all, don't let me be disturbed again—*(shuts the door)*—or I shall be angry in good earnest. *(Resumes his seat at his desk, and rubs his forehead.)* Let us see—to resume—

"And love without bounds,
With the gentlest attentions her husband surrounds."

Very well that. Now for it. I had my verse. Ah!

"A wife is a god who—who——"

(Sinking back in his arm-chair, and rubbing his forehead.) I had my idea a few minutes ago. "Who"—Ah! that's it—

"Who unceasingly strives——"

(The door of the cabinet is abruptly burst open, and a little boy, with a laughing countenance, comes jumping into the room.)

M. G.—*(Very angry.)* How now, Monsieur Ernest! Is this the way you come into my study? You are pretty bold, I think, little rascal. I have forbidden you ever to come and plague me. Go away! And be careful another time how you take away your sister's cup and ball, or put out your tongue at her. I shall correct you myself. Off, I say! and that as fast as your legs can carry you. *(The little boy, whose countenance has fallen while his father was speaking, hangs his head, and is going to make his retreat without daring to utter a word. His father calls him back.)*

M. G.—Let us see. What did you come in for? You came here for something certainly?

THE LITTLE BOY.—*(His heart full.)* Oh, yes! but you are angry with me. I am going away. I don't like to make you angry.

M. G.—Come here—come here then. *(Takes his hand.)* Why did you take away your sister's cup and ball? You have made her cry.

THE LITTLE BOY.—*(Trying to cry himself.)* Oh! but my sister did not tell you that she had taken away my little theatre—that she had spoilt all the scenes. The fine forest is full of currant-jelly! I wanted to make plays there, like you. Hi, hi, hi! *(sobbing)*, and now I can't do so any more, and my puppets now have none of them any legs.

M. G.—*(Kissing his son.)* Poor fellow! Your forest is full

of currant-jelly. Don't cry, I will buy you another. There is a great piece of apple-candy.

THE LITTLE BOY.—Thank you, papa. Ah! make me a Punch with a pen.

M. G.—I am busy now. Another time.

THE LITTLE BOY.—Ah, papa! a little Punch—very, very little.

M. G.—*(Taking a pen and a sheet of paper.)* You are as tenacious as your mother, I think. There—look—there is your Punch; but off with you as fast as you can, and be sure not to come back again, or I'll pull your ears for you.

THE LITTLE BOY.—*(Taking the paper.)* Thank you, dear papa. *(Goes out jumping for joy.)*

M. G.—So the poor little fellow wanted to make plays like me? There is something very engaging in this child. *(Resuming his pen.)* It is to be hoped that I shall be left in peace now.

"A wife is an angel who unceasingly strives."

No, no—that won't do; the verse is incorrect; a wife is not an angel. I had put something else; but when one is disturbed at every instant.

"A wife is a star—"

No.

"A wife is a cupid—"

No; I have lost the word.

MAD. G.—*(Half opening the door.)* My dear, my dear.

M. G.—*(Striking his hand upon his desk.)* Ah! upon my word this is too much. Disturbed again.

MAD. G.—Dear me! I am sorry for it; but the little young man who came here yesterday for his manuscript.

M. G.—Let him go to the devil—him and his "Grand Turk Amorous!" I was sure that this cursed manuscript would still be the cause of annoyance to me. Is it, then, no longer possible to study in one's own house?

MAD. G.—My word! You may say what you will to the young man himself. Here, Monsieur, here is my husband.—*(MAD. G. retires, after having introduced a young man, not very well dressed, who, in great confusion, makes a number of reverences, and remains at the door, twisting his hat in his hands, without any apparent intention of speaking first.)*

M. G.—*(To himself.)* Let me recollect that I also have had my beginning. This young man is timid. Modesty is rare in these days. *(He requests the young man to take a seat, and the visitor places himself on the corner of a chair, stammering.)*

YOUNG MAN.—Monsieur, I am the author of the piece which has, no doubt, been delivered to you. I should be very much flattered by beginning with you. I have yet five grand dramas in progress. I will bring you them all.

M. G.—No, Monsieur, do not give yourself the trouble, I beg of you. Here is your manuscript. I cannot accede to any co-operation.

YOUNG MAN.—But, Monsieur, if this piece does not please you, I have others.

M. G.—I have had the honour of telling you that, with respect to me, it is impossible.

YOUNG MAN.—At least, Monsieur, tell me what you think of my piece.

M. G.—The title alone frightens me.

YOUNG MAN.—However, Monsieur, "*Poison, Poniard, and Bowstring*" promises something.

M. G.—Exactly so; it promises horrors, for which I have no taste.

YOUNG MAN.—But, Monsieur, does not the drama excite strong emotions?

M. G.—They are to be produced by natural sentiments and effects which touch the feelings. Here is your manuscript.

YOUNG MAN.—And so, Monsieur, you will not accept me as an associate in your works? And what do you advise me to do with my "Grand Turk?"

M. G.—Just what you will. Since the piece is ready, you risk nothing in offering it somewhere. I beg your pardon for not asking you to stay longer; but I am very busy, and——

YOUNG MAN.—*(Making his reverences.)* I am sorry, Monsieur, for having disturbed you. *(Returning.)* Monsieur, Monsieur, I make vaudevilles also. I am not amiss at a couplet.

M. G.—I do not doubt it, Monsieur. Make couplets! for my part I wish to finish my poem.

YOUNG MAN.—I wrote some couplets upon the fête-day of one of my uncles. His name is Gregory. The name helped me. They were thought very *droll*. If you like it, I will sing them to you. They go to the air of *Petit Matelot*.

M. G.—Monsieur, I repeat to you once more that I am seriously engaged, and that I cannot listen to you any longer.

YOUNG MAN.—Then, Monsieur, I beg your pardon. I take my leave. Your servant. *(Bows and goes out.)*

M. G.—A good riddance.

YOUNG MAN.—*(Half opening the study door.)* Monsieur, I am not the less delighted at having had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with you.

M. G.—*(Shutting the door.)* And I the same, certainly, Monsieur. Ah! this little young man is really a terrible infliction. Take in manuscripts indeed! See to what it exposes a man. I should do well to shut my doors to all the world, as so many others do. But to work now. Let us see. To my—*Domestic Happiness*. It is a very pretty title. I am pleased

with my title. Ah! where was I? At the portrait of my wife. *(Strokes his forehead.)* This unlucky young man has put all my ideas to the rout. Ah! I think I have got it.

"A wife is—a god—"

Yes—that is it. I have it now. An angel would not do.

"A wife is a god who unceasingly strives,
Who——"

A curse upon this young fellow with his "Grand Turk!" Ah! —"who unceasingly strives"—*(house-bell rings,)*—"unceasingly strives"—*(another ring)*—"strives—strives."—*(A louder ring.)* The devil fly away with the bell! My wife must have gone out with the children; and perhaps the maid has some errand. Let them ring on—I shall not open the door. *(He declaims.)*

"And love without bounds,
With the gentlest attentions her husband surrounds.
A wife is a god——"

(A ring to bring the house about one's ears.) They are going to break everything. There is no standing this. *(Goes out of his study, and opens the door.*

A tall man, with a withered, yellow skin, dressed in rusty black, green spectacles with joints to hold them firm, and a soiled shirt and dirty hands, enters abruptly, crying out)

Ah! I knew very well there was somebody at home. The porter told me I should find some one, and so I was determined to ring on, and I am very glad I did so.

M. G.—But, Monsieur, it does not appear to me that that is a sufficient reason for pulling a bell down.

The Tall Man.—*(Pushing* M. G. *into the apartment, and all but treading on his heels.)* It is to M. G., a man of letters, that I have the honour of addressing myself?

M. G.—*(Trying to prevent the tall man from advancing.)* Yes, Monsieur; may I know——

The Tall Man.—*(Continuing to push forwards.)* My faith, I am very glad to have found you at home; for I have been here very often, and was always told that you were out. That is annoying when one lives at a distance, and the weather is bad, particularly to me, for I hate umbrellas, and never use one.

M. G.—Will you have the goodness to tell me, Monsieur, in what I can——

The Tall Man.—*(Who has reached the drawing-room.)* That is my object. I am come to beg a moment's audience of you; for what I have to propose requires some explanation.

M. G.—*(Aside, after having examined him.)* He has no manuscript. I think I may risk it. *(He introduces him into his cabinet, and offers him a seat; on which the long stranger stretches himself, and takes out his snuff-box.*

THE TALL MAN.—I shall go direct to my object. *(Presenting his snuff-box.)* Do you take snuff? It is quite fresh.

M. G.—No, I thank you. I never take it.

THE TALL MAN.—And a man of letters too! It is very extraordinary. Whatever may say Aristotle and his learned cabal, snuff's a heavenly comfort, which has not its equal. I have taken it since I was fifteen years old; I accustomed myself to it on account of a disorder in my eyes, which, however, was not cured. Monsieur, I have a great many things to say to you. *(M. G. heaves a long sigh.)* You must know, in the first place, that I have travelled, travelled a very great deal. By a train of adventures, which it would be too long to relate to you, I happened to find myself one winter's morning in the very middle of the Apennines. The heat was not oppressive, I can assure you.

M. G.—Monsieur, is it your history that you intend to relate to me?

THE TALL MAN.—*(Speaking without stopping.)* Another time, in the height of the dog-days, I was in Spain, in the mountains of the Sierra. A burning sun struck me in the face. That, as you see, has considerably helped to turn me yellow.

M. G.—I do not know what has made you yellow, Monsieur; but I should be glad to know what I have to do with all that?

THE TALL MAN.—Another time I went on foot from Milan to Naples; the distance is great. I had my boots all in holes in consequence of circumstances which it would be too tedious to communicate to you. *(Offering his snuff-box.)* Do you take snuff?

M. G.—I have already told you, Monsieur, that I never take it. But I do not comprehend.

THE TALL MAN.—Another time I was overturned in a diligence on the road to Lyons; I fell into a quagmire of considerable depth, my body was all bruised to a jelly; but what was extraordinary enough, an apple, a golden rennet, that I happened to have in the left-hand pocket of my coat, was not at all *squashed.* I say *squashed,** because this word expresses my meaning the best.

M. G.—To the fact, Monsieur, I beg of you, my moments are precious to me.

THE TALL MAN.—You don't take snuff? *(takes a pinch).* I am at my point, Monsieur. By the little summary I have given you, you must see that I have met with adventures! a man who has travelled thirty years without stopping! Well, Monsieur, I am come to make your fortune—my own at the same time. You write romances, I learnt that in my travels. As to myself, I am not ambitious. You write novels: well, I will sell you my adventures; with them you may compose an immense number of volumes—one a-week! You will gain enormously; we will divide

* Translated by guess; *écrabouillée*, or *écraboüiller* not having a place in Boiste's Dictionary.

the profits, and by not putting my name, I leave you all the glory.

M. G.—*(Rising.)* If I had imagined the object of your visit, Monsieur, it should not have lasted so long. I am not a purchaser of adventures.

THE TALL MAN.—How! that does not suit you? It is very surprising! Only think, that with the strange adventures that I should have related to you, you would have made the most curious and extraordinary volumes, all palpitating with interest and emotion. Since it is your final decision, it is very annoying. You lose an immense number of fine subjects. You don't take snuff? *(takes a pinch).* I would have sold you them all a bargain. But as that does not suit you—could you not do me the favour to lend me a piece of five francs? I have forgotten my purse. I will return it to you the first time I am in your neighbourhood.

(M. G. delighted to get rid of his long visitor, hastens to put a five-franc piece in his hand; on which the tall man makes his bow and his exit with great rapidity. M. G. shuts the door angrily and goes to reseat himself at his desk, saying)

What an insupportable talker! *(He then takes up his pen, murmuring to himself)*

"A wife is a god."

He has given me the head-ache. My patience was pushed to the utmost.

"A wife is an angel—a treasure."

I know no more what I am about than—let me recollect myself a little—with a little quiet I shall remember it.

(Leans his head upon his hand. MADAME G. *half opens the door very gently, and putting in her head says)*

My dear, I have but two words to say to you.

M. G.—*(Without answering.)* Come then,

"A wife is a god."

MAD. G.—Am I to have an answer or not?

M. G.—*(Turning round very angrily.)* Well! what is it, Madame? Is there to be no end to this? What is the matter, in Heaven's name? What has happened? Is the house on fire?

MAD. G.—Would you like it best with melted butter or with oil?

(M. G. gives a great blow with his clenched hand on the desk; the papers fly in every direction, and he falls back in his chair, exclaiming)

This is frightful, Madame. It is unpardonable. What! for a fish! To come and disturb me! When I thought—when I was full of my subject! Ah! you deserve to be the wife of a grocer, of a Bœotian! You do not comprehend an author!

MAD. G.—*(As she goes away.)* We'll have it with oil then.

(M. G. left to himself, remains some time motionless and stupefied before his desk. At last, when he begins to compose himself, when his ideas return, and he resumes his pen, his children come knocking at the door and call out)

Dinner, papa!—papa, dinner. It is waiting for you.

M. G.—*(Throwing his pen on one side.)* And thus passes the day of a man of letters!

ORIGINAL IRISH SONG.

THE FAREWELL TO KILLARNEY.*

EDITED BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

WHEN death demands the tribute which none can deny,
Oh! lay me in Killarney, my friends, when I die;
For there the dear ties of my boyhood will come,
And the pretty maids of the mountains to weep o'er my tomb.
Then great will be thy sorrow, my Eleanor fair,
And thine, my beauteous Mary, with soft flowing hair;
The pitying gales around will respond to your sighs,
And Killarney's sweet flow'rets be dew'd by those eyes.

While thus I am lamented by each lovely maid,
By those song-hallowed waters oh let me be laid!
The wild mountain echoes so lov'd while I'd breath,
Shall charm, with their sweet music, the cold slumbers of death.
This world and thee, Killarney, alas! I must leave,
And much as I to leave thee, for *me* thou wilt grieve;
Here the friends of my bosom my loss shall deplore—
Adieu, sweet Killarney, I shall see thee no more!

* It was on a lovely morning in the early autumn that a happy family party was assembled to spend the day in the delightful shades of Killarney, previously to the departure of one of them, a young officer, who, in a few days, was to rejoin his regiment. After they had dined, the wine was circulated, the song went round, the social converse flowed,

"And all went merry as a marriage bell,"

when suddenly the young officer became pensive and abstracted, and withdrawing from the company, he threw himself upon a shady bank, lost in his own contemplations. A strong and painful presentiment had come across his mind that he was visiting that endeared and pleasant scene for the last time. After surveying the luxuriant woods, the silver lake, and the happy group which he had just quitted, he put down his thoughts in unpremeditated verse; and on the evening before his departure, he placed in the hands of one of his sisters the foregoing song, in which I have made only some slight alterations. The presentiment proved to be but too correct. The regiment to which he belonged was ordered on foreign service, and he shortly afterwards fell, far from his friends and from his native Ireland.

Such were the particulars related to me by an Irish lady from the neighbourhood of Killarney, from whom I had both the air and the words of the song, more than twenty years ago.

EDMUND AND ANNA;

A TRADITIONARY LEGEND.

"THIS afternoon will seal my earthly felicity; I shall be the happiest man alive!" ejaculated Edmund, on the morning of the day on which he was to lead his Anna to the hymeneal altar.

It was no marvel though Edmund exulted in the near approach of the hour which was to consummate the nuptials of two of the most devoted lovers the world ever witnessed; for Anna was possessed of every quality, mental and personal, which could be supposed to administer to the bliss of him who was fortuned to be her husband. But independently of Anna's abstract fascinations, there were circumstances which must of themselves have produced in the breast of Edmund a peculiar attachment to her. Five suitors had importunately solicited her hand in marriage during her courtship with him: and among these was Melvyn, a neighbouring nobleman, high in the esteem of his sovereign, Alexander the Second. But Edmund, though inferior in station to Melvyn and each of his four other rivals, was unhesitatingly and decidedly preferred to them all. And no less fervent was the affection with which he regarded Anna. His entire existence was bound up in hers, and the world, and life itself, when weighed in the balance with her, were found to be incalculably wanting.

The nuptial morn of the youthful lovers was one of the most congenial and pleasant which ever burst on the world since its creation. It was in the month of April. The superficies of the earth was beautifully carpetted with new-born grass—the garden, the orchard, the hedge, the plantation, the forest, all smiled in their new coverings. The sun poured forth his beams with more than wonted profusion, tinging the entire of creation with an exquisitely yellow radiance; innumerable choristers of every species of the singing tribe imparted, by the melody of their warblings, additional charms to that bright morn. Nature herself, in fine, seemed on this occasion to be jubilant at the approaching nuptials of a pair who were so worthy of each other.

The vassals of Emerson, Anna's father, exulted without measure at the circumstance of their cheiftain's only daughter being about to be united to the youth of her choice; and as all were that evening to participate in the ample festivities of the baronial hall, they attired themselves in the best costume of their clan, and prepared to celebrate the joyous event with all becoming respect for their chieftain and the young bride and bridegroom.

The afternoon arrived, and at the hour of five, the beautiful bride approached the hymeneal altar, accompanied by her maids of honour, and the wives and daughters of the more respectable of her father's vassals. Edmund was present at the appointed hour, luxuriating in waking dreams of the matchless bliss which was about to be sealed from henceforth to him. The venerable Abbot of Kinloss, a man who was verging on seventy years of age, and whose countenance eloquently discoursed of his unaffected piety, stationed himself beside the interesting couple, and before proceeding to go through the matrimonial ceremony, he uttered, with a mingled air of mildness and solemnity, the usual behest of "Join hands." The lovers stretched out their respective hands to each other; Anna's was white as the unsunned snow, while her beautiful countenance was suffused with a deep blush, indicative of her modesty—a blush which, if possible, imparted new fascinations to that unrivalled face. The reverend abbot now commenced the marriage ritual. With uplifted hands, and a visage beaming with benignity, he was addressing his orisons to that Being in whose service the greater portion of his life had been spent, imploring his special benediction on the youthful pair now standing at the altar, when an arrow from some invisible bow infixed itself in his heart. That instant he dropped on the floor, at the feet of the party who surrounded him. All present were horror-struck at the strange circumstance, and gazed on each other in mute amazement, simultaneously listening at the same time, as if by instinct, in the hope they would hear such sounds in some part of the large hall as would lead them to the discovery of the foeman; but the first thing that broke the death-like momentary silence that prevailed was the expiring groan of Heaven's aged servant. The bride fainted at the appalling scene; and while the bridegroom was in the act of raising her up, Melvyn, attended by a host of myrmidons, suddenly appeared at the portals of the hall, their flaming eyes speaking the deeds of blood on which they were intent.

"See to the protection of Anna!" cried Edmund, and he clenched his dagger in his hand. He burned to revenge himself on his deadly foe, but he could not so far master his feelings of affection for his bride as to quit her to engage in combat with Melvyn. Apprised of the presence of the unhallowed intruders, the clansmen of Edmund's virtual father-in-law rushed to the aid of their chieftain, his daughter, and her bridegroom. The hall was now crowded with foemen, ranged under two great divisions—each willing and prepared to shed the last drop of his blood in the quarrel of their respective chieftains.

The conflict now commenced with the utmost fierceness on each side; the clashing of the instruments of death might have been heard far and wide, till at length, overpowered by superior

numbers, the clansmen of Emerson were almost all strewed on the floor of the hall, either already in the embraces of death, or momentarily expecting to be so, from the number and severity of their wounds. Edmund and Emerson defended Anna with a more than mortal bravery; but Melvyn and his leading vassals at last surrounded them, wrenched their daggers from them, and consequently rendered her further protection beyond the compass of human courage and power.

"Spare the two miscreants,"—referring to Emerson and Edmund—"spare the two miscreants, that mortification may be their portion," cried Melvyn, addressing himself to his surviving clansmen, as he seized the affrighted Anna in his arms, and proceeded with her to the door. A steed was there in waiting, which he mounted, and placing Anna before him, he galloped off with his prize to his own castle, only four miles distant, followed by his vassals.

"Thou art now in safe custody, young bride," said he to Anna, as one of his servants shut the ponderous iron gate which fronted his walled castle.

On reaching his mansion, Melvyn led Anna into the most splendid apartment in it, and having placed before her the most delicious refreshment the house could afford, he pressed her to partake of it, but she refused.

"Is not thy foolish obstinacy yet overcome, lady?" said he to her, in a half sneering tone. "Whether, think you," continued the haughty chieftain, "are a dungeon and chains, or being made the lady of Melvyn Castle, most to be preferred?"

Anna was silent.

"Nay, young maid, hast not thou the use of that member so characteristic of thy sex?" said Melvyn, sarcastically.

Anna, who had but partially recovered from her swoon when wrested from the arms of Edmund, and who had taken it for granted that both he and her father had been the victims of Melvyn's limitless fury, implored the chieftain, in accents which were repeatedly interrupted by the irrepressible grief which swelled her gentle bosom, and which vented itself in an ocean of tears, to terminate her life that instant, as an act of tender mercy.

"A few hours of a solitary dungeon will perhaps bring thee to thy senses, and cure thee of thy regards for Edmund; if not, I shall then wed thee per force!" said Melvyn; and so saying, he dragged the agonized Anna to a gloomy cell, in which he was wont to incarcerate the persons of those of his vassals who had incurred his displeasure.

The enraged chieftain then despatched a special messenger for a priest to unite him and Anna together in marriage, but being some distance from home, several hours elapsed before his services could be obtained.

Emerson and Edmund, who, though worsted in the conflict between them and Melvyn's party, had been permitted to enjoy their liberty unmolested after the latter had decamped with Anna, began to muse on the calamity which had befallen them, and to think whether or not it was within the range of possibility to do anything for the recovery of the person of the bride.

Edmund was intimately acquainted with the localities of Melvyn's castle and its vicinity, and knew that after sunset there was one part of its walls defended only by one person, which to adventurous spirits it would be perhaps practicable to scale, and if they could succeed in this, and slay the sentinel, they might undiscovered enter the castle itself, and yet rescue Anna from the haughty chieftain.

The project wore a sufficiently desperate aspect; but Edmund—yes, and Emerson too, though comparatively advanced in years, were both in that reckless state of mind which fitted them to undertake any enterprise within the confines of practicability.

Calling to their assistance, and acquainting them with their project, the most spirited of those of Emerson's vassals who had survived the recent conflict, the bridegroom and the bride's father accordingly armed themselves at every point, and hastened to the neighbourhood of Melvyn's walled castle.

The sun had buried himself below the western horizon two hours before they left Emerson's hall on their adventurous purpose. The night was exceedingly dark; hours had to elapse before the moon would show her visage, and not one of the countless lesser luminaries, which at other times bestud and sparkle in the firmament, was visible to the eye; all were enshrouded from mortal gaze by one apparently vast cloud. Emerson, Edmund, and their party, amounting in all to twelve, arrived at the part of the wall they were to attempt to scale, and one of the tallest and stoutest of their number placed himself in the position best adapted for enabling the others to avail themselves of the assistance of his shoulders, in endeavouring to scale it. Edmund, with sword in hand, was the first to make the attempt, and on reaching the summit was astonished to find there was no sentinel there. Impressed with the idea, from the different voices he heard on the outside—and not being able from the pitchy darkness of the night to correct his error—that there were a vast number of regularly organized besiegers, the sentinel, instead of standing at his post, ran to the castle, for the purpose of giving the alarm. The remaining ten instantly followed Edmund, but the eleventh, not having any one to assist him to scale the wall, was necessitated to remain outside. Edmund's party were at the castle almost contemporaneously with the sentinel, and at the most important part of it before him. The brilliant illumination visible in one of the most spacious apartments led them immediately to it. Edmund unceremoni-

ously burst open the door, rushed in, and was followed by Emerson and the others. There was exhibited to their astonished gaze, the spectacle of Anna in her bridal robes, pouring forth the agonies of her heart in deep-fetched, rapidly succeeding sobs and torrents of tears, and being supported by one of Melvyn's sisters. The lord of the castle held her snowy-white hand in his—around was a numerous party—and the priest who had arrived but a few minutes before, had just enunciated the first sentence of the matrimonial service.

"Villain," exclaimed Edmund, with his eyes directed to Melvyn, and flashing at the same time with boundless indignation; and as he uttered the epithet he rushed towards his hated foe, and ere the latter had time to use a weapon in his own defence, he sheathed his sword in his bosom. Melvyn fell prostrate on the floor; but such was the jealous and deadly animosity he bore towards Edmund, that though he only survived two minutes thereafter, he partially rose up, seized his dagger, and aimed it at the breast of Anna, exclaiming at the same time, under the impression the thrust was successful, "Nor shalt thou, scoundrel, enjoy her either;" but Edmund had already seized her in his arms, and the thrust which was made at her proved mortal to Melvyn's own brother, who, in the confusion of the moment, occupied the place on which Anna had stood but a moment before.

Entering the castle of Melvyn thus unexpectedly, and finding its inmates anticipating scenes of festivity rather than of mortal conflict, Edmund and his party found no difficulty—not even resistance—in carrying off Anna in triumph. The only obstacle was the massy iron gate fronting the castle, but a sufficiency of it was instantaneously demolished to admit of their exit. They reached home in an hour or two thereafter, and on the following day Edmund and Anna again approached the hymeneal altar, were united together, and spent the remainder of their days in peace and happiness.

STANZAS TO THE ART OF PRINTING.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF THIRTEEN, BY MISS LOUISA MATILDA MONTAGU,* DAUGHTER OF COL. MONTAGU, OF LACKHAM HALL, WILTS.

How shall I speak of thee, or thy power address,
Thou god of our idolatry, the press?
By thee religion, liberty, and laws
Exert their influence and advance their cause;
Like Eden's dread probationary tree,
Knowledge of good and evil is from thee.—*Cowper.*

HAIL, happy art! enlight'ner of mankind,
And best preserver of the human mind;

* Now Mrs. Crawford.

To thee we owe emancipation bright
From dull-eyed ignorance to immortal light.

To thee fair science owes a second birth,
Diffusive knowledge spreads its light on earth;
And handed down from distant times we see
Genius gain perpetuity from thee.

Exhaustless fountain! o'er whose genial spring
Presiding Liberty expands her wing;
The cup of life were tasteless if denied
The draught nectareous by thine aid supplied.

Delightful solacer of human cares!
Guide of our youth and comfort in grey hairs,
That lifts the soul from dross of earthly clod,
And bids it soar in search of nature's God.

Guardian of freedom! nurse of useful arts!
Tenacious of the good thy sway imparts;
Britannia's free-born sons, with nerves of steel,
Will long defend what guards their country's weal.

And whilst a spark of liberty remains
In British bosoms, the ignoble chains
Thy foes would forge for thee shall powerless prove,
To bind thee, champion of the rights we love!

All praise be his who first to Albion's shore—
Illustrious art!—the blest invention bore;
Though dust of ages rests upon his tomb,
For him the deathless laurel still shall bloom.

NOTE.

"An old hand has faithfully copied out these lines on Printing. Mrs. Crawford will, probably, long since have forgotten both them and the humble individual who sends them to the METROPOLITAN, and who, in the summer of 1806, was staying at Lacock Abbey, Wilts, on a visit to their mutual friend the late Countess of Shrewsbury. Her worthy old priest, the Rev. George Witham, was at that very time busily employed in printing copies of songs and poems by Miss Louisa Montagu, riddles by the Misses Methuen, and other contributions from youthful visitors to the Abbey. The venerable confessor had purchased (at a sale of the late Marquis of Lansdowne's effects at Bow Wood) a crazy old printing-press, and thus amused himself in finding work for its decaying energies. The writer of this note was occasionally elevated to the post of 'Printer's Devil!' and, with shame be it spoken, wickedly enjoyed (as devils will enjoy) the trouble of the holy man in arranging his types, and making out the almost illegible letters. Oh that a London compositor could have seen him, now wiping his aged spectacles, now his rosy fat face, then bravely renewing the charge. The work completed, the smiles of beauty rewarded him for all his toil. The lovely sisters of Lord Methuen were delighted to see their riddles in print; the still more lovely Miss Wortley Montagu ('the fairest flower on Avon's classic banks') looked with a sister's loving eye upon those rude types that ushered into more general notice the girlish productions of the future authoress of 'Kathleen Mavourneen.' Truly those were pleasant times, and can never be forgotten by

M. G. D. HYDE."

A BACHELOR HUSBAND.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF M. EUGENE GUINOT.

> The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
> Make instruments to scourge us.
>
> *Shakspeare.*

OPINIONS are divided upon the chapter of marriage; some pretend that it is the best of blessings, others assert that it is the worst of states; the first make it out to be a paradise, with the second it is nothing less terrible than the place of eternal torment; the wiser consider it as a species of purgatory, which can hardly be considered as very inviting, especially if we reflect that the natural judges of the question are induced by self-consideration not to say all that they know of the inconveniences of their condition.

Thus the greater number of our young men, during the best years of existence, do not fail to assert that they will never marry, and yet they are almost all led to seek an establishment in marriage by a number of reasons arising from maturity, ambition, and hazard. There are many indeed, who, having engaged themselves lightly or from necessity, return to their ancient manner of thinking, and use all their efforts to recover a portion of their former independence. These undisciplined husbands put their ingenuity to the rack, in order to emancipate themselves from their monotonous duty, and lengthen to the utmost of their power the chain which they are incapable of breaking; they invent at their pleasure important affairs which oblige them very often to absent themselves from the conjugal dwelling. These are the persons to whom is due the honour of inventing those convents for the masculine sex, which are called *circles* or *clubs*. There are even some who push their fanaticism for liberty so far, that they consider even the annoying service of the National Guard as a benefit, and who would not exchange their *billet du garde* for a *billet de banque*. Many do not hesitate to intrigue with the sergeant-major to obtain the favour of performing a service to which they are not obliged.

Independence is the craving want of our epoch, which makes itself felt in everything, and especially in marriage;—it is a truth which cannot be contested. The number of bachelor-husbands increases every day; amongst these rebels some have to support painful struggles and difficulties, others, cleverer or more fortunate, manage so as to enjoy their liberty in peace.

Edward Langet had often repeated—"I shall never marry!" He was then twenty years of age, with an allowance of a hundred

guineas a year, an apartment in the *Rue Vangivard*, and eight inscriptions at the School of Medicine. He passed his thesis, he had the free disposition of his patrimony, and he spent it gaily. Happy times! which only pass too quickly. At twenty-four Edward had taken his degree and was ruined, with little taste for his profession, and many importunate creditors.

An uncle, to whose inheritance he had an eye, said to him one day—"My good friend, you are but losing your time; I have sunk all I possess in a life annuity, so you have nothing to expect from me, but I have a brother at Guadaloupe, who is also your uncle, and who, besides, is very rich and has no children; it is to him that you ought to address yourself."

The advice was good; Edward descended the Seine, to Havre, embarked on board the *Jeune Amelie*, and arrived safe and sound at Guadaloupe, where his uncle, Monsieur de Neuillan, received him with open arms. At the end of eight days Edward was easy as to his future prospects. After having conducted him over his rich domains, M. de Neuillan had said to him,

"All this will one day descend to you; you have ruined yourself at Paris; let that pass, youth has its season of folly; but that I may be sure that you will not return to your former dissipation, and so waste in riot the property that I have so hardly earned, I desire that you should marry; my inheritance is upon this condition. I have a match to propose to you with the daughter of one of my friends, whom I look upon as my own."

Friendship is so close a tie in the Antilles! Edward easily forgot the promises of fidelity which he had made to a life of celibacy. The protegee of his uncle, Mademoiselle Louise d'Abelvilliers, was a young lady of sixteen, perfectly beautiful, and endowed with the most amiable qualities. She had no fortune, but M. de Neuillan made a suitable settlement on his nephew, and secured to him, by the marriage settlement, the whole of his property at his death. Edward espoused Louise, and rendered her extremely happy. At Guadaloupe one has nothing better to do than to be a good husband.

However, at the end of two years, during which time the honey moon had passed through twenty-four successive editions, Edward was beginning to feel a little sense of satiety steal in upon his happiness, when M. de Neuillan fell dangerously ill, and the physicians were not long in declaring that they had no hope of saving his life. Edward then considered with attention the new and brilliant career on which he was about to enter, and, whilst he was paying to his dying uncle the most assiduous and tender attentions, gave himself up to profound reflections upon the future.

"I am about to become *millionnaire*,"* said he to himself,

* It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to say that a French million is £40,000 sterling.

"and free to return to Paris—to Paris, where I have passed such happy days. What a joyous life I might lead there, if I were yet a bachelor! but with a wife and child I must content myself with an existence, peaceable and richly insipid, and live in the midst of that vortex of pleasure as I have vegetated here. And my friends of the times past, what will they say on seeing me married—me whom they have so often heard declaim against marriage? Shall I have virtue enough to confine myself within the rigorous line which my duty as a husband marks out for me? Shall I know how to resist the charms awakened by memory, or the new seductions with which I am about to be surrounded?"

In this severe self-examination Edward felt a strong conviction of his own weakness, and a lively affliction in consequence, for he loved his wife, and would not, for anything in the world, have caused her the least uneasiness. The struggle which ensued in his breast, between the passions of the young man and the tenderness of the husband, was so equally balanced that it could only finish by an accommodation, and it was there that Edward displayed all the resources of a mind fertile in combinations and expedients. At the side of his uncle's death-bed, and, after having promised the old man to continue to render Louise happy, he conceived a plan of conduct, the boldest that was ever put in practice by a husband rebelling against the gentle joys of wedlock.

> "For marriage, rightly understood,
> Gives, to the tender and the good,
> A paradise below."

And in the first place, in order to gain his end, he had the address to conceal from his wife the extent of the inheritance which he was realizing. The liquidation of the property of M. de Neuillan produced nearly a million; Edward only declared four hundred thousand francs. This precaution is strictly in accordance with the rules, and the bachelor-husbands who know their trade never fail to put it in practice, and to impoverish themselves in appearance, so that they may spend without control in their licentious pleasures the money that they have surreptitiously withdrawn from the domestic fund.

After a favourable passage, Edward re-entered, rich, husband, and father, the port of Havre, from whence he had sailed three years before, poor and a bachelor. He hastened to establish his wife in the best hotel in the town, and then set out alone for Paris, under pretext that his wife, already fatigued by a long voyage, could not with safety immediately undertake a journey by land.

"Rest yourself," said he to her; "as to me I will go to Paris, hire an apartment, and have it furnished; I will then return for you; but this will require some days."

The uncle of Guadaloupe had, by a clause in his will, enjoined that Edward should bear his name; Edward had subscribed with eagerness to this injunction, which furthered his projects. At first he caused himself to be called Langet de Neuillan, and afterwards he contented himself with signing "L. de Neuillan." What others do from vanity Edward did from the gravest, and, it must be confessed, from the most culpable motives.

At length he again saw Paris! After an absence of three years he found himself once more in this city so well furnished with all that is attractive, and so lavish of enjoyments for those who are young and rich: two advantages possessed by Edward—Edward, who was a millionnaire and who counted yet but twenty-seven years.

The friends whom he had left young and foolish were still in all their youth and in all their folly. Two or three only had disappeared either under the cloud of ruin or that of matrimony, and these were forgotten. The others gave Edward a joyous reception, especially after learning that he had returned with the gilded spoils of an American uncle.

"I am of you," said Edward to them; "I resume my place amongst you; you will include me in your feasts, and you will see that I have lost none of my spirit."

"Bah!" replied they, "you are rich, and you will marry!"

"Never! I give you my oath of it."

When he had renewed his ancient intimacies, Edward hired two apartments; one in the *Marais*, under the name of M. L. De Neuillan, doctor of medicine, the other in the *Rue de Provence*, under the name of Edward Langet, fundholder. Be it well understood that he had dropped no hint of De Neuillan to his friends.

From this moment you may perceive Edward had a double part to play; that of a bachelor husband appeared to him too dangerous, and too fecund in disorders and domestic storms to him who ventures to accumulate and bring to light its various attributions by an open practice of it. He had clearly divided it into two, feeling in himself sufficient resolution and sufficient talent to play the parts of two personages on the busy theatre of life.

"Yet a few merry years," said he to himself, "and then, when satiety comes, I will abdicate this bachelor's throne and dedicate myself entirely to my wife, who will know nothing of my rovings."

Fifteen days had been sufficient for Edward to prepare his batteries and make all his preliminary arrangements. On his return to Havre he announced to Louise that a great misfortune had befallen them.

"The banker to whom I had confided my property," said he, "has just absconded; his failure swallows up nearly the whole of

our fortune; we have scarcely more than four or five thousand francs a-year remaining. But be of good cheer; I have resolution, and I shall find the means of contending against adversity. Have I not my diploma? Well! I will exercise my profession, and I shall find abundant resources in so honourable a career."

Louise, who knew the little inclination Edward had for dry studies, felt her tenderness redouble for so devoted a husband.

The profession of medicine was perfectly adapted to the circumstances; it permitted Edward to absent himself from morning till evening under pretence of visiting his patients: a physician may, more easily than any other individual, without trouble and without scandal play the part of a bachelor husband. Dr. Neuillan inhabited at the extremity of the Marais, the ground floor of an old parliamentary hotel, with the agreeable addition of a vast garden and an isolated pavilion or summer-house opening into a narrow and deserted lane. Edward had appropriated this summer-house to himself, as a private apartment where he might receive the patients who came in the morning to consult him; and almost every evening he withdrew to it in order to labour at the progress of a great work upon the nervous system, which was to prepare his admission to the Institute, and acquire for him a reputation at once honourable and lucrative.

You may well suppose that the summer-house was but a passage from the conjugal life to that of the bachelor. Scarcely had Edward closed after him the door entering by the garden, than he hastened out by that which opened into the lane, and flew to the *Rue de Provence*. There, in a delicious little bachelor's apartment, decorated with the most exquisite taste, Langet the dandy, after having thrown aside the heavy envelope of Neuillan and the thoughtful countenance of a husband, appeared to his friends in all the eclat of his luxury and of the most unbridled gaiety. He had a tilbury, horses, a groom; he took his drives in the Bois de Boulogne, and amused himself behind the scenes at the Opera-house. At midnight, a cabriolet called from the stand conveyed him back to the *Marais*, and he would say to Louise,

"I am very well pleased with my day's work; I am falling into very good connections; so refuse yourself nothing that you wish for, and do as if we had still twenty thousand francs a-year, for I am sure now of gaining sufficient to make up for what we want of this income."

"But, why then," Louise would reply, "pass almost all your nights in study?"

These tender reproaches were often interrupted by a ring at the bell—a footman had come in a great hurry to call Dr. Neuillan to a person in imminent danger. These alarms occurred frequently; Dr. Neuillan had a vast number of patients who required his nocturnal attendance: these patients awaited him at the *Café Anglais*, a ball, or elsewhere.

Louise remained sometimes two or three days without seeing her husband, who was sent for by patients ten miles round.

"The poor man!" said she, "how he is immolating himself to enrich us!"

Could she complain of his frequent absences? Had she not a child? And this work which kept Edward at a distance from her, was it not dispensing joy and comfort around their fire-side? For Edward, with a probité, rare in his situation, and perhaps not often practised anywhere, had divided his fortune into two equal portions; the one of which M. de Neuillan religiously carried the interest to his wife; the other that Langet spent joyously in his bachelor's frolics.

So that during three years passed in this manner, no cloud had troubled the serenity of this sacred union, so unworthily outraged by one of the parties. Louise led a retired life—she had no desire to show herself in the world unaccompanied by her husband, and that she believed the duties of his profession rendered impossible; and her isolation effectually preserved her from all suspicion and from all officious information or counsels. On the other hand, the friends of Edward never conceived the slightest idea of the secret which the elegant Langet concealed in the recesses of the *Marais!* * What a surprise for them, and what a source of joy, if they had learnt that their fashionable companion, the handsome and dashing Langet, who eclipsed them all so completely by his success in affairs of gallantry, had a lawful wife and legitimate child in the environs of the *Place Royale*, and was inscribed under the name of Neuillan on the tables of the Faculty of Medicine! Langet, a bachelor by the way of contraband and an imaginary physician by trickery! What a fall! or rather, would not this discovery have put the finishing stroke to his reputation, and crowned him with glory? Was it not the sublime of daring and successful hypocrisy?

Edward, who cherished his wife almost as much as his free bachelor way of living, had in his perversity found the means of being doubly happy. But it is too much for a single individual to enjoy two separate existences of felicity. All enjoyment which is founded upon disorder and debauchery is fragile, and Edward found it so.

One evening at a bachelor's supper, one of his friends who had accidentally encountered him several times just at the instant that he was about to re-enter the conjugal domicile, and who had made some slight inquiries in the neighbourhood, addressed the company:

"Gentlemen, I have news for you; Langet is taking to bad courses, he has an amour in the *Marais*."

* Very much the same thing as if a modish London husband should conceal his wife in the Borough of Southwark.

"In the *Marais!*" exclaimed the dandies; "and why not? there are pretty women everywhere."

"In this respect we ought to congratulate our friend; I have seen his conquest—she is charming."

"Do you know her name?" demanded a little young man named Henry Ducrest, newly emancipated.

"It is the wife of a physician."

"Of a physician!" exclaimed Henry, with lively emotion, "her name?"

"Madame de Neuillan."

Edward was confounded, and turned pale at seeing the blood-hounds so close upon the scent; but as the supper had arrived at its conclusion, and as he had already drunk more than he ought to have done, he resumed his customary assurance, and replied,

"You are an indiscreet fellow, Breville, and do not know what you are saying. He who takes upon him the office of a spy ought to be very sure not to make a mistake with respect to the door."

"Very well, very well," cried the young Ducrest, "you have only now to add, Monsieur, that you do not know Madame de Neuillan."

"What do you know of her, and in what does that concern you?"

"I know, and I am so much interested in the affair, that I exact from you a formal declaration that you have never had the slightest connection with the lady whose name he has uttered."

"Are you then acquainted with the husband, whose honour you seem so anxious to defend?"

"I do not know M. de Neuillan; I never saw him, which is not surprising, for he is never at home."

"Then, it is—it is the wife that you know?"

"Before interrogating me, Monsieur, give me the satisfaction that I demand of you."

"Halt there, Ducrest," cried Breville, "the quarrel is mine; he has called me a spy; but if he were to say what you wish him to say, he would tell a falsehood, for I declare upon my honour that I have seen him enter the house of Madame de Neuillan at midnight, and quit it at eight o'clock in the morning."

"Oh! no, Breville, no; Monsieur would never think of repeating before me what you have just said."

"And why not?"

"Because I love Madame de Neuillan, and I have the right to throw the lie in the teeth of any who dares to slander her."

"It is you who slander her, and it is I only who have the right of defending her."

"You, miserable impostor!"

Henry had risen from his seat, and a blow from his hand sounded on Edward's cheek. After some moments' tumultuous

altercation the business was arranged, and the joyous companions separated.

Edward after having received this public insult preserved an obstinate silence. "An explanation," said he to himself, "would only serve to render me ridiculous, and would oblige me for ever to give up my double character; the best thing I can do is to finish at once with this disagreeable affair, and to preserve the fact of my being married a strict secret."

The next morning, Edward and Henry, accompanied by their seconds, had a hostile meeting in the plain of Charenton. It had been agreed upon that they should fight with pistols. Edward fired first, and missed his adversary; Henry's fire followed, and Langet fell, the bullet having pierced his heart. An hour afterwards the body of the bachelor husband was transported to the house of his widow.

MARGARET PATRICKSON,

Chosen Translator of the Works of M. de Balzac.

SONG FOR ALL SEASONS.

'TIS sweet to walk the fields of spring,
When first the feather'd warblers sing;
When, peeping forth 'mid youthful green,
The modest violets are seen.

Sweet is the breath of summer morn,
And sweet the sight of golden corn,
And sweet, at evening's closing hour,
The balmy breeze, the fragrant flower.

'Tis sweet when harvest glories shine,
When glowing clusters load the vine,
When bends the loaded tree, and pours
In autumn's lap its juicy stores.

'Tis sweet, ay, sweet when winter's blast
O'er autumn's fruitful fields hath pass'd;
Earth folds her snowy mantle round
And lies in wintry slumbers bound.

To every season, then, we sing,—
Sweet summer time, and sparkling spring,
And autumn rich, and winter drear:
To grateful hearts they all are dear.

OLD MAIDS—BACHELORS—MARRIAGE.

THERE are two classes of human beings at whose expense the residue of the world are much disposed to be marvellously merry —we mean Bachelors and Old Maids. With the first class we have no fellow feeling. We luxuriate in seeing them held up to the merited scorn of the world, and have ourselves once and again assisted in the praiseworthy work of so exhibiting them. One of the articles of our creed is, that all bachelors who cannot render an admissible reason for dragging out their existence "by themselves," in opposition to the injunctions of revelation and the dictates of nature, ought to be abandoned by all good married people as persons with whom it were a crime to hold companionship.

Our sentiments touching old maids are of a quite different complexion. Our hypothesis for a long time past—indeed ever since our reasoning faculties reached their maturity—has been, that in the infinite majority of cases an old maid is an object of commiseration rather than of blame. If men are bachelors it is by choice, not by any necessity imposed upon them. With the fair sex the case is the reverse. In almost every instance a single life is with them matter of unavoidable necessity.

There is a danger of our being misunderstood here. We have too many of our acquaintances in the garret—in fact, we are not certain whether, owing to circumstances, a majority of them be not in that section of the house—not to be aware that the far greater portion of these antiquated virgins might have been married if they had thought fit. She must be a rare mortal who has never had the offer of a husband, good, bad, or indifferent. When we speak of an old maid's being so by necessity, our meaning is, that she has never had the good fortune of having a tender made to her of the hand of him she loved. And here lies the difference between her and those animals ycleped bachelors—they, generally speaking, never love at all, never solicit the fist of the fair; but she invariably loves, and dare not, unless she would be considered a transgressor of all the approved rules and regulations of the world in such matters, disclose her regards even to the beloved object himself; far less make proposals of marriage to him. Now, it were assuredly the essence of injustice to blame a woman for not marrying a man who proposes wedlock to her when she never felt a fraction of affection towards him. Her rejection of his overtures is, on the contrary, to our apprehension, meritorious beyond all computation.

We wish we could correct the errors of the world on this score. Were there such a thing in this age of societies as an association for the purpose of propagating orthodox notions on the subject of old maidship, we would willingly and most devotedly engage to compass sea and land—to traverse every point of the terraqueous globe in the character of one of its missionaries to assist in the noble work.

Most strenuously do we maintain that antiquated virgins are in general more to be pitied than blamed for remaining in a single state; and yet they are frowned upon and trodden under by all classes of their fellow-beings. Place us in a mixed company where all are perfect strangers to us, and we will tell you how many old maids there are in it, and single their ladyships out to you simply by observing the demeanour of the residue of the party towards them; so marked is the coldness of manner, if not positive insult, with which the world has been taught to regard these members of society. Hence we can easily account for that peevishness of temper which is the almost invariable appurtenance of old maidship.

It will, perhaps, be inquired how does it consist with our hypothesis that almost every woman has, at one time or other of her life, had an offer of marriage, when there are so many bachelors who have never paid their addresses to any of the sex, and when it is an incontrovertible fact in the statistics of population, that the women are much more numerous than the men. We account for it after this fashion—to wit, that though in civilized countries the practice of polygamy is prohibited by law, and that consequently a man can only have one wife at a time, every man has not been sufficiently fortunate to get the object of his first love. We have been making a calculation as to the number of our matrimonial acquaintances with whose history we are more intimately conversant, who have not succeeded in procuring the first young lady's hand they solicited. The result of our investigation is that, out of every seven suitors, two have been unsuccessful, and been under the necessity of rusticating in a state of misnamed single blessedness, or making a tender application to a second, if not a third or fourth party. Nay, we have known some poor fellows who have been doomed to endure the mortification of six or seven rejections in as many quarters, and yet succeeded in "joining hands" with a spouse of invaluable worth at the end of the chapter. We mention the latter fact for the encouragement of those of weak nerves, who may be apt to sink under a succession of the shocks consequent on such refusals.

But in the midst of our vindication of old maids, we are obliged in common candour to admit, that many of them have rejected most valuable offers. Women are too much—more so than men—the creatures of passion. In affairs of the heart, and in

matters of matrimony, reason in most cases is held in abeyance. If there be not an undefined something about the candidate for a woman's hand, which completely rivets her affections, his addresses are rejected, while the fact may have been that he possessed all the qualities necessary to constitute a good husband. We know the sentiment will be questioned by some, but we are not on that account less satisfied of its truth, that whenever a woman recognises certain good qualities of temper and conduct in the person who pays his addresses to her, she should accept his hand, even although at the time she felt no peculiar affection for him; for such qualities cannot fail ultimately to render him the object of her regards, and secure the happiness of the married state; while, on the other hand, there is little chance of felicity in the married state to the woman who accepted the hand of her lover without being able to specify one quality of mind or conduct in him as having been the means of attracting her regards.

But it must be recollected that the same qualities in a husband that would make one wife happy would not do so to another. There are great diversities of temperament in the female world. A woman, for example, who is constitutionally of a lively and gay disposition, fond of company, and of jaunting about, errs most egregiously if she calculates on matrimonial bliss from a union with one who is "habit and repute" of a melancholy, staid temperament, and who abhors promiscuous society. The most unexceptionable criterion we know of by which a woman, in a case of this kind, should regulate her choice, would, in the first instance, be, to learn as much as possible of the peculiar prejudices, predilections, habits, and so forth of the person who solicits her hand, and then accept or reject the proffer just as she finds these correspond or not correspond to a certain extent with her own.

Although, however, no rules can be laid down which, in the important matter of forming a matrimonial connection, are of universal application, such rules can be adduced as will suit the majority of cases. The following are the positive and negative mental and personal qualifications which a lady, some time ago deceased, considered indispensable in the person who solicited her hand previous to her accepting his offer. The unmarried portion of our female readers can individually adopt, as *sine qua nons*, as many of them as are suited to their respective notions on the subject; and regulate their decision accordingly in every after case of proposed marriage:—

"Great piety, good sense, and good nature.

"He must look like a gentleman, and behave like one. He must have a fresh complexion, and be rather tall; short, by no means whatever; middle-sized, passable.

"With respect to fortune, he must be rich, very rich if possible; poor by no means, *in spirit*.

"A decent share of love, just tinctured with a little jealousy, sufficiently to make the wife believe he sets some value upon her; but no suspicion—no suspicion, I say again and again, of any kind whatever, nor upon any provocation whatever.

"Well, but not critically skilled in the ways of women.

"In spelling very correct, that he may be the better able to instruct me, if I should want it.

"In some parts of arithmetic very able—especially addition and multiplication, but no skill of division or subtraction.

"He must be able to play tolerably well on the fiddle, and have more than a tolerable share of patience; in short, he must be willing to play as long as I think proper to dance; but no particular intimacy with Italian scrapers or singers, especially women.

"Skilful in the use of the sword, but not of a quarrelsome temper.

"Ready to accept a challenge, but backward to give one.

"No enemy to wit and humour.

"Not always good-natured abroad, and ill-natured at home.

"More skilful in the theoretic, than in the practical part of wife governing.

"To wine and snuff no objection, but no chewing of tobacco or smoking, at any rate.

"No enthusiasm for whist, and no gambler or drunkard.

"Fonder much of staying at home than of going abroad.

"A thorough knowledge of his own failings, and a willingness to acknowledge them; but no particular or minute acquaintance with mine.

"Generous, but not extravagant.

"An admirer of the fine arts, but not too profuse in the purchase of pictures, &c.

"A lover of poetry, both ancient and modern, and capable of relishing the beauties of each.

"As much learning, Greek and Latin, as he pleases; but not to think me his inferior because I have no knowledge in dead languages.

"Not to deny me a coach if he can afford it, or allow me one if he can't.

"In conversation affable and entertaining, willing to hear (me) as we speak, just to all the world, and affectionate to me."

The above is a catalogue of the qualifications which the lady referred to considered absolutely necessary in the person who would propose to conduct her to the hymeneal altar prior to her compliance with his wishes. But in the plenitude of our regards for the fairest of creation's works, and our anxiety to promote their bliss, we must not altogether forget single gentlemen; and, therefore, we shall conclude this speculation, as an essay writer of the early part of the last century would have said, by a few rules and

regulations which may be of use to the majority of them when meditating the perpetration of marriage. The subjoined were drawn up by a young gentleman:—

"Great good-nature and a prudent generosity.

"A lively look, a proper spirit, and a cheerful disposition.

"A good person, but not perfectly beautiful.

"Of moderate height.

"With regard to complexion, not quite fair, but a little brown.

"Young by all means, though there are exceptions.

"A decent share of common-sense, just tinctured with a little seasonable repartee, and a small modicum of wit; some learning, enough to make leisure hours agreeable, but not to interrupt domestic duties.

"Well, but not critically skilled in her own tongue.

"No deficiency in spelling or pointing, and a good legible hand.

"A proper knowledge of accounts and arithmetic, but no skill of *vulgar fractions.*

"A more than tolerably good voice, and a little ear for music, and a capability for singing a canzonet or a song in company; but no peculiar and intimate acquaintance with minims, crotchets, quavers, &c.

"No enthusiasm for the harpsichord, harp, or guitar.

"Ready at her needle, but more devoted to plain work than fine.

"No enemy to knitting or mending.

"Not always in the parlour, but sometimes in the kitchen.

"More skilled in the theoretic than in the practical part of cookery.

"To tea and coffee no objection.

"Fonder of country dances than minuets.

"An acquaintance with domestic news, but no acquaintance with foreign.

"Not entirely fond of quadrille, nor an absolute bigot to whist.

"In conversation a little of the lisp, but not of the stammer.

"Decently, but not affectedly silent."

A. B. C.

SCENE FROM AN UNPUBLISHED PLAY.

SCENE, A COTTAGE.

(Ellinor discovered seated, with her head on Margaret's shoulder.)

MARGARET. Do not, my dear young lady, take it so
To heart. Such sorrows will impair your health.
Look up, you soon will see him here.
ELLINOR. Yes, yes.
But how? Whence will he come? where is he now?
I cannot—dare not think.
MAR. What can you, sweet,
Suspect? I'm sure young Master Cynric would
Not stain his name with any deed that would
Not bear the light.
ELL. 'Tis that alone which gives
Me hope, that something will turn up to clear
Him of this charge.
MAR. Each feeling heart acquits
Him even of suspicion.

Enter Cynric.

CYNRIC. My dearest cousin, this
Is kind indeed. All would not be so prompt
To give me welcome after what has chanced.
ELL. It is not all who loves you like
To me. I never could desert you though
E'en all the world looked cold. But tell me where
It is that thou hast dwelt these absent days
From me and home?
CYN. Oh, I have friends whom thou
Hast never known.
ELL. Friends saidst thou, Cynric?
And are they so? Alas! I fear me they
Are friends will lead you into deeper guilt.
Oh! whence these arms if not for bloodshed?
CYN. Guilt
Saidst thou, Ellinor? Guilt! No I am
Not guilty. 'Twas too harsh a word to wound
Me with.
ELL. Not guilty? Then I thank high heaven.
Oh, Cynric! Cynric! let me hear thee breathe
That cheering sentence once again, and I

Shall then feel calmness here about my heart.
CYN. As Heaven sees me I know no guilt.
ELL. Father of mercies, on my knees I thank
Thee, that from off my heart this load is now
Removed.
CYN. Ellinor, I could not have believed
That thou wouldst give a list'ning ear to tales
Of idle tattlers. I had hoped that in
Thy breast suspicion ne'er could dwell. 'Tis true
I numbered one in that hot broil in which
A comrade lost his life, but by my hand
He ne'er was harmed.
ELL. Then why, oh, why dost thou
Keep from us now? My father can, I'm sure, absolve
You with the magistrates; then, do not let
My prayers be vain; return e'en now with me,
To-night—this very night.
CYN. Return to night!
No, no, it cannot be; if I returned
To-night I should be that thou wouldst not wish
Me be.
ELL. And what is that?
CYN. A coward, and
A traitor to my friends. No, Ellinor,
To clear myself I must involve the men
Who shielded me in danger. My heart rebels;
I could not do it though I died.
ELL. You once
Did say you loved me; nay, that I was more
Than life to you; then, for the sake of her
Who deeply loved thee in return, and will
Through all the storms of fate, whatever be
The turn of wayward fortune, or the chance
Of future hopes, love thee in danger and
Distress—in storm or sunshine still the same:
For her I ask that thou from this foul stain
At once will clear thyself.
CYN. Alas! alas!
You know not what you have required; I do
Not dare comply.
ELL. You do not dare? Canst thou
Hear, whom around these parts a parallel
Of daring is not known; canst thou allow
Thy tongue these strange words—"I dare not?"
It must be other than true-hearted men
That hold you thus, and urge you from the truth.
CYN. Oh! spare me, Ellinor, nor urge me more;
Nay, for my life do not assail me thus.

(After a pause.)

My love, the star of evening shines and warns
Me soon to leave you.
ELL. Leave me, Cynric? Canst
Thou then so suddenly depart? This is
Indeed a deeper pang than my poor fears
Anticipated, for 'tis cruel.
CYN. Distraction! Oh!
It cannot—must not be. No, no; a time
Will come, and soon, when I will yield to thee,
And gladly too: it must not be to-night.
ELL. Were it to other ends than innocent
That I were urging thee upon, it then
Might have become thee, Cynric, well to stand
In opposition thus; but to deny
Me as it is, it does not back your oft
Reiterated love.
CYN. Love thee! love thee!
Ellinor, thou dost not—oh, thou canst not doubt
That when I did reiterate that love
To thee, the expression of it was sincere.
Oh, by the sacred stars that shining guide
The watchful mariner to home, I swear
In all my perils and my danger shall
I think on thee. Whate'er my toils 'twill
Be happiness to know that I can love
Thee still; and now as thus I swear, do thou
Acknowledge to an oath of love to me.
ELL. Yes, yes, I swear, and may the guardian powers
That hold dominion o'er the acts of men
Hear me, and grant a happy issue to
Our strange betrothing.
CYN. Behold yon blazing star
Illumining the south shines brightly round,
And seems to whisper hopes of future bliss,
And brightly shining lures us into hope.
Calm as that shining star be all thy days,
And like its course be thine, is my chief hope,
Pure as that silver light. Farewell, we soon
Shall meet again, and still more happy be;
Yes, we shall meet—*(aside)*—perhaps in heaven. Farewell.

(*Kisses her, and exit.*)

THE GALLEY-SLAVE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

"HERE is room both right and left," said the Abbé Dillon, as he seated himself upon a bank of green turf by the side of a lake, which was shaded by the thick entangled foliage hanging over the rugged barrier of rocks above us, while the smiling expression of his eyes invited us to sit next him. Roderick placed himself beside him, and I followed. Our minds were engaged in pursuing the train of thought which our previous conversation had conjured up. On the opposite shore of the lake the evening sky beamed over the mountains. The towering rocks and lowly cottages of the Alps were radiant with the vivid tints of glowing red; streaks of gold trembled between the pale blue shadows over the lake. In the distance the summits of the mountains appeared tinged with violet, till sinking beneath the horizon they were lost among the clouds.

On turning towards the Abbé I perceived he was overpowered by some painful thought or feeling. The venerable man was leaning his arm upon the rock, his head sunk upon his breast. A sadness was spread over his countenance, which was generally illumined by a benevolent smile. The depression of the Abbé did not pass unobserved by Roderick.

"You appear sorrowful," said he, affectionately taking his hand; "look around, dear Dillon, at the lovely evening; shall we then despoil it of its charms for us, either by indulging in petulance, or dissatisfaction of mind?"

"You are right," replied the Abbé, again assuming a cheerful look, "yet should I define the present state of my mind I could not pronounce it sorrowful; it arose from our past conversation, which touched the chord on which the most delightful and mysterious feelings of human nature vibrate. It awoke a thousand images and remembrances in my mind, and the revered form which had, like some good genius, withdrawn the bondage of error from my eyes, and directed my youthful steps into the paths of virtue and religion, again flitted before me: excellent Alamontade—patient, amiable sufferer! To you, my beloved friends, this respected name is surely not unknown?"

"To me it is quite strange," replied I, "and yet I have a faint remembrance of having once heard it from your lips."

"Alamontade!" exclaimed Roderick; "what! the galley-slave from whose writings you read me that sublime passage

contained in the bundle of papers? It is a painful reflection that a man endowed with such a genius should have brought himself to the galleys, for surely something superior might have been made of such a character. But you, Abbé, surely appreciate his worth in another point of view, since you have applied so many flattering epithets to him."

"I cannot speak of him but with reverence," replied the Abbé, "for during my passage through life he has been to me the most remarkable phenomenon in it. Through him I am returned both to myself and to the world. The good for which I am indebted to him is unspeakable, and yet never once would he permit me to thank him."

Dillon was deeply affected, a tear rolled from beneath his grey lashes, and his lips trembled as if faint sounds still proceeded from them. His sadness was infectious, and each gave himself up to the tide of his own pensive feelings. I shall never forget this delightful moment; all nature seemed to participate in our dreams. The soft breath of evening wafted from the other side of the lake, glided refreshingly over our temples, and sighing expired in the bushes above us. Dillon roused himself from his reverie, and taking a hand of each drew us towards him, saying—

"You are both of you young and happy; for it is easy when our path is strewed with flowers to be content, and to discern in every object around the bounty and goodness of an Omniscient Power. As the evening is so delightful, we cannot pass it more to our satisfaction than in serious and confidential discourse. When I mentioned the name of Alamontade, I was prepared to anticipate your desire of relating his story, and will no longer hesitate informing you who this noble-minded being was, in what manner I became acquainted with him, as well as an account of his last moments; the remembrances connected with him are still edifying and delightful."

"Pray commence," said Roderick, "a man—a galley-slave—whose memory Dillon honours with such an interest, must have been an extraordinary individual."

"But before I commence," said the Abbé, "permit me to say a few words respecting myself.

"At the period the narrative begins, your friend was an unhappy being, struggling with what he then considered manly fortitude to rise superior to his fate. Alas! I was then ignorant of the being of a God, or that I was an heir to immortality. Only sometimes a faint gleam of comfort beamed upon me in endeavouring to follow the laws of virtue; but this alone was like depending upon a broken reed. It was in this state of mind I took up my abode at Toulon, and here it was I became acquainted with the man whose presence was the harbinger of peace to my benighted mind." The Abbé began:—

"I one day received the commission to repair to the hospital, to prepare an old galley-slave for death. The physicans had given up all hope of his recovery, as well as the attendant clergyman of the hospital. The latter discovered in the aged sinner a heretic whom he had in vain endeavoured to convert with all his powers of rhetoric. I was at that time regarded as a man of some learning. M. Delaubin, captain of the galley, appeared to esteem the slave; and as he personally knew me, likewise urged me to use every argument for the welfare of the obdurate sinner's soul. However little inclination I had of being the means of inducing a backslider to embrace a faith in which I had no confidence, I still acceded to the request. I went—singular enough, thought I to myself—and I could not suppress the smile of derision; a freethinker is to convert a heretic! Had the pious captain of the galley known me better he would not have been quite so pressing in his request. How much is it to be lamented that through life this disgraceful deceit is practised; and that there is no individual, even the wisest and best, who has courage enough to pass through the world without some disguise.

"I was conducted into the room of the sick galley-slave. He sat enveloped in an old mantle, with his face turned towards an open window under the beams of a meridian sun, as if enjoying the warmth, as well as the serene and open prospect before him. Upon my entrance he turned his head towards me, and never while I exist will the pale, saint-like countenance be erased from my remembrance. Here was not the dark savage look of a common delinquent, or the boldness of hardened vice, or the sullen repentance of chastened but not amended wickedness. No, it was the placidity of a mind at peace with itself—the purity of innocence which beamed from the expressive eyes which now met my gaze. Although the face of the unfortunate had suffered by constant exposure to all weathers, and was now tinged with the pallid hue of sickness; yet it had something noble and prepossessing in every lineament, though the traces of suffering were visible in each line of his expressive countenance. His head was closely shaved; yet round the lower part a few grey hairs were still perceptible, which gave a reverend appearance even to the head of a malefactor. Enough; I was singularly struck with his aspect, for such a man as this I had not pictured to my imagination.

"As I approached him—'Excuse me,' said he, 'that I cannot rise to evince my respect, for observe my feet stretched upon the straw cushion; the swelling has already mounted to the knee.'

"I asked him his name; he called himself 'Alamontade,' told me the place of his birth, and that he had been sentenced to the galley in the bloom of youth; that in half a year the term of his slavery would be expired, for he had been nearly twenty-nine years a galley-slave.

"'Take comfort, then,' said I to him; 'as you will soon be released you will return to your native country, and may pass the remainder of your life a reformed character.'

"'I shall never see my native country again,' said he, with a faltering voice, 'I have no home in this world; man has robbed me of it; I long, ardently long, for the peacefulness of the grave; death has more charms for me than life; I feel its approach; I have long impatiently waited for its summons.'

"The mild dignity with which he spoke, the *chosen* language, the impressive tones of his voice touched, and at the same time embarrassed me. All tended to convince me that this outcast from society was superior to the common stamp of men in his situation; that he had formerly received a good education, the traces of which he had faithfully preserved amidst the abandoned company in which had passed almost the half of his life.

"'Do you not then expect to survive your release, Alamontade?'

"'I hope, at least,' replied he, 'death will relieve me of the burden of life before the law loosens my fetters.'

"'And can you really with such serenity wait the approach of death? Has your repentance been so sincere during your time of punishment as to expiate your fault, and inspire you with hopes of pardon from the Judge of the living and the dead? Observe, Alamontade, the clemency of Captain Delaubin, he thinks you have not many days to live; I come, therefore, at his earnest desire to——'

"Alamontade interrupted me—

"'I deeply feel the goodness of the captain, and equally appreciate your philanthropy, sir; but I humbly request you to use your influence to prevent the visits of any other clergyman, that my last hours may be spent in the comfort of solitude; but if I must also forego this consolation, permit me once more to declare that I have, since three-and-twenty fearful years, been prepared for the joyful moment of my dissolution.'

"There was so much pathos and entreaty in the tone of his voice and manner that I unhesitatingly promised to intercede for him, and said involuntarily—

"'It is an incumbent duty as far as possible to fulfil the requests of the dying; and even should they deny the being of a God, we have no authority to conduct them into the road to heaven contrary to their inclinations.'

"'Are you a clergyman?' said he. 'If so, you have spoken more consolation in these few words than was contained in all the tedious exhortations of your predecessors. You have again restored me to peace, in the hope that I may be permitted to devote the last few precious hours of my existence to my God; to such a man as you, endowed with patience, mercy, and penetration, even the gratitude of a slave cannot be unwelcome.'

"I gave him to understand that I was not destitute of the inclination to do still more to contribute to his comfort; and that it did not deserve thanks because I refrained troubling him with theological discussions, as I observed it was contrary to his wishes.

"I uttered this opinion by way of searching and drawing out this singular man. He looked at me with the expression of astonishment, and exclaimed after a pause,

"'Sir, you are an extraordinary man!'

"'Extraordinary?' I repeated; 'I find nothing extraordinary in fulfilling one of the first duties of man.'

"'In this consists the singularity,' answered he.

"I requested him to explain his meaning more particularly.

"After a moment's hesitation he timidly asked me if I would permit him to speak freely, without the fear of exciting my anger. I assured him it would be extremely agreeable to me; upon which he said—

"'An ordinary character in the fulfilment of his duties certainly does not deserve praise; but the man whose station and dignity elevate him above his colleagues, harden his heart and prejudice his judgment; if such a man remain true to nature he deserves both our praise and admiration. In kings we ought to extol every virtue; in soldiers, tenderness for the unfortunate; in lawyers, justice; in priests, liberality of opinion.'

"Though I did not believe these to be the genuine sentiments of an old galley-slave, yet I continued to view him with increasing interest, and questioned him still more closely. I was fortunate in inspiring him with confidence. I learnt, that in his youth he had applied himself to study, and that he had been torn from this employ to be made a galley-slave! Whatever might have been his crime, I could not help thinking the punishment must have been adequate to it. And although my curiosity was greatly excited to know the nature of it, I felt it would be the height of cruelty to remind him of his offence in the last hours of his cheerless existence. My conversation seemed to afford him pleasure, and he begged me with much humility to repeat my visit.

"'I am unworthy this favour,' said he, 'but I see you can feel for the unfortunate; and though a slave, as a fellow-mortal I am a claimant on your compassion. I am a being dishonoured, and without possessions, and yet I have still something! Before my arm was shot off, I was sometimes privileged with the use of pens and ink; bedewed with thousands of tears, I have written my story, and poured out my complaints. These papers I offer to you, as the only bequest I have to bestow when I shall be numbered with the dead.'

"I complied with his desire and visited him daily. Our conversations soon turned upon the most elevated ideas of humanity. And ere long, my beloved friends, this despised slave, by the sub-

lime truths he uttered, convinced me of my errors, and proved himself worthy of being ranked with the most estimable and revered of mankind. I, who was designated to convert him, how superior had he shown himself, and pointed out the fallacy of all my former sophistry. His wisdom was the guiding star of my life, and his virtue restored me again to peace and happiness. I never left this excellent man without feeling myself benefited, and in the solitude of my room seldom failed to commit to paper the substance of our discourse. One afternoon when I went I found him in bed. An unusual serenity beamed over his countenance; he smiled as I approached him; never before had I seen him smile.

"'You appear to find yourself well to-day?' said I to him.

"'Oh, perfectly! the swelling has mounted to the hip, and the physician seriously shakes his head. He can no longer contend with the enemy, as he calls death, but I life.'

"'Are you then so impatient for death, Alamontade?'

"On putting this question to him, he looked at me with inexpressible serenity—the fervour of his feelings shone in his glance while he said,

"'What! when the happy moment is arrived which relieves my weary limbs of these heavy chains, emancipates me from a damp prison, and conducts me from a land of strangers to a paternal home, have I then cause to tremble? Who upon earth loves the forgotten Alamontade? No compassionate eye will shed tears over my corpse. I have nothing beloved to leave behind which can embitter my last moments.'

"'And your paternal home, Alamontade, where is that?'

"'It is there, where I shall be restored to those who loved me upon earth; where I shall be acknowledged as a child of the Almighty, and shall be equally judged with beings subject to the like imperfections and frailties. Much have I endured, but religion quickly matured strength sufficient to bear it. I have been vilified—yet in the midst of misery felt an inexpressible happiness; despised and avoided by mankind, I possessed an inward dignity which no human sentence could annihilate; when languishing upon the burning coasts of Africa, a treasure was mine of which no one could deprive me. Oh! how blessed am I at the conclusion of a sorrowful course to be enabled to look back with thankfulness, for now all the thorns of my past life appear blooming around me. And thou,' continued he, 'oh, thou sublime, mysterious, and Holy Being, through whom I have been, and am, and whose I remain to all eternity! though my thanks are as the imperfect lisping of a little child, yet I know they will not be rejected at the throne of the Most High! Through thee I am upheld—through thee—oh ineffable Being' . . . .

"Here his voice became low and his articulation indistinct. It

seemed as if his spirit was impatient to shake off the bonds of mortality, and wing its flight to that home for which he had so long and ardently panted. An expression of felicity stole over his features; now and then his lips moved, as if the exhausted body would still continue to evince the fervent devotion of the now glorified spirit which had inhabited it."

We had been so interested in the relation of the Abbé Dillon, that midnight had stolen imperceptibly upon us ere he reminded us it was time to retire. We neither of us felt fatigued, but were silent, and the tears trembled in our eyes. I threw myself weeping upon Dillon's breast. Roderick likewise embraced our venerable friend. We felt as if we pressed the noble Alamontade to our hearts.

"This action reminds me," said the Abbé, "of once, when overcome by my feelings, wringing the hand of Alamontade, I exclaimed, 'Oh, man, how could it be possible that your fellow-beings banished you their society? Could you, with your superior mind become a criminal? How long have the virtuous been condemned to the galleys? Were you really such a depraved character that your fellow-citizens stood in fear of you?

"'It is not possible, Alamontade; you are innocent, condemned to the most horrible punishment. Speak; I will undertake your vindication: you shall, you must, return to the world again, honoured and esteemed; disgrace dare not rest upon your grave.'

"He was greatly affected, and melting into tears clasped me with ardour to his breast.

"'Oh,' said he, 'yet once more I press a brother to this lonely heart, which has in three-and-twenty years not forgotten its old affections; yes, once more before it breaks this blessing is granted me.'

"His tears choked his utterance. After a long pause he raised his face to mine, saying—

"'Sir, dear sir, how have I merited so much love and goodness?'

"'Could I prolong your life, beloved Alamontade, by the sacrifice of my own, how willingly would I offer it! Do you not know you have been my benefactor, my protecting angel? You have rescued me from the abyss of despair.'

"As he did not seem to undestand me, I continued—

"'Alamontade, when I first saw you I was an unhappy being; I knew not God, and looked forward to the future as to a lifeless chaos; but through you my mind is enlightened; through you I again embrace happiness; the gloomy prospect is cleared around me, and what formerly appeared waste and desolate now blooms with life, hope, and immortality.'

"It was after this conversation that I obtained his unlimited confidence. He gave me the torn leaves of his diary; and at my earnest request informed me more minutely respecting many events

of his life. Upon his giving me a confirmation of his innocence, I entreated him to let me commence his exculpation, that I might see justice rendered by restoring to him the good name of which he had been so cruelly deprived. He mournfully shook his head, and begged me while he lived to take no steps towards it. He said he no longer felt anxious to obtain the esteem of a world which had so long and so unfeelingly abandoned him.

"After my repeated solicitations to intrust me with all, even his most secret wishes, he desired me to write to Nismes or Montpellier, to ascertain where Clementine had removed; if she still lived; if she were married; if happy. I knew who Clementine was, both from his papers and conversation.

"'And if she lives,' said I, 'would you not wish to see her once more, Alamontade?'

"At this question he exclaimed, with a serene smile,

"'Alas! she was the angel whose magic influence blessed my youth, and conducted me to the very portal of happiness; but no, do not give yourself any trouble, dear sir; if she lives she has forgotten Alamontade, and it is still less probable she could be prevailed upon to visit the death-bed of a galley-slave.'

"I wrote; I begged the assistance of all my friends and acquaintance to discover the abode of Clementina, and persuade her without loss of time to repair to Toulon, where an important discovery awaited her. One of my friends was fortunate enough to find out her retreat, which was St. D—, in Montpellier, having some years left Paris. Immediately she was apprised of the existence of Alamontade, she determined to hasten to Toulon, although suffering under a severe illness.——

"But," continued Dillon, "we forget it is past midnight, and we need repose; if you wish I will commence the story of our friend to-morrow; it is both pathetic and instructive."

When we had assembled in the summer-house the next morning, the Abbé produced a book of papers, merely stitched together.

"Here," said he, "is Alamontade's story, which I have collected with the greatest care. I have only added the finishing stroke in his own words and thoughts. You will find some parts only lightly touched upon, while others are more circumstantially detailed, according as the past events more or less agitated the mind of the relater, or my questions led him to speak upon the subjects."

Our curiosity was excited to know how a galley-slave in possession of such superior wisdom and extensive knowledge—how such a man by the sentence of the law could be condemned to a fate so cruel and dishonourable remained an enigma to me. This man continued a wonder in my imagination, and his philosophy the most elevated. What delicacy of feeling, combined with gigantic strength of mind; what heroic courage inspired by the purest

virtue; and what a severe and bitter lot! How the greatness of the ancient heroes vanish before his, for they only excite astonishment, or touch the feelings through the charm of the poet; but the mind of this beloved slave exceeded the ability of every poetical representation. He wandered alone and unpresuming, while his virtue was only perceptible to the eye of reason; for it was elevated far above this world. But I hasten to the story. Dillon, seated at a window which was shaded by the sportive vine, commenced reading:—

"A small village in Languedoc was my home, and the place of my birth. I lost my mother very early in life. My father, a poor farmer, notwithstanding all his efforts to save, could bestow very little upon my education; still he was by no means the poorest in the village; but from the produce of his vineyard, olive trees, and fields, he was obliged to give the fourth part of his hard-earned profits in exorbitant taxes. Our daily fare consisted of soup, with black bread and turnips. My father contracted debts, which preyed upon his mind.

"'Oh! Colas,' said he to me, more than once in a mournful tone, and laying his hand upon my head, 'my hope is lost; for I shall not, even with the sweat of my brow, go to my grave free from debt. How can I now keep that promise which I gave to your mother, with the last kiss, upon her dying bed? I promised her so sacredly to let you remain at school and to make a clergyman of you; but now you must become a day-labourer, and be subservient to strangers.'

"I consoled the excellent old man as well as I was able, but my childish attempts only increased his affliction. His health visibly declined, and he foresaw the near approach of his dissolution. His looks were often fixed upon me, expressive of anxiety for my future welfare, while the bitter tears of hopelessness bedewed his eyes. When I observed it I always left my sports and hastened to him, for I could not bear to see him weep. I clung round his neck, and kissing the tears from his eyes, cried—'Oh! my father, do not weep.'

"What a happy people might those be who inhabit a country where the fertile soil produces to the cultivator two harvests yearly; where the olive and the grape ripen in abundance, by the vivid influence of the sun! But, alas! an oppressed people wander over the blooming earth; the produce of their labour is given to the luxurious bishops, who for their wretchedness and deprivations in this world promise them a futurity of never-ending happiness. One entertainment at court consumes the year's produce of a province, which has been gathered from the fruitful earth under millions of sighs and painful exertions.

"I was eight years old when my father died. It was a serene evening, near sunset. He sat before the cottage, under the

shade of a chesnut-tree; he wished once more to enjoy the sight of a world which, under every affliction, was still dear to him. On my return from the field he appeared quite exhausted. When I went to him he clasped me in his arms.

"'Oh! my son,' said he, 'I am happy; my death is at hand, and I shall soon be at rest; yet I will not forget you. I shall stand with your mother before the throne of the Almighty; above the stars we will pray for our child; think of us, and even in death depart not from the laws of virtue. God will protect you; do not give way to sorrow; and after you have fulfilled your duty upon earth, and your summons is gone forth, then, my beloved Colas, we shall be re-united, and parents and child offer their adorations at the throne of the Most High.'

"The last rays of the setting sun were perceptible upon the summits of the mountains; the world disappeared in the dusky twilight; the soul of my father was liberated from its infirm tenement; the dear remains lay in my arms.

"The faithful servant—I have forgotten his name—who was, according to the will of my father, to take me to Nismes, to a brother of my mother, held me by the hand as we passed through the dark narrow streets of the town of Nismes. My whole frame shook, and an involuntary terror seized my mind.

"'You tremble, Colas,' said the servant; 'you look pale and terrified; are you ill?'

"'Oh!' cried I, 'do not take me into this black stony labyrinth; I feel a horror, as if I should die here; let me remain a day-labourer in the open fertile country of my birth. Only observe these walls, they are built like the walls of a prison; and these people, they look so disturbed and gloomy, as if they were all criminals.'

"'Your uncle,' replied he, 'is a miller, and does not live in the town; his house is in the open fields, at the Carmelite Gate.'

"It is said our minds have the peculiar faculty of foreseeing evil; and since wretchedness and I have been so closely allied, I have remembered the terrible and oppressive sensations I experienced on first entering the gloomy streets of Nismes, and considered them as a presentiment of my future misfortunes.

"The impression which Nismes first made upon me remained unchangeable; it was natural; accustomed as I had been to solitude and simplicity, with the beauties of nature around me, the contrast of a busy town and bustling people filled me with alarm. My mother had rocked me under the branches of the olive tree, and I had dreamed away my childhood under the cool and verdant shade of the chesnut grove. I could not bear the confined melancholy walls where men assembled for the thirst of wealth. In solitude the passions are quiescent; the heart assimilates with the placid face of nature. The first glance of so many countenances

in which were depicted anger, care, pride, avarice, luxury and envy, made me tremble: to those who have daily intercourse with strangers the traces which these vices leave in such legible characters are not so striking.

"When arrived at the Carmelite Gate the servant pointed out the house and mill of my uncle, saying—

"'Mr. Etienne is a rich man, but, alas!'—

"'And, alas! what?'

"'People say he is a Calvinist.'

"I did not understand him. On entering the house my fears vanished; all I saw seemed to whisper peace and happiness, and the delightful sensation of having found a home already crept around my heart. In the next room, which was arranged with simplicity and neatness, the mother of the family sat at the table surrounded by three blooming daughters, each occupied with their work. A boy of two years sat playing in his mother's lap; kindness and contentment was expressed in each countenance.

"At my entrance they ceased speaking, and every eye was turned towards me. My uncle stood at the window reading; and though his locks were already grey, a youthful serenity shone in his glance; his look was the look of piety. The servant addressed him:—

"'This is your nephew Colas, Mr. Etienne; his father, your sister's husband, died in poverty; he, therefore, desired me to deliver his son to you, that you might be a father to him.'

"'You have my welcome and blessing, Colas,' said my uncle, laying his hand upon my head.

"'And I,' said his wife, rising from her seat, and taking my hand, 'will be a mother to you.'

"I wept, and kissed the hands of my adopted parents, without being able to articulate a word. Upon seeing me so affected, the daughters surrounded me, saying,

"'Do not weep, Colas; we will be your sisters.'

"From this hour I felt domesticated in my new home, as if I had never been a stranger. I could almost fancy myself a resident among the happy angels, of whom my father had so often spoken.

"I was sent to school. At the expiration of half a year, my uncle came to me, and said, with an affectionate look,

"'Colas, you are poor; but the Almighty has endowed you with superior abilities. Your instructors praise your diligence, and tell me you far surpass your companions in your acquirements. I have, therefore, resolved that you apply yourself to one of the learned professions. When you have completed your studies in Nismes, I will send you to the college at Montpellier. You shall study the law, that you may one day be the defender of our oppressed church. I discover in you an instrument, in the hands

of Providence, for our deliverance—to protect the evangelical faith against the cruelty and power of the Catholics.'

"Mr. Etienne was secretly of the Protestant persuasion, as were many thousands in Nismes and its environs. He initiated me in his belief. The Protestants were industrious, peaceable, benevolent citizens; but the rancour of the populace and the fury of the monks pursued these unfortunate people even to the interior of their dwellings. They lived in constant dread; but this, instead of suppressing, only increased the zeal in every heart. Obliged, for the sake of appearances, we frequented the Catholic churches, celebrated their days of festival, and ornamented our rooms with the portraits of their saints. But neither this compliance, nor the practical piety of the persecuted, could, in the smallest degree, soften the hatred of their persecutors. Wavering between two religions, obliged to acknowledge the one publicly, the other privately; a daily witness of the violent disputes of both parties, where pride, hatred, and selfishness, influenced more than understanding or piety, I was, without being aware of it, a sceptic and a hypocrite in both. The arguments with which one party attacked the contested points of the other's belief, were more weighty, subtle, and effective, than those with which they defended its value or excellence.

"This awakened distrust in my mind, and only those tenets which remained undisputed retained their sublimity and worth. But I carefully guarded my word, lest I should become an object of detestation to all parties. The sleepless hours of the night were spent in contemplating God and his creation. The folly of those who declared open war for a difference of opinion was dreadful to me. I soon felt the unhappiness of my lot in being obliged to dwell amongst beings with whom I could not assimilate. I felt as if I were surrounded with barbarians, or savages not more humane than those at whose sacrifices we shudder with horror. And were the ancient Celts or Brahmins, or the wild Americans of the desert, who offered human victims at the altar of their gods,—were they more calculated to inspire abhorrence, than the modern Europeans, who, with the madness of zealots, sacrifice their unhappy brethren? I bewailed the cruelty of my time, and saw no means of alleviating the misery of those around me. The gloomy present weighed heavily upon my heart, and I languished for something more noble and perfect. My fertile imagination never failed to portray a more perfect world, in which virtue, truth, and justice, were predominant. I was a poet, and deplored the fall of Greece and Rome, which had promised mankind a more delightful existence, and most bitterly disappointed their expectations.

"The ruins of the immense amphitheatre at Nismes, that ancient and superb monument of Roman grandeur, was my favourite resort. When I wandered through the high vaulted arches, or

between the grey pilasters, or looked down from the elevated gallery over the noble ruins, it seemed as if the majestic spirit of former ages accompanied me, and uttered its complaints in the breeze which moaned through the fragments of decaying greatness. I felt a delight not unmixed with sadness at beholding these relics of ages now crumbling into dust. They told me a volume of history, for on Roman magnificence the hands of nations had laboured. The two half-dilapidated turrets upon the gallery had been rough, massive piles of stones, erected without taste or art, by the Goths, on the conquest of Rome. In the extensive arena beneath were to be seen the cottages of the day-labourer and mechanic of the present time. What a change!—what a lesson to human greatness!

"The cry of help from a female voice, which arose from beneath the arches, roused me one evening from my reverie. I hurried down the steps from the second story, and saw in the twilight a well-dressed female in the power of a vulgar-looking man. The sound of my footsteps intimidated him, and he quickly disappeared between the columns. A young girl, pale, trembling, and with dishevelled hair, sat upon a block of marble.

"'Are you hurt?' asked I.

"'It was a robber, sir,' answered she, putting her hand to her head. 'He had torn from my hair some pins of valuable jewels—nothing more; but I entreat your protection, as I am quite strange here. Curiosity separated me from my mother and sister, who wait my return. The man was to conduct me out of this labyrinth, and led me to this solitary spot."

"I offered her my arm, and we approached the light. Oh, Clementina! She was in the bloom of sixteen; a delicate, tall, yet symmetrical figure. She glided so lightly by my side, that I was scarcely conscious of her movements. The amiable intelligence of her countenance was angelic, and her glance beamed with love and innocence. My mind was occupied in a most undefinable yet agreeable perplexity. I had never experienced such a sensation of admiration and confidence, affection and respect, as now bewildered my imagination.

"I was now one-and-twenty, and knew nothing of love, except from the description of the ancient poets. I called it a passionate friendship, and considered the indulgence of it as degrading to the mind of man. Ah! how false was my opinion! We continued to proceed till we had reached the Carmelite Gate; then, only, my faculties were restored to me.

"'Are you quite strange here?' stammered I.

"'Entirely so,' she replied; 'but it is useless looking for my mother and sister. Do you know the house of M. Albertas? We live there.'

"'I know it, and will conduct you there.'

"We retraced our steps; but what a metamorphosis! The dark, narrow streets no longer reminded me of the walls of a dungeon, as we silently pursued our way, till we arrived at the house of Mr. Albertas. The door was hastily opened, and the whole family pressed forward to welcome the beloved wanderer, in pursuit of whom servants had been despatched different ways; but in vain. Amidst innumerable caresses, my ears caught the name of Clementine.

"She thanked me in a few words, but with a suffused countenance. The whole family were lavish in their acknowledgments, inquired my name and place of abode, which after informing them, I bowed, and left the company.

"I often frequented the amphitheatre, and passed the house of Mr. Albertas; but in vain. I did not see her again whose image was indelibly imprinted upon my heart and hovered before me in my nightly visions. And though the expectation of again beholding this lovely being was almost extinct, the desire became still more ardent. I now for the first time began to feel that I stood alone in the world, destitute of the tender claims of father, mother, brother, or sister; and though tenderly beloved by the whole family of my excellent uncle, still I could only consider myself in the light of a favoured orphan.

"The time now arrived for my going to the college at Montpellier. My uncle repeated his wishes, and charged me not to deceive his expectations. In almost boundless confidence in my youthful abilities, he already looked upon me as the future protector of the Protestant Church in France. He blessed me at my departure, while the whole family stood weeping around me. After promising to avail myself of every vacation to return to Nismes, I left, overpowered by my own painful feelings.

"I expected to accomplish the distance from Nismes to Montpellier in nine or ten hours, and commenced my journey on foot, under the shade of mulberry-trees, between ripening corn and luxuriant vineyards; but the sultry air and burning soil so fatigued me, that after walking three hours I sank exhausted on the bank of the Vidonole, near a neat-looking house shaded by lofty spreading chesnut-trees. Absorbed in reflections on my past life and future prospects, I sunk into a slumber, and awoke on hearing a slight rustling near me. Clementine stood before me! Believing myself still under the influence of a dream, I exclaimed, gazing on the beautiful form, 'Oh! delightful vision, do not leave me!' Clementine smiled, and taking a wreath from her hair, it fell upon my breast. Rousing myself from the spell which enchained my faculties, I became sensible of the sound of an approaching vehicle, and a voice calling Clementine. A sadness was diffused over my countenance as she hastily said, 'Farewell, Alamontade!' and disappeared among the waving foliage. I would at

that moment have thrown myself at her feet, but she had fled, and I lay prostrate on the ground. On hearing a carriage rolling over the bridge, I rose, and hastening to overtake it, met an old domestic, who inquired if I would not rest and take some refreshment. I could not avoid expressing my astonishment. Upon which he asked if my name were not Alamontade. On replying in the affirmative, 'Well then,' said he, 'Mademoiselle de Sonnes and her mother have left their requests with me.' I returned, took Clementine's wreath from the ground, and followed the servant. The events of this day are engraven upon my memory.

"My dwelling consisted of a back attic in the house of M. Bertollon, one of the richest and most fortunate men in Montpellier. The roofs of a few houses, discoloured walls, and from the opposite street, two windows and garret of a palace, comprised my prospect. Still I was contented. Surrounded with my books, I devoted myself entirely to study. Clementine's wreath hung over my writing-desk. The blossoms of spring lost their power to charm compared to the magic influence of these withered flowers; and I would not have bartered their faded beauties for the jewels of princes.

"I awaited in anxious expectation the college vacation, to see my uncle Etienne at Nismes, and perhaps, by some fortunate chance, Clementine.

"One day the door of my solitary room was opened, and a young and handsome man entered, announcing himself as M. Bertollon.

"'You have a melancholy prospect,' said he, stepping to the window, 'and yet,' he added, with a smile, 'there is a partial view of the house of De Sonnes on the other side, one of the most elegant in the town.'

"The name of De Sonnes thrilled through every nerve. M. Bertollon remained at the window, apparently absorbed in thought. On my commencing a conversation, he made inquiries respecting my birth and acquirements.

"'What,' said he, 'you play the harp, and passionately admire that instrument, without possessing it?'

"I replied, 'My circumstances would not allow me to purchase one, as my allowance was scarcely sufficient to obtain those books which were necessary for my studies.'

"'My wife has two, and can immediately spare one.'

"Saying this he abruptly left me. In the course of an hour I received the harp. With feelings of inexpressible happiness, and thoughts fixed upon Clementine, I struck the chords. Words are invented as interpreters of our thoughts, but what can express the feelings and sensibilities of the heart compared to the melodious tones of music?

"The following morning the amiable Bertollon repeated his

visit. I returned him my thanks for the harp; and upon his requesting to hear me play I immediately complied. He leaned his head against the window, and gazed vacantly over the roofs of the houses. I had been so lost in my employment as not to perceive Bertollon had left his situation, and now stood before me, his eyes filled with tears.

"'You are an amiable enchanter,' said he, taking my hand, 'and we must be better known to each other.'

"A few weeks elapsed and we were attached friends. I accompanied him on all his parties of pleasure; he introduced me to his innumerable acquaintance—every one treated me with kindness, and Bertollon never seemed so happy as in my society. He possessed an extensive library, as well as a collection of natural curiosities. He offered me the superintendence of these, and, to avoid hurting my feelings, adopted this delicate plan as the means of placing me above want, and remunerating my trifling services with a considerable sum yearly.

"Bertollon was in many respects a superior man. He possessed learning, wit, and persuasive powers; he fascinated by his grace and dignity, while his good humour caused him to be hailed as the genius of mirth and pleasure in every company. He had already refused several public situations with a modesty which increased the general confidence and raised him in the estimation of his fellow-citizens. Fortune had richly bestowed her favours upon him; he was partner in one of the first mercantile houses; he possessed one of the most beautiful country seats in the adjacent village of K——; and was the husband of the handsomest woman in Montpellier. His wife, excepting in winter, resided in the country. Bertollon seldom visited her; interest and convenience, not love seemed to have united them.

"What tended to raise this man still higher in my estimation, was his total freedom from all prejudice. Bigotry and fanaticism reigned throughout the town, but he alone made an uncommon exception. Notwithstanding which, he attended mass, and was a member of the grey-penitent fraternity.

"'It is but a trifling sacrifice,' said he one day to me; 'if by so doing one can obtain the esteem of all parties; for prejudice is only to be tolerated when we can neither oppose nor conquer it. Those who declare open war against prejudice are as great fanatics as those who actually take up arms against it.'

"We often differed in opinion, although always in the most friendly manner. He argued, the destination of man was to be happy, and acknowledged no bounds to the means of obtaining it. He derided my lively defence of virtue, calling it an act of social order, and endeavoured to demonstrate to me that, among different nations, it assumed different forms. His wit sometimes had the power of making me appear ridiculous to myself. Not-

withstanding the avowal of these dangerous principles, I could not but feel attached to him, for he was continually performing some kind action.

"During the hours I devoted to friendship and the muses, the windows and attic of the Palace de Sonnes were not forgotten. M. Bertollon had frequently offered me another room, with better furniture and a more cheerful and extensive prospect; but I would not have exchanged my little garret with its confined prospect, for one of his most elegant rooms or the finest view in Languedoc. Chance informed me of what my unconquerable timidity would never permit me to inquire, that the family De Sonnes were expected to return to Nismes in a few weeks—that they were in deep mourning on account of Clementine's sister, who had lately died.

"Weeks and months elapsed without the arrival of the family, or my obtaining any further intelligence; and although my impatience and anxiety were extreme, I carefully guarded my secret from the world.

"The college vacation arrived, and I hastened to Nismes with the beguiling hope of being happier there. I passed the country-house on the banks of the Vidonole, but all was silent and deserted; nevertheless, the hill was lively with the reaper and vintager. I flew to the memorable spot under the chesnut trees, which Clementine's presence had rendered sacred to me, and, reclining under their spreading branches, became so lost in sad reflections that I did not leave till the approach of evening. My uncle Etienne, his excellent wife, Antonie, Marie, and Susanne, received me with touching emotion. Speechless, I rose from the affectionate embrace of one to be clasped in the arms of another. I felt again returned to a beloved home; again I was the son and brother of this dear family; so great was their affection for me that I knew not by which I was most tenderly beloved.

"'You are the joy of us all, and the hope of our Church,' said my uncle, deeply affected; 'all the letters we have received from Montpellier not only praised your diligence, but mentioned the high esteem in which you were held by your tutors. Continue, oh, Colas, continue to strengthen your energies; for our sufferings are great, and the tribulation of the believers has no cessation. May the Amighty appoint you as his chosen vessel, to destroy the power of antichrist, and triumphantly restore that religion which has been trampled in the dust.'

"My uncle's anxiety had been for some time much increased, owing to the harsh declarations of the chief magistrate of the province against the Protestants. The Marshal von Montreval resided in Nismes, and the influence of this man was still more to be dreaded, as he possessed the unlimited confidence of the king. His threatenings against the Calvinists were repeated

from mouth to mouth, and even the boys in the streets shouted them to each other; but a trouble of a different nature tormented me. I had daily passed the house of M. Albertas in vain; in vain retraced every part of the amphitheatre; Clementine was nowhere to be seen. Passing through the street one morning I met the same old servant whom I had seen at the country-house of Madame de Sonnes. He recognised me, and shaking me cordially by the hand informed me, after a thousand other things, that Madame de Sonnes, with her daughter, had been for some time at Marseilles, to seek in change of scene a diminution of regret for the loss of a beloved daughter and sister. With my long-cherished hopes of again seeing Clementine destroyed, I returned sorrowfully home: the delightful expectations I had indulged for full half a year were now in one moment annihilated. I formed plans to go to Marseilles, which was only three days' journey, to wander from street to street, to watch every window, to frequent all the churches and masses; but upon cool reflection I gave up this adventurous scheme, and feeling still more depressed after this resolution, I returned to the house of M. Etienne, but what was my astonishment to observe uneasiness and embarrassment expressed in every countenance. My aunt approached me, and putting her hand upon my shoulder, embraced me with a look of compassion. Marie and Antonie held my hands affectionately in theirs, as if they would console me.

"'Why is this?' said my uncle, with a powerful voice; for he had, notwithstanding his placid appearance, something heroic in his character: 'you know that a real Christian should be the happiest when misfortunes most heavily oppress him. The evil spirit has not power over us, and even the hairs of our head are numbered; the marshal is not beyond the reach of Omnipotence.'

"I could not imagine to what all this tended, and expressed my astonishment.

"'I do not wonder at your surprise,' replied my uncle, 'and am both vexed and distressed at the dismay my wife and daughters evince; but I will inform you the cause. The Marshal von Montreval sent here an hour since to desire you to repair to the castle to-morrow morning at ten o'clock; and what reason is there for apprehension? If your conscience acquits you of wrong, then go to the marshal without fear.'"

(*To be continued in our next.*)

IRISH BALLAD.

THE FINGALIAN FLOWER-GIRL.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Oh, lady, buy my sweet moss-roses,
Fresh and dewy from the bough;
No brighter bloom thy cheek discloses;
My lilies spotless as thy brow.
Gentle lady! turn and listen
To an Irish maiden's plaint;
Ah! see, my eyes with sorrow glisten,
My heart, my LONELY HEART, is faint.
Oh! buy my sweet moss-roses.

Oh, lady! to each lovely feature
Pity gives a softer grace,
Help a young and homeless creature
Of a LONG-OPPRESSED race!
From our mountain cabins roving,
Not from *choice* but *want's* decree,
Think how hard to leave the *loving*
For the world's COLD CHARITY:
Oh! buy my sweet moss-roses.

Bless thee, lady! may thy beauty
Never fade through *want* or *woe;*
Thou hast done a holy duty,
Saints and *angels* with thee go!
When thy spirit's adoration
Lifts the cross and bends the knee,
Daughter of a stranger nation,
Erin's child shall pray for *thee!*
Oh! buy my sweet moss-roses.

* The "fair Fingalian girls" are frequently mentioned by old Irish writers.

NOTE.

The Irish peasants have been styled by some "a rude and a semi-barbarous people;" but when not roused by *flinty hearts* to strike fire, they are kindly and courteous in manner, forming a strong and most pleasing *antithesis* to those of the English in general. Were I to write a ballad *characteristic* of an English flower-girl, I do not imagine that any composer would waste sweet sounds upon it; but the native genius of the Irish often furnishes them with modes of speech that the poet might be proud to originate, and to which the warmth of their feelings gives an energy and a pathos which *phlegmatic* persons call *blarney*. In adopting the epithet of "*Lady*" for an English girl, I should be anything but *characteristic;* but the Irish maiden's appeal to our sympathy is always prefaced or followed by some such proof of her *national inbred* civility. Her pretty "*buy, lady,*" enforced by innocent eyes that seem to *love all they look upon*, naturally wins upon the heart, and elicits, with the granted boon she asks, a sigh for the warm-hearted, the brave, the generous, but, alas! the UNFORTUNATE IRISH!

THE REVENGE OF LEONARD ROSIER.

It was late on a summer afternoon that Leonard Rosier, a student of the most famous school of surgery in Paris, was returning to his home in the Rue St. Honoré. The merry populace thronged the street, and many acquaintances accosted him; but he stopped not to converse with any one, nor turned aside with the crowd to follow any splendid equipage. His face was handsome, but pale, apparently with study; and it was singular that in one so young, and especially a Frenchman, the expression should have been so uniformly melancholy. He went up the steps of a small house and knocked gently. The door was opened by an elderly woman, whose face beamed with joyful surprise on seeing him.

"I am so happy—so glad you are come—M. Rosier. I would have gone myself for you had I known where to find you. Mademoiselle Eulalie . . . ."

"What of her—is she worse?" demanded the youth, impatiently; but, without waiting the old woman's reply, he pushed past her and went hastily up stairs. The woman looked after him and shook her head sadly.

Leonard entered a small front chamber just then lighted with the last crimson rays of the setting sun. On a couch near the window reclined the pale and emaciated form of a young girl, apparently in the last stage of a decline. Illness, though it had wasted her figure to almost ethereal thinness, had not destroyed the exquisite symmetry of her features. They were still perfect in their delicate outline; and the beautifully chiselled lips wore a tinge of rose which, like the faint spot of colour on each cheek in contrast with her otherwise dazzling paleness, was evidently the effect of disease. Her eyes were large, dark, and supernaturally bright. She held in her almost transparent fingers a rose partly faded.

Leonard came softly to her bedside, and, bending over her, said in a low tone of deep and anxious love, "Eulalie!"

The lovely invalid turned quickly, and her eyes beamed with joy as they rested on him. "Oh, brother," she murmured, "you are come at last!"

The young man turned away his face and wept for a minute in silence. At length, looking up, and addressing the nurse, who had followed him into the room, he asked, "When did this fearful change take place?"

"About two hours since," replied the woman. "Mademoiselle, while sitting on the fauteuil at the window, was seized with a vio-

lent fit of coughing and ruptured a blood-vessel. The bleeding was inconsiderable, yet it reduced her to this weakness."

"Brother!" said the invalid, faintly, and clasping his hand, she looked up imploringly in his face.

"Do not suffer her to speak," said the nurse.

"I must!" replied the young girl; and, by the slight pressure of her fingers, Leonard knew that she had something on her mind. He motioned the old woman to withdraw; she objected that it would be dangerous to allow her patient to talk. But a glance at Leonard's face of despair convinced her that he thought his sister beyond hope, and that even the chance of prolonging her feeble life was scarcely sufficient to justify them in withstanding her wishes. The nurse left the apartment.

"Beloved Eulalie!" repeated Leonard, again bending over his sister.

"Brother!" exclaimed she, with an energy that startled him; "brother, I have seen him!"

"Him! whom?—Oh, Heaven!" sobbed the youth. Eulalie motioned for some drops that stood on the table. Leonard poured some from the vial, and administered them; they seemed to revive her. She spoke in a stronger voice and less interruptedly.

"I saw him—the Marquis de Verneuil."

"The villain!" groaned her brother.

"Yes, he is so, Leonard, or he could not have acted as he has done," said Eulalie, with strange calmness. "To deceive a young girl like me by a false marriage, and then desert her . . . ."

"His life shall pay for it," said Leonard, in a voice of agony.

"Not so!" cried Eulalie. "Would such a revenge profit me? Hear me, Leonard. The hand of death is upon me, and, ere I die, I have a boon to ask. But, before I name it, you must promise—promise me solemnly, on your knees, Leonard, and before God, that you will never attempt his life. Leave to the Almighty Judge the punishment of my wrong. Leonard, promise me. It is Eulalie's last prayer but one."

Leonard hesitated, but, adjured again and again, he knelt down and took the required oath.

"Now hear me," said his sister, "for my strength is failing, and the moments are numbered in which I can speak at all. I saw the Marquis de Verneuil from yon window. He drove past in his chariot, and beside him was seated a beauteous lady, whom I judged, from the fond look with which he regarded her, he means to make his bride. Leonard, I do not envy her; but is it wrong to wish that I could leave the world as the wife, not as the outcast mistress of him who once loved me? Of the rights of a wife I have been cruelly defrauded—would he not give them to me for a few moments? I should not live to delay his second nuptials. Oh, brother, would he not?"

The emotion that accompanied these words showed how near her heart lay the request. Leonard answered not till she had again urged it, and besought him to make her death happy by bearing her petition to the marquis. The shades of evening were falling—there was no time to be lost.

"Speed, brother," said the low pleading voice of Eulalie, "for sure I am, that to-morrow's sun will not behold me living. Bring him to my bedside that I may forgive him, and be, for but the closing moment of my life, his bride. Go, Leonard, but, whatever may happen, remember your oath."

And summoning the nurse to watch by the couch of the dying girl, the young man left his sister on his strange errand to the Chateau de Verneuil, some miles distant from Paris. To the burning impatience of his spirit, the fleet horse he rode went slowly; and though yet early in the evening, it seemed to him that hours passed before he reached the chateau. His horse was wet with foam as he dismounted at the gates. Those gates were not solitary; a group of gallant steeds were led to and fro by gaily-dressed menials, and one or two lately arrived guests, with rustling plumes and broidered mantles, were admitted as he approached. Light streamed from the diamond-shaped panes of the castle, and rich music floated on the air. The young marquis held a sumptuous feast, and entertained the aristocracy of Paris. For an instant there was a pause in the music; some toast was proposed; then there was a burst of applause, presently drowned in the rejoicing clamour of cymbal, and bugle, and kettle-drum.

It was a splendid banquet in truth, not only in the viands and choice wines, but in the wit and courtly gaiety of that festive company. The soul of their mirth, the inspirer and presiding genius of the revelry, was the marquis himself. The humour of his jests was the most exquisite part of the entertainment. There was not a shade on his face to show that aught of sadness had ever marred the flash of his laughing eye; it was not in natures like his to feel any portion of the woe his recklessness inflicted upon others.

The revelry was at its height, and the gay host about to challenge fresh admiration by some new brilliant speech, when a servant whispered in his ear, and informed him a young man had arrived express from Paris, and demanded to see him instantly. The marquis sent his valet to question the stranger, and finding that his business was not of a political but a private nature, and probably such as did not particularly concern De Verneuil's interests—this was an inference of the valet on observing the humble exterior of the young student—the marquis returned answer that he could not now be disturbed, and directed the stranger to communicate his errand to the confidential servant.

Leonard bit his lip till the blood came as the man delivered his reply;—then taking a pencil and paper from his pocket, he

wrote a few hurried lines to the marquis, informing him of the dying prayer of Eulalie Rosier, and imploring him (for his sister's sake Leonard stooped to entreaty) to lose not a moment, as she could not survive the night, in doing justice to his victim. No man could resist such an appeal! thought Leonard, as he gave his note to the valet. The man at first refused to disturb his master again, but moved by the youth's evident distress, he at last consented once more to fulfil his request.

"By St. Denys! but the modesty of this transcends belief!" cried De Verneuil, as he read the billet; and after giving orders to his servant to conduct the young stranger without the gates, and inform him that he might consider himself fortunate that he received no chastisement for his daring folly, the marquis laughingly asked his guests what they thought of the *sang froid* of a surgeon's apprentice, who had the impudence to demand that he should on the instant leave his courtly guests, to ride post haste to Paris and marry his sick sister! The shout of merriment that followed this question fell like a thunderbolt on the ears of Leonard as he quitted the gates of the Chateau de Verneuil.

The young student returned to his sister's deathbed—with what tidings? To tell her that her last prayer had been mocked—that her name had been scoffed at by the author of her sufferings—had served to point a jest for his heartless companions! Leonard *rejoiced* that when he again saw Eulalie, she was beyond the consciousness of wrong or of woe. She did not even know her brother as he knelt beside her, weeping bitter tears; and long before sunrise Eulalie had sunk into the arms of death.

* * * * * * *

It was high noon upon a bright day in October, when a brilliant bridal company was issuing from the church of St. Roch. It consisted of many of the nobles of Paris, and dames whose beauty was dazzling even amid the splendour of their attire; who possessed the gift more rare even than loveliness—the aristocratic mien, the high-bred delicacy of air that compelled the crowd about the church doors to fall back involuntarily as they advanced. In the rear of the gorgeous train came the Marquis de Verneuil and his bride, the most admired beauty in the fashionable circles of Paris. The magnificence of her dress, and the proud bearing of the marquis, excited expressions of delight and homage as they moved. He bowed gracefully to the salutations of his friends, more distantly to mere acquaintances, and took the hand of his fair bride to assist her into the carriage in waiting. Just then there was a sudden movement in the crowd, and a young man, his face pale as death, and his eyes glaring like those of a maniac, sprang into the space sacred to the approach of aristocracy, and confronted the bridegroom. He had a drawn sword in his hand.

"Marquis de Verneuil!" cried he, as the noble stopped, alarmed

at this wild apparition, "I do not seek your life! I have sworn an oath to the dead—ay, the dead Eulalie, to do you no harm, and well is it for you that I hold my vows more sacred than you do yours! But you shall not pass without a memorial from me. Take this, and remember Leonard Rosier!"

As he spoke he struck the marquis on the face with the flat of his sword, then turning away, rushed into the throng. Stung by the insult, De Verneuil shouted to his friends to cut him down, or secure him; but in vain. There was little affection at that time among the populace for the corrupt and selfish aristocracy. The discontent which preceded the days of the Revolution had been long at work; and on the first flash of a quarrel between a noble and one of their own order, most of the inferior class were ready, without inquiry, to espouse the cause of the latter.

The young surgeon had insulted one of the hated class of the nobility; he was borne off in triumph by the crowd. When some of his acquaintances recognised him, and proclaimed his wrong, shouts of defiance were flung by the incensed people in the faces of Leonard's pursuers, and the disturbance became so great that it was thought expedient to let the offender escape. De Verneuil stepped into his carriage and took his seat by his bride, with his face glowing with rage and shame, and muttering curses and threats. The bridal *cortége* was pursued as it departed by execrations and taunts from the multitude, glad of any opportunity to give vent to the fire that had so long burned secretly and sullenly, and was soon to burst forth and amaze the world with its dreadful devastation.

* * * * * *

Years had passed. The Revolution was at its height. Its horrors were enacted daily—hourly; and the guillotine streamed with the blood of noble victims.

It was a stormy winter night in 1793. The door of a house in the Rue Nicaise was besieged by a party of sans-culottes, who were dragging along with them a prisoner, whom they had seized coming out of the house of the Prince V——.

They knocked loudly at the door. "Open, Citizen Rosier! open the door; we have a new subject for you."

A window above was thrown open, and the figure of a man with a lamp in his hand, was visible. He wore a dressing-gown, which the wind blew back from his meagre limbs; and a soiled velvet cap, decorated with a tri-coloured cockade.

"A subject!" repeated he, with a hoarse voice; "a subject! and his head not off!"

"Not yet!" cried one of the men; "you must give him quarters for an hour or two—till morning; for the guillotine has had hard work to-day. His turn comes earliest in the morning—unless he goes off first by an extra post, for he is half dead with

fright already. See what you can do towards reviving him; and for a fee you shall have him to-morrow warm from the axe."

"Bring him in then," replied the surgeon, and he descended to open the door. The sans-culottes dragged in their prisoner, who seemed in truth more dead than alive.

"Keep the bird well caged," cried they; "we took him from an aristocratic nest; a band leagued for the destruction of the republic."

"Come in, and guard him."

"Not so, citizen doctor! we know you well, and can trust you. We leave the prisoner in your charge, for we have much business before us to-night; at dawn we will take him away—if you have not in the meantime dosed him to death. Come, lads." And shaking the doctor by the hand, and beckoning to his companions, the sans-culotte departed.

"You deserve the guillotine, all of you," muttered the doctor; then turning to the prisoner, said encouragingly—"Do not despair, it may be in my power to save you; I have saved more than one victim from those bloodhounds. Troth! if they had the least suspicion of me, 'twere as much as my head is worth—but let us hope for the best."

While speaking he lighted the lamp, which had been extinguished by the wind as he opened the door. He turned to the stranger, and stood as if struck by a thunderbolt. For a minute's space the two gazed upon one another: the surgeon's pale face grew paler, and his eyes glared fixedly, as on some hideous apparition. At length, recovering his self-possession by a strong effort, he said with a sneer, "I have the honour of seeing the Marquis de Verneuil?"

"Mercy, mercy," gasped the prisoner. He was trembling violently, and drops of cold sweat stood on his forehead.

"Monsieur le Marquis does not recognise *me?*" asked the doctor.

The prisoner looked at him earnestly, and shook his head; reiterating his entreaties for compassion.

"Monsieur le Marquis does not know me?" repeated the surgeon, in the same bitter ironical tone; "the great and noble find it hard to recollect the poor; it is the *canaille* that always have such inveterate memories."

"For Heaven's sake do not mock my misery," implored the fallen noble; "you have said you could save me—"

The surgeon rang a small bell, and a servant appeared, when he ordered him to bring wine and refreshments. They were set on the table, the doctor drew up chairs, and invited his guest to sit down. The agony of the prisoner increased every moment.

"For God's sake have pity upon me!"

"All in good time. Eat—you have need of refreshment."

"Let me fly. The darkness of the night will favour my escape."

"Impossible! There are spies about the door. My own servants would betray you. You cannot stir hence till morning. You had better eat something."

"Oh, fate! How can I?"

"Drink, then." The doctor poured out a cup of wine and pushed it towards his guest. He did not touch it, but stood shivering with terror. A pause ensued.

"Save me! save me!" again faltered he.

"Monsieur le Marquis," said the doctor, drily, "seems to have a *very* great fear of death."

The prisoner renewed his supplications.

The surgeon hesitated. At length he said, "I know of but one way to help you." The prisoner was breathless. "You are aware," continued the doctor, "that I am an anatomist. From what the sans-culottes said, you must have known that they are in the habit of bringing me bodies from the guillotine for dissection. They do it out of friendship, for they think me an excellent citizen. You need not shudder. I have, as I before mentioned, saved several who were brought to me alive—and yet, thanks to Marat, with whom I am intimate, I have never been in want of fresh bodies. I have just now one in the house; but I cannot pass him off for you, M. le Marquis, because he is short and stout, and lacks the symmetry of proportion for which you are remarkable. Besides he has at present no head. These sans-culottes are not easily deceived. I must deliver you into their hands alive, or show them your corpse. The only method I see is this,—you must drink a potion I have prepared, which will render you insensible, and apparently dead, till to-morrow evening. When my good friends come for you, I will take them to the marble table where you are laid out like a corpse."

The prisoner shuddered, but after a minute said, "If you save me, I assure you on my honour your reward shall be princely."

The doctor turned away his head with an expression of disgust.

"When must I take the drink?" asked his guest.

"Immediately."

"And where shall I pass the night?"

"As soon as you have drunk the potion you will fall into a stupor, which will soon become total insensibility; I will then call my servant and order him to remove your body into the dissecting-room, and to lay it on the table."

The prisoner groaned. "You do not like your lodgings?" said the surgeon; "but you will be in no condition to notice them when you have taken the draught."

"Let me only see the room!" implored the marquis.

"You had better lose no time. Hark! what is that?" The clock struck. "One, two; they will be here in less than an hour."

"I will take the draught," cried the prisoner in mortal anguish, "but only let me see the room."

The doctor rose without reply, and, taking the lamp, led the way, beckoning to his guest to follow him. At the other end of the hall they entered a passage which led to the dissecting-room. It was large, and furnished with wooden cases, and glasses in which were preparations in spirits of wine. More than one skeleton was visible, each in its case. On a marble table in the middle of the room lay an uncovered headless corpse, mangled and bloody. The marquis trembled so violently that he was obliged to lean against the wall for support.

"I amuse myself here in my leisure hours," said the doctor, carelessly. He set the lamp on the table, pushed the corpse a little to one side, and pointing to the vacant place said, "This is where you will lie."

"And who will assure me," faltered the marquis, with a sudden expression of suspicion.

"Oh, Monsieur le Marquis distrusts me," cried the doctor; "if you knew me, I fear your confidence would not be greatly increased. But it is not right to take advantage of your ignorance. You do not remember my features, yet we have met before. I am Leonard Rosier."

The prisoner staggered back, horror-struck.

"I once insulted you, Monsieur le Marquis," said Rosier. "It was on the occasion of your bridal. I heard you swear to have my life. In truth, such an insult to a noble can only be washed out with blood. Take this sword—we will have the duel out here, if you please."

The weapon fell from the nerveless hand of the terror-stricken wretch. "Mercy," he groaned; "have mercy upon me!"

"Do you ask mercy from a brother of Eulalie Rosier?"

There was a shouting in the street—the sans-culottes were come. The guilty prisoner sank on his knees, and clasped his hands, in the extremity of abject supplication. He crept towards the surgeon, he embraced his knees, and piteously implored his life—only his life! Rosier recoiled from his touch.

"There is one ransom," said he, sternly. "Two weeks ago the Chateau de Verneuil was rased to the ground. I was on the spot; a female servant implored my protection for an infant boy —for *your* son! I saved him from the knives of the soldiers; I brought him here; he is now asleep in an adjoining apartment. One victim must be delivered up—you or he. Will you give up your son? Decide this instant—your captors are at the door."

A loud knocking was heard at the same instant, and cries of "Open, Citizen Rosier!"

"Decide," thundered Rosier. "Will you give up your son to the sans-culottes?"

"Oh, I cannot—cannot die!" shrieked the miserable suppliant. And the marquis fell prostrate on the floor in the agony of his fear.

"Contemptible wretch," cried the surgeon; "take the life for which you have yielded everything—honour, virtue—the dignity of a man. I will stand surety with Marat that so base a foe can never harm the republic. Ho—patience there, my good friends." And, going to the door, he spoke a few moments to the sans-culottes, who retired soon after. The life of the Marquis de Verneuil was safe for the present.

"Leave this house," he said, on his return to the dissecting-room; "and I counsel you to leave Paris also. Your son shall be restored to his friends, or protected till they claim him. For years," he added, "I have longed for revenge; but you are not a man, and I cannot feel anger toward you. Begone! If you are in Paris in six hours from this, you may fall into the hands of those who may not have so true an appreciation of your soldierly qualities, Monsieur le Marquis, as the surgeon, Leonard Rosier."

SONG OF THE FAIRIES.

When day hath fled, and sweet night hath come
Like a gentle bride;
When the queenly stars from their sapphire home
Walk with pride;
When the very air o'er the loving sea
Sleeps as a babe in tranquillity;
And the rays the shy young moon lets fall
Are a robe of beauty covering all—
Then we dart from the cloud—
Heaven's silvery shroud—
Like rays of light,
And weave bright dreams
From the starry beams
For the things of night.

We nestle and creep in the glowing breast
Of the tender rose;
And we hide 'neath the lily's snowy vest
When the tempest blows;
And we cluster amid the violets sweet,
And sit at the royal tulip's feet;
And whisper fond tales to the cowslip's ear;
And sing to the woodbine clambering near.
Oh! with each young flower
In this magic hour

We sport and play;
For the birds and the bees—
The guardians of these—
Are fled till day.

We lie on the soft moth's downy wings
In the jessamine shade,
When the sunbeams caught in its odorous rings
To rest are laid:
And we lure the inconstant butterfly—
Like part of a rainbow wandering by—
To bear us away to the hidden buds
That bloom in the secret and lonely woods;
When we open each screen
Of protecting green
By the gentle gale;
And cradle each child
Of the woodlands wild
Till the bright stars fail.

On the slender grass, where like diamonds glance
The drops of dew,
Lightly as motes in the sun we dance
The whole night through:
And wherever the trace of our feet has been,
A circle of beauty and freshness is seen;
And wherever our kisses fall from the air,
The loveliest flowers are springing up there.
Our music quivers
In dimpling rivers
Through wood and plain;
And our voice calls out
From the trees about
In the tinkling rain.

Where the beautiful maiden of earthly race,
As a wearied bird,
Rests in her holy and sacred place,
Our feet have stirred.
We have fanned our wings o'er her sleeping eyes;
We have made bright visions before them rise;
We have breathed on her lips till the warm rich blood
From her panting heart like a flame hath flowed:
We've hid in the locks
Which the summer wind rocks,
Till faint with delight:
On her bosom we've laid,
In her arms we have stayed
Till chased by the light.

We've gone to the nightingale's forest-hid nest,
And bid him awake,
And sing till the echoes all leap from their rest
By mountain and lake:
And we've called the gay lark from the laughing earth
To welcome the morn with his carol of mirth—
The eagle to soar with his dauntless gaze,
And bathe his proud breast in the glorious blaze:
And when daylight hath come,
And the stars from their home
Flee in a fright,
Then our joyance is done,
Till the hot seething sun
Yields again to sweet night!

E. Lynn.

DEATH OF THE NIGHTINGALE.

She is no more, who bade the May-month hail;
Alas! no more;
The songstress who enlivened all the vale—
Her songs are o'er;
She, whose sweet tones, in golden evening hours,
Rang through my breast,
When, by the brook that murmur'd 'mong the flowers,
I lay at rest.

How richly gurgled from her deep, full throat
The silvery lay!
Till in her caves sweet Echo caught the note,
Far, far away.
Then was the hour when village pipe and song
Sent up their sound,
And dancing maidens lightly tripp'd along
The moonlit ground.

A youth lay listening on the green hill-side,
Far down the grove,
While on his rapt face hung a youthful bride
In speechless love.
Their hands were lock'd oft as thy silvery strain
Rang through the vale;
They heeded not the merry, dancing train,
Sweet nightingale.

And thee they heard till village bells from far
Chimed on the ear,
And, like a golden fleece, the evening star
Beam'd bright and clear.
Then, in the cool and fanning breeze of May,
Homeward they stole,
Full of sweet thoughts breath'd by thy tender lay
Through the deep soul.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Night and Morning. By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Bart., M.A.

Were we to congratulate an author like Sir E. Bulwer Lytton upon the continually-increasing circulation of his works, it would not be on the grounds of gratified personal ambition, that last infirmity of noble minds, but on the elevating influence that such an extension must necessarily argue in the mind and heart of society. We should congratulate him on the grounds that he had done his part to purify the morality and raise the intellectuality, not only of his own countrymen, but wherever his works had penetrated into other lands, and into whatever tongues they had been translated. We said, however, "an author like Sir E. Bulwer Lytton," yet we know of none who bears comparison with him. On the contrary, we fully believe that he stands single and alone in the wide field of literature. He it has been who has asserted the true rights and provinces of the imagination, not as presenting to us alone scenes of refined beauty, or as eliciting feelings of exquisite tenderness, but as combining the efforts of this the loftiest of the intellectual faculties with the highest purposes of humanity. Who, indeed, can contemplate the debasement of that vast mass of the population that is ever rushing, like ebbing and flowing tides, through our streets, and not feel that England, with all its greatness and its glory, still needs missionaries of *mind* as well as of *faith* to raise up the vast multitudes, not only of his countrymen but of his species, to the true but the lost level of their own birthright? Inherent sensibility and elevated imagination usually shrink, disgusted and repelled, from the contemplation of evils which it is Sir E. B. Lytton's highest honour to have entered the lists against. Refined intellect, lofty imagination, and pure humanity, seldom dwell in the same individual heart; and this triune endowment it is which has made Sir E. Bulwer Lytton single and alone in his character as an author.

To tear away the mask of false pretences, to prove that unpunished vice carries a dominant head while minor offences draw down penal condemnation, to show the falsehood of society by the test of true principles, to teach the feeling and thinking part of the community to feel and think for those who do neither for themselves, to rectify public opinion, to teach lawgivers to legislate so

as to reclaim and not to destroy their fellow-men, to show that the affections are lights from heaven and not fires from hell—these are some of the high purposes which have animated and influenced Sir E. B. Lytton's pen as an author. That he has been eminently successful is witnessed by that increasing demand for his works which this new edition of one of his most popular and talented productions proves. "Night and Morning," so full of power, of pathos, of *purpose*, has ever been like a favourite child in a family where all are loved. The work is too well known to the world, and it has been too sedulously canvassed, for us now to enter critically into its merits; these are already too firmly established to be either disputed or displayed. Suffice it to say, that the present edition is one that brings the work within the means of easy purchase; that it is admirably got up, and graced by a spirited frontispiece and a pleasing vignette from Cattermole, and that it is in all respects a very eligible form of one of the most delightful of the works of one of the most delightful of authors.

The Young Christian's Companion; or, a Series of Addresses adapted to the Youth of both Sexes. By Mrs. Ayers, Authoress of "The Ladies' Complete Arithmetician." Second Edition.

This is a little work of great merit. It is pervaded by the best spirit, and is well adapted to impress important truths on the minds of young persons. Mrs. Ayers is the proprietress of a flourishing seminary of high character for young ladies; and to that circumstance may doubtless, in a great measure, be ascribed the intimate acquaintance which she displays with the constitution and ankerings of the youthful mind. The little work is divided into fifteen chapters, each chapter briefly refers to a particular topic. As a specimen of Mrs. Ayers' pleasing and attractive manner we quote one chapter.

"There is a strong desire in most persons to be attached to some particular friend, in whom he can confide, of whom he can ask advice, and for whom he has the greatest esteem; and this feeling operates most powerfully on the minds of the young. Yet there is, perhaps, nothing in which you will be more likely to be deceived than in the choice of a friend; there are so many deceptions practised in life in order to gain favour that you must not be deceived if you are frequently disappointed in your expectations.

"Perhaps you will say that none but the more advanced in life and experience are capable of giving any advice; in many instances this is very likely to be true. Yet, as the young rarely fail in making choice of some friend near their own age, in preference to all others, it is but right that you should make that choice with the greatest care and consideration.

"It is very correctly stated, that a person's character is known by his amusements and his companions; and it is a very reasonable inference to draw: for the Scriptures say, 'Can two walk together unless they be agreed?'—*Amos*, iii. 3.

"There are some who make choice of friends from a similarity of taste and pursuits; there are those who associate as friends, that they may pursue the wicked plan of their own corrupt inclination. One chooses a friend who will flatter his deceitful conduct and give assistance to his falsities; while another will make choice of a friend who will encourage his pride and ambition; but this is not the friendship which you are to seek as a Christian. *Your* choice must be made upon the foundation of religion alone; for there is no other that can secure to you the blessings which friendship is intended to confer Having made this the test of your choice of so invaluable a treasure, when you have found one, let the first of your duties be faithfulness.

"Nothing is considered more disgraceful than to deceive a friend, or betray a secret which he has committed to your care. But not only be careful of that which he has committed to you, but make it your continual practice to do him all the kind offices which are in your power.

"Expect not *perfection* in any human being; but learn to excuse in another the failings which you yourself may not be able to avoid, remembering that

'A friend should bear a friend's infirmities.'

And in times of *danger*, a *true* friend leaves not his companion in distress, but, like David and Jonathan, hazard their lives for the safety of each other.

"Another duty incumbent upon friends, and the most important, is the constant encouragement of each other to virtue and holiness; it is the bond which will bind you inseparably together, and smooth the rugged paths of life; and it will enable you to look with complacency beyond the trials of this life, to a world where kindred spirits shall never be separated, but dwell for ever in the presence of that 'Friend, who sticketh closer than a brother.'—*Prov.* xviii. 24."

The morality inculcated in this meritorious little volume is, we need not say, unexceptionable, nor is there anything faulty in the religious opinions expressed; but we confess it would have given us great pleasure if Mrs. Ayers had gone somewhat further in the inculcation of religious truths. The great doctrine of the atonement of Jesus as the only ground of a fallen creature's hope, and without which any system of religion is like a body without the soul; this all-important doctrine does not receive that prominency which it ought always to have affixed to it in every work which treats of religious subjects. We are sure the omission is accidental, and not the result of any want of perception on the part of Mrs. Ayers, of its unspeakable influence. We advert to the absence of any marked reference to this essential feature in the evangelical scheme, in the hope that the talented authoress may supply it in a future edition.

Residence at the Court of London, comprising Incidents, Official and Personal, from 1819 *to* 1825. By GEORGE RUSH.

MR. RUSH was one of the American diplomatists at London during the years intervening between 1819 and 1825. He had consequently access to the best society, and mingled largely in the political circles of the interesting period of his residence in London. The work before us contains his more interesting reminiscences. One of these relates to a dinner at Mr. Canning's:—

"It would not have been easy to assemble a company better fitted to make a dinner-party agreeable, or to have brought them together at a better moment. Parliament having just risen, Mr. Canning, and his two colleagues of the cabinet, Mr. Huskisson and Mr. Robinson, seemed like birds let out of a cage. There was much small talk, some of it very sprightly. Ten o'clock arriving, with little disposition to rise from the table, Mr. Canning proposed that we should play 'Twenty Questions.' This was new to me and the other members of the diplomatic corps present, though we had all been a good while in England. The game consisted in endeavours to find out your thoughts by asking twenty questions. The questions were to be put plainly, though in the alternative if desired; the answers to be also plain and direct. The objects of your thoughts not to be an abstract idea, or anything so occult, or scientific, or technical, as not to be supposed to enter into the knowledge of the company, but something well known to the present day, or to general history. It might be any name of renown, ancient or modern, man or woman; or any work or memorial of art well known, but not a mere event, as a battle, for instance. These were mentioned as among the general rules of the game, serving to denote its character. It was agreed that Mr. Canning, assisted by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who sat next to him, should put the questions: and that I, assisted by Lord Granville, who sat next to me, should give the answers. Lord Granville and myself were, consequently, to have the thought or secret in common; and it was well understood that the discovery of it, if made, was to be the fair result of mental inference from the questions and answers, not of signs passing, or hocus pocus of any description. With these as the preliminaries, and the parties sitting face to face, on opposite sides of the table, we began the battle.

First question (by Mr. Canning):—Does what you have thought of belong to the animal or vegetable kingdom? Answer—to the vegetable.

Second question—Is it manufactured or unmanufactured? Manufactured.

Third—Is it a solid or a liquid? A solid. [How could it be a liquid, said one of the company, slily, unless vegetable soup?]

Fourth—Is it a thing entire in itself, or in parts? Entire.

Fifth—Is it for private use or public? Public.

Sixth—Does it exist in England or out of it? In England.

Seventh—Is it single, or are there others of the same kind? Single.

Eighth—Is it historical, or only existent at present? Both.

Ninth—For ornament or use? Both.

Tenth—Has it any connection with the person of the King? No.

Eleventh—Is it carried, or does it support itself? The former.

Twelfth—Does it pass by succession? [Neither Lord Granville nor myself being quite certain on this point, the question was not answered; but, as it was thought that the very hesitation to answer might serve to shed light upon the secret, it was agreed that the question should be counted as one in the progress of the game.]

Thirteenth—Was it used at the coronation? Yes.

Fourteenth—In the Hall or Abbey? Probably in both; certainly in the Hall.

Fifteenth—Does it belong specially to the ceremony of the coronation, or is it used at other times? It is used at other times.

Sixteenth—Is it exclusively of a vegetable nature, or is it not, in some parts, a compound of a vegetable and a mineral? Exclusively of a vegetable nature.

Seventeenth—What is its shape? [This question was objected to as too particular, and the company inclining to think so, it was withdrawn; but Mr. Canning saying it would be hard upon him to count it, as it was withdrawn, the decision was in his favour on that point, and it was not counted.]

Seventeenth (repeated).—Is it decorated or simple? [We made a stand against this question also, as too particular; but the company not inclining to sustain us this time, I had to answer it, and said that it was simple.]

Eighteenth—Is it used in the ordinary ceremonial of the House of Commons, or House of Lords? No.

Nineteenth—Is it ever used by either House? No.

Twentieth—Is it generally stationary or moveable? Moveable. The whole number of questions being now exhausted, there was a dead pause. The interest had gone on increasing as the game advanced, until, coming to the last question, it grew to be like neck-and-neck at the close of a race. Mr. Canning was evidently under concern lest he should be foiled, as by the law of the game he would have been, if he had not now solved the enigma. He sat silent for a minute or two; then, rolling his rich eye about, and with his countenance a little anxious, and in an accent by no means over confident, he exclaimed, 'I think it must be the wand of the Lord High-Steward!' And it was—EVEN so. This wand is a long, plain, white staff, not much thicker than your middle finger, and, as such, justifies all the answers given. In answering the ninth question, Lord Granville and I, who conferred together in a whisper as to all answers not at once obvious, remembered that some quaint old English writers say that the Lord High-Steward carried his *staff* to beat off intruders from his Majesty's treasury! When at the twelfth, Mr. Canning illustrated the nature of his question by referring to the *rod of the Lord Chamberlain*, which he said did not pass by succession, each new incumbent procuring, as he

supposed, a new one for himself. I said that it was not the Lord Chamberlain's rod; but the very mention of this was '*burning*,' as children say when they play hide-and-seek; and in answering that it was not, I had to take care of my emphasis. The questions were not put in the rapid manner in which they will be read; but sometimes after considerable intervals, not of silence—for they were enlivened by occasional remarks thrown in by the company, all of whom grew intent upon the pastime as it advanced, though Mr. Canning alone put the questions, and I alone gave out the answers. It lasted upwards of an hour, the wine ceasing to go round. On Mr. Canning's success, for it was touch-and-go with him, there was a burst of approbation; we of the diplomatic corps saying, that we must be very careful not to let him ask us too many questions at the foreign office, lest he should find out every secret that we had!"

Letters from New York. Addressed to a Friend in England. By Mrs. Childs.

Mrs. Childs is one of the most attractive of female writers in the New World. Her fame and her works are well known in this country. These "Letters" are worthy of her pen. We give two specimens of the style in which they are written. The first is an incident in natural history:—

"He (the narrator) was one day in the fields, near a stream where several geese were swimming. Presently he observed one disappear under the water, with a sudden jerk. While he looked for her to rise again, he saw a fox emerge from the water, and trot off to the woods with the unfortunate goose in his mouth. He chanced to go in a direction where it was easy for the man to watch his movements. He carried his burden to a recess under an overhanging rock. Here he scratched away a mass of dried leaves, scooped a hole, hid his treasure within, and covered it up very carefully. Then off he went to the stream again, entered some distance behind the flock of geese, and floated noiselessly along, with merely the tip of his nose visible above the surface. But this time he was not so fortunate in his manœuvres. The geese, by some accident, took the alarm, and flew away with loud cackling. The fox, finding himself defeated, walked off in a direction opposite to the place where his victim was buried. The man uncovered the hole, put the goose in his basket, replaced the leaves carefully, and stood patiently at a distance to watch further proceedings. The sly thief was soon seen returning with another fox, that he had invited to dine with him. They trotted along right merrily, swinging their tails, snuffing the air, and smacking their lips in anticipation of a rich repast. When they arrived under the rock, Reynard eagerly scratched away the leaves; but, lo! his dinner had disappeared. He looked at his companion, and plainly saw by his countenance that he more than misdoubted whether any goose was ever there, as pretended. He evidently considered his friend's hospitality a sham, and himself insulted. His

contemptuous expression was more than the mortified fox could bear. Though conscious of generous intentions, he felt that all assurances to that effect would be regarded as lies. Appearances were certainly very much against him; for his tail slunk between his legs, and he held his head down, looking sideways, with a sneaking glance at his disappointed companion. Indignant at what he supposed to be an attempt to get up a character for generosity on false pretences, the offended guest seized his unfortunate host, and cuffed him most unmercifully. Poor Reynard bore the infliction with the utmost patience, and sneaked off, as if conscious that he had received no more than might naturally be expected under the circumstances."

The other extract may, with great propriety, be called a Romance of Real Life:—

"One of my father's brothers, residing in Boston at that time, became a victim to the pestilence. When the first symptom appeared, his wife sent the children into the country, and herself remained to attend upon him. Her friends warned her against such rashness. They told her it would be death to her and no benefit to him, for he would soon be too ill to know who attended upon him. These arguments made no impression on her affectionate heart. She felt that it would be a life-long satisfaction to *her* to know who attended upon him if *he* did not. She accordingly stayed and watched him with unremitting care. This, however, did not avail to save him; he grew worse and worse, and finally died. Those who went round with the death-carts had visited the chamber, and seen that the end was near. They now came to take the body. His wife refused to let it go. She told me that she never knew how to account for it, but though he was perfectly cold and rigid, and to every appearance quite dead, there was a powerful impression on her mind that life was not extinct. The men were overborne by the strength of her conviction, though their own reason was opposed to it.

"The half-hour again came round, and again were heard the solemn words, 'Bring out your dead.' The wife again resisted their importunities; but this time the men were more resolute. They said the duty assigned to them was a painful one; but the health of the city required punctual obedience to the orders they received. If they ever expected the pestilence to abate, it must be by a prompt removal of the dead, and immediate fumigation of the infected apartments. She pleaded and pleaded, and even knelt to them in an agony of tears, continually saying, 'I am sure he is not dead.' The men represented the utter absurdity of such an idea; but, finally overcome by her tears, again departed.

"With trembling haste she renewed her efforts to restore life. She raised his head, rolled his limbs in hot flannel, and placed hot onions on his feet. The dreaded half-hour again came round, and found him as cold and rigid as ever. She renewed her entreaties so desperately that the messengers began to think that a little gentle force would be necessary. They accordingly attempted to remove the body against her will; but she threw herself upon it, and clung to it with such frantic strength,

that they could not easily loosen her grasp. Impressed by the remarkable energy of her will, they relaxed their efforts. To all their remonstrances she answered, 'If you bury him you shall bury me with him.' At last, by dint of reasoning on the necessity of the case, they obtained from her a promise, that, if he showed no signs of life before they again came round, she would make no further opposition to the removal.

"Having gained this respite, she hung the watch upon the bedpost, and renewed her efforts with redoubled zeal. She placed kegs of hot water about him, forced brandy between his teeth, breathed into his nostrils, and held hartshorn to his nose; but still the body lay motionless and cold. She looked anxiously at the watch: in five minutes the promised half-hour would expire, and those dreadful voices would be heard, passing through the street. Hopelessness came over her—she dropped the head she had been sustaining—her hand trembled violently—and the hartshorn she had been holding was spilled on the pallid face. Accidentally, the position of the head had become slightly tipped backward, and the powerful liquid flowed into his nostril. Instantly there was a short, quick gasp—a struggle—his eyes opened! and when the deathmen came again, they found him sitting up in the bed. He is still alive, and has enjoyed unusually good health."

The Desborough Family. By Mrs. Ponsonby. In 3 vols.

Mrs. Ponsonby has already acquired a literary reputation, of which she may well be proud; the work before us will not lessen that reputation; it is a work of talent. The scenes lie in high life; titled personages form the leading characters in the book. Love scenes in aristocratic life abound in the work, and therefore in the circulating libraries "The Desborough Family" will, no doubt, be a popular production. The want of coherence in the story is the greatest defect in the work; incidents are lugged in, and conversations introduced, which have not the remotest connection with the main story. We mention this in the hope that Mrs. Ponsonby will not fall into the same error in future.

The Lady's Practical Arithmetician; or, Conversational Arithmetic. By Mrs. Ayers.

This work is by the authoress of the "Young Christian's Companion." It is a book of great merit, and is well adapted for the use of schools. Were it sufficiently known it would command an extensive circulation; it certainly ought to be in the hands of every young lady who means to acquire a knowledge of arithmetic—a branch of study which, we regret to say, is too much neglected in ladies' schools.

AN ESSAY ON THE NATURAL ORIGIN OF CONVENTIONAL LAWS AND DISTINCTIONS.

BY MRS. LOUDON.

FORMING A SECOND PART TO THE ESSAY ON NATURAL RESPONSIBILITY, ADDRESSED TO THE LABOURING CLASSES.

CHAPTER I.

In the former part of this Essay I spoke of benevolent design as apparent in the nature and arrangement of the human faculties; showing you that those faculties and the laws which govern them are calculated to lead to the prevalence of moral order and consequent happiness; and that the moral disorder which exists proceeds, as directly as does physical disorder, from neglect or perversion of the laws of nature, all of which, the mental as well as the physical, bear evidence both of design and of the benevolent character of that design.

But you would ask me, perhaps, why, if God loves us all and wills our happiness, he did not make us all rich and prosperous? He did not, my friends, make any of us rich or prosperous in the common acceptation of the term—that is, in conventional wealth, set apart for our peculiar use. How that state of things gradually grew out of the necessity of labouring the earth to obtain her fruits, I shall show you as we proceed. In a much more enlarged sense, however, the Designer and Author of the Universe has made us all rich.

He has given to us all the earth, the air, the water, the sunshine, the fruits, the herbs, the animals, the birds, the fishes, the fructifying changes of the seasons, and limbs to labour the bosom of the earth, and by that labour to increase and to appropriate her fruitfulness. He has given to us all the stupendous laws of outward nature, with their wonder-working powers; and he has given to us all a mental faculty which I have already described to you, and which enables us to perceive the connection between causes and their effects, by means of which faculty we can adapt those great wonder-working laws to our daily uses, and make them, as it were, our servants, our *giant slaves!* appropriating their strength as though it belonged to our own limbs; as you all know we do with respect to steam power, and the power of fire in boiling the water and generating the steam, and the power of the winds in propelling the sails of vessels or of windmills, and of water in turning

watermills, together with ten thousand other laws of nature which we can adapt, though we cannot change, and which we adapt the more securely believing they will not change.

He has given to us all natural and social ties, and he has given to us all the natural laws of our inward being, consisting of the moral and intellectual faculties and human sympathies and human instincts which I have already described to you, and by the right adaptation of which to those natural and social ties, we can cause those ties to become the sources of the highest order of felicity. Indeed, your own understandings must perceive, if you recall what was said in the former part of this Essay, that if you adapted those laws of mind to their proper purposes with the same faith and regularity that you adapt the powers of steam, or wind, or water to whatever you want them to do, that moral order and happiness would result as certainly as does the moving of the machine or the turning of the mill.

But to return to the enumeration of our sources of happiness or true riches. God has given to the face of nature beauty and magnificence, and to the mind of man a faculty which delights in the contemplation of such. He has given to the voice of nature sweet sounds; the note of the bird, the hum of the bee, the murmur of the wave, and to the ear of man susceptibility to pleasing sounds; while to the voice of man himself he has given all the elements of harmony, and to his mind faculties for arranging such into the expression of his emotions and sentiments, and of thus drawing from such arrangements of sounds enjoyment of a higher description than that derived from the perception of mere harmony. To the flower, the herb, the spice, he has given aromatic odours; to man a sense to which such are pleasing. To the fruit, the plant, and all that nourishes life, he has given various flavours; to man a sense to which such flavours and such varieties are agreeable.

The vigorous movements of the limbs for exercise, and even for necessary labour, within due bounds, give rise to pleasurable sensations, and are conducive to health; while the repose required after exercise, as well as sleep itself, become new sources of comfort and delight. But observe, that to enjoy all this, which, to people accustomed to live in a civilized country, whery every one is under the protection of the laws, seems to be scarcely more than the common order of nature, the highest cultivation is necessary, not only of the earth and of all physical nature, but also of our own moral and intellectual being. To enjoy even a small portion of those blessings there must have been a good deal of previous bodily labour bestowed on the earth and its fruits, and a very considerable share of socal order established. The actual state of some uncivilized tribes would throw great light on this subject, and prove not an unprofitable or uninteresting study for evenings on which your meetings were devoted to reading. Such reading

would show you that there are countries where, although the whole land is as yet unappropriated, the wretched, naked, scattered inhabitants are *all* in such a state of abject poverty, that they wander about scraping in the hollows of old trees for worms with which to allay the cravings of hunger.

You would, perhaps, ask why the whole land being, as I have said, unappropriated, there are no corn-fields to reap, no cattle to kill, no fruits to gather, no vegetables to collect? It is precisely because the whole of the land is unappropriated that there are no such resources. When everything belongs to every one, there cannot be anything to be possessed by any one: for this reason, that no one likes to take the trouble of cultivating and sowing a field when he knows that every one who chooses can take away the crop, and that he should not have one ear of wheat more than those who had been too lazy to work, unless he could also fight and scramble for it better than his neighbours. In like manner, no one will take the trouble to catch wild cattle, and make fences and sheds to preserve them ready for his use in a country where everybody else could take them from him, and that he should be constantly obliged to risk his life fighting in defence of the property he had thus endeavoured to appropriate; while, after all, greater numbers could always overpower himself and his family. Such is, at present, the actual state of things among such savages as, without the protection of laws, attempt to collect anything like comfort around their dwellings. By such unhappy people the yell of the approaching savage is nightly listened for; and when he arrives, the roof of the helpless family is fired, their cattle and their young women carried off, their men and their old women slaughtered.

But could not all the inhabitants of such a country, you will naturally ask, come to a mutual agreement that they should each of them cultivate some fields, make fences and sheds for cattle, build a cottage and plant a garden round it, for the comfort of themselves and their families; and that *all* would flock to the assistance and defence of any one from whom another should attempt to take away the property he had thus *created* and *appropriated* by the labour of his hands?

They certainly could and ought to do so; and such an *agreement* would *constitute a law* for the *establishment* and *protection* of *private property*, which is the first step towards civilization; and from this moment no one could take to himself anything he had not earned by his labour without being dishonest, and incurring the risk of losing his life by the hands of those whose rights he had invaded, and whose comfort he had endangered, by *breaking* the *compact* which had been entered into for the *advantage* and *tranquillity* of ALL. And now, under the shelter of this law, every one would soon see the advantage of cultivating a portion of

ground for himself, and his wife and children, and the face of the country would change from that of a desert to that of a garden. But some would be more industrious than others, and more frugal in the use of their crops; and those prudent people would find, when winter came on, that they had stores of provisions more than sufficient to feed their families, while the others, who were less industrious and more wasteful in their habits, would find that they had not enough to carry them through the winter. These latter would then be obliged to offer a part of their piece of land in exchange for food to those who had made the large stores. Those persons obtaining thus more land, would have the means of making still larger stores the next year; and those who thus lost a part of their land would be reduced to still scantier stores. Thus, differences of condition would commence, and, in time, some would have no land left, while others would have more than they could labour themselves. Those who, thus, had no land, would now be obliged to offer to do some of the extra work for those who had a double quantity, on condition that they would give them a share of food in return. Thus woule arise labouring on other people's land, or being what we call day labourers.

Some would now propose the expedient of working on a part of another man's land, which we call a farm, on the condition of giving the owner of the land a part of the produce, and keeping the rest as payment or wages for the labour of him who did the work; and thus would arise what we call rent, and the class we call farmers.

Those who had not any land, and who could not find land to hire, or work to do on the land of others, would now be obliged to endeavour to make themselves useful in some other way by helping those who had food to give them in exchange for their labour, to build a better sort of houses, or to make a better sort of furniture, or of clothing, &c. The arts of civilized life would thus begin to appear. And now something to perform the office of our money—that is to say, some token that one man owed another so much food, or that another owed him so much labour; in short, a circulating medium would become necessary. Those who were industrious and frugal would now begin to make stores of this circulating medium, and become what we call moneyed men.

Then those who had been idle, or extravagant, or unfortunate, and who had, therefore, neither money nor land, and who could not find, among those who had food or money to give in exchange for labour any necessary work to do, would be obliged to endeavour to invent something ornamental or agreeable, to tempt those who had thus become rich to give them food or money in exchange for this ornamental work, and thus would luxury commence. And now people would begin to perceive, that by buying materials and working them up by their labour into something which they could

sell for more money than the materials cost them, they would have a profit on their labour. These persons would borrow money to buy materials, and, as an inducement to those who had the money to lend, offer to pay something for the use or hire of it; and thus lending money on interest would commence, and people with stores of money, or large possessions in land, would gradually leave off doing any part of their own work, in which indolence they would necessarily be encouraged by the persons who, having neither money nor land, were anxious to be employed and paid for their labour; and thus a prejudice would arise in favour of the rich not doing any work, and they would thus be induced to bring up their children delicately, educate them more or less, and leave them their property when they were dying. Until, in fine, without any violence or injustice being done, society would advance towards the complicated state of things which exists at present in our own country. And now, people who had thus by their own industry or that of their forefathers been secured leisure both from labour of body and from anxiety of mind, would devote themselves to learning and to the improvement of arts and sciences. Here, again, those who had industry and application would excel others in whatever they undertook, and new distinctions would arise.

Thus, you see, it was not God who gave to one of his children more land, more money, a finer house, finer clothes, or more leisure to become learned, than to another; it was being more industrious and more frugal at the first which originated all these differences. Now if the advance of civilization were not retarded by warfare or false worship, but that, on the contrary, the moral and intellectual faculties, and human instincts, and human sympathies which I have described to you, were cultivated, and the people instructed in the worship of a benevolent God, and *thus* taught to reverence goodness and to love one another, the worthy and compassionate among those who had become rich would begin to feel that those who had fallen into poverty, whether by misfortune or by their own or their parents' fault, must not, if they could not find work, be allowed, in the meantime, to suffer want; so they would meet together and make a law that every one who poesessed property should contribute in proportion to that property some share to support those who had neither land nor money, and who could not get work.

Thus would commence a Poor Law.

The benevolent and intelligent portion of this community would now also begin to consider that a man who had enough to do to support his family by his labour when he was in health, must be very ill off when he was sick or met with any accident; they would accordingly found general hospitals, fever hospitals, casualty hospitals, &c. &c.; and thus would gradually arise the multitudes of benevolent institutions which we see everywhere around us.

Then, those benevolent persons observing that the knowledge of a good and benevolent God, and the reverence for goodness which this knowledge inspires have a great efficacy in making people good and benevolent, and therefore in promoting moral order and consequent happiness, they would make a law, that all persons having property should contribute towards the sum necessary to pay a sufficient number of well-instructed persons to devote the whole of their time to teaching every one to love and *reverence* a good and benevolent God; thus a church establishment would arise.

Those intelligent and benevolent persons would also perceive that it was very difficult for those who had to work hard to procure enough to eat, to educate their children; they would, accordingly, agree that those who had property should subscribe yet another portion of that property to establish schools, in which the children of those who were too poor to pay for the education of their children should be educated without paying anything.

Now, how could these people have done all these things, or any of these things, if there had never been a *compact* entered into to protect the fruit of each man's labour from the depradations of his neighbour; for all property consists of labour finished and preserved, whether by the labourer himself or by his forefathers, in the shape of land, houses, goods, or money? Thus, you see that *laws* which *favour* the *acquisition*, and *protect* the possession of private property, are not only indispensable to the cultivation and enjoyment of the fruits of the earth, but are also of great importance to the development of the mind of man. As I have said, you will find the consideration of this subject useful; for, when you are in the habit of knowing and remembering how much of your *own safety* and *comfort* you *owe* to the *protection* of the *laws* of the *land*, you will feel a greater *respect* for those laws, and be less likely to break any of them yourselves, or suffer your children to do so. You would do well, indeed, to impress this consideration on the minds of your children from the first; it may keep them out of much harm. Among the cheap and useful publications of the day there are, no doubt, accounts of the condition of all the savage tribes and nations in the world; and persons even who cannot read might, as I have suggested, hear those read aloud at the meetings of Mechanics' Institutions. Such studies would bring home to your minds a strong conviction that, however defective the organization of society may still continue to be, no one could desire to see it *go back* to the state of the barren waste and the wandering savage feeding on worms, or the still more terrible one, that of the hourly dread of fire and sword; and if the laws which protect life and property ceased to be respected, society would return to one or other of these deplorable states in a very short time. Views of the horrors of anarchy, and of the helplessness of individual families unprotected by the existence of good

laws, must likewise inspire a strong desire for the further progress of *social order*, which further progress can only be obtained by that further cultivation of the moral faculties which I have already recommended.

CHAPTER II.

Instruction and competency lawful objects of pursuit.

I have anxiously endeavoured in a former part of this Essay to convince you that by the cultivation of your moral faculties and human sympathies, and those portions of the intellectual powers of man which derive their teaching from daily experience, it was in your power, without either wealth or book learning, to entitle yourselves to your own respect and to that of your fellow-men. But I did not, therefore, advise you not to increase your knowledge, and improve your condition; there is a great difference between despising yourselves or each other for not possessing the advantages of learning or wealth when out of your reach, and neglecting to seek them by every honest means in your power.

I asserted also, that the knowledge of the means of doing good was the only knowledge which deserved the name of wisdom, or was worthy the *ambition* of *conscience;* yet I did not, by this assertion, limit the subjects of human research, I but elevated the motive with which such researches should be made. Let knowledge in every science, adroitness in every trade, be sought as means of performing our relative duties to our families and to society, and all such knowledge and such adroitness become means of doing good, and their pursuit a *religious rite.* While he who, actuated by this motive, acquires much knowledge, and exerts the power which such knowledge bestows in benefitting his fellow-creatures, thus becomes of all earthly objects that which is entitled to our highest *veneration.*

Nor would anything be more likely to promote the speedy acquisition of competency, and consequent leisure to become learned, than commencing by the practical culture of the moral faculties, which I have thus recommended. Such culture will make a man honest, industrious, sober, and frugal, as naturally and necessarily as sowing a field with wheat causes wheat to grow in that field.

A man with such a combination of real virtues almost always prospers, because every one is willing to trust him; every one is willing to employ him; every one is ready to say a good word of him, and every one *must* respect him; so that, as there is no impassable barrier between classes in this country, there would be no saying to what station he might eventually rise.

But *observe,* that having so risen, his moral faculties, with the

culture of which I have supposed him to commence his fortunate career, would show him that as soon as he thus no longer required his time to earn his daily bread, he could no longer remain unlettered with an approving conscience; for that the privilege of leisure which he had acquired had rendered him responsible to the less fortunate members of the community, to devote that leisure to some study or pursuit by which he might benefit the great masses of his fellow-creatures whom he had left behind him still struggling for subsistence. Thus, while his conscience would prompt him to endeavour especially to spread the honest and kindly sentiments which had proved so great blessings in his own case, he would be also careful to suggest to the public any improvement in agriculture or any other useful art, or any discovery in science to which his studies might have led, and anxious to study on with the same view, because he would not be able to approve of himself without going on; and the approbation of his conscience on these enlightened grounds would, after such moral culture, have become as necessary to the comfort of his mind as his daily food to the subsistence of his *body*. Thus we see benevolent design in both these *instincts*. If there were no instinct of hunger nor relish for food, the body, left in charge of the understanding only, would in many cases die of starvation from mere neglect; and so, as I have shown you, would the energies of the soul perish, or remain useless, if left to the convictions, however strong, of the intellect, without the urgings of instinctive conscience hungering for our own approbation, and still excited to new efforts by each experience of the placid satisfaction which such approbation imparts.

By this conscientious devotion of human intellect to its noblest purposes, thus urged to the task by the cultivation of the moral and religious faculties and human sympathies, we may hope at length to see every art, every science, every branch of human knowledge perfected, and reduced to broad comprehensive principles, so simply put that the plainest understanding may be able to apply them practically to the business of daily life.

In many of the physical sciences much of this has been already done. Thousands are actively employed, applying to the benefit of millions discoveries in science resulting from the studious labours of a comparatively few individuals. These useful discoveries have been made, and thus turned to beneficial purposes by first studying and then practically adapting to those purposes the great *unalterable laws of nature*.

Hitherto, however, this has been chiefly done as regards her physical powers and their application to mechanical purposes, by which our bodily comforts have been greatly increased. It remains for the present and future ages to study with equal care the equally powerful and equally unalterable, but still more important *natural* laws which influence mind, and by adapting them with equal skill

to the formation of mental habits and dispositions, to promote the moral order and increase the consequent happiness of this and all future generations as much as discoveries in physics and their application have added to the bodily comforts and convenience of all classes in the present day, compared with what their condition was in the savage stages of society.

GIPSY BALLAD.

THE GIPSY COUNTESS.*—A DUET.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Oh! how can a poor Gipsy maiden like me
Hope to keep the proud heart of a noble like thee?
To some bright jewell'd beauty thy vows will be paid,
And thou wilt forget her, the poor Gipsy maid.

Earl.

Away with that thought! I am free, I am free
To devote all the love of my spirit to thee;
Young rose of the wilderness, blushing and sweet,
All my heart all my fortunes I'll lay at thy feet.

By yon bright moon above!
Gipsy. That can change like man's love;
Earl. By the sun's constant ray!
Gipsy. That night's tears chase away;

Earl.

Oh! never by me shall thy trust be betrayed,
I will love thee for ever, my own Gipsy maid.

Gipsy.

Go, flatterer, go; I'll not trust to thine art,
Go, leave me, and trifle no more with my heart!
Go, leave me to die in my own native shade,
And betray not the heart of the poor Gipsy maid.

Earl.

I have lands and proud dwellings, and all shall be thine;
A coronet, Hilda, that brow shall entwine;
Thou shalt never have reason my faith to upbraid,
For a countess I'll make thee, my own Gipsy maid.

Then fly with me now;
Gipsy. Shall I trust to thy vow?
Earl. Oh, yes! come away;
Gipsy. Wilt thou never betray?

Earl.

No, never by me shall thy trust be betrayed,
And to-morrow I'll wed thee, my own Gipsy maid!

* From an old legend.

THE GLEE-SINGERS;[1]

OR,

THE GUELPHS AND GHIBELLINES.

CHAPTER XIX.

> And shall these hands
> So newly joined in love . . . .
> Unyoke this seizure? . . . .
> Play fast and loose with faith? . . . .
> Make such inconstant children of ourselves
> As now again to snatch our palm from palm;
> Unswear faith sworn?
>
> *King John.*

The day, the fateful Thursday, so interesting to Florence, arrived at last. It was at the commencement of the year 1215. The whole city was on the alert, for all the citizens were to take, more or less, part in the festival.

At an early hour in the morning the Palazzo Amidei was crowded with the fast-arriving wedding guests. The chief apartment was filled with the noblest Guelphs and Ghibellines; the courtyard was overflowing with attendants and horses, and the streets with lookers on and wonderers. The reception-room was decorated with gay hangings and tapestry, statues, pictures, vases of early flowers; and a long table was covered with wine-flasks and flagons, goblets, beakers and cups, prepared for the bridal party to pledge the bride and bridegroom on their return from the church of San Stefano.

To do honour to the occasion, the Florentines surpassed their usual efforts at personal decoration. There was embroidery, and silver-lace, and chains, and mantles of scarlet trimmed with minever and silks, and here and there a few jewels. Every lady wore an artificial lily, the emblem flower of Florence. The cavalieri bore their plumed caps in their hands; but no party-colour nor party-symbol appeared in that assembly, now so harmonious, though composed of discordant materials. The old men used the ancient Tuscan long gown, hooded, and lined and faced with minever; but the younger gallants preferred the tunic and hose.

The bridegroom was a conspicuous object. His dress was white, and the tight under-sleeves of the tunic were buttoned

[1] Continued from page 296.

thickly with silver buttons from the wrist to the elbow; a slight silver fringe edged the lawn shirt where it appeared above the tunic; a black velvet girdle with a silver clasp encircled his waist; his boots were of date colour; his mantle, scarlet, lined with minever; and his black cap was adorned with a small white plume, fastened in by a silver medallion of St. John, the patron saint of Florence.

The young cavalieri moved about the room, or stood together in small groups, or leaned over the seats of the ladies, gaily chatting with them as they awaited the entrance of the bride.

The Widow Donati took an opportunity of fixing Buondelmonte beside herself and Imma, whispering to him inuendos against the Ghibellines, and dropping allusions to the difference between the attractions of his betrothed and Imma. The latter was attired precisely in the same manner as when Buondelmonte had seen her for the first time, except that a thin white veil was thrown over her head. He looked at her and was struck with a painful reminiscence, just as La Donati intended when she arranged her daughter's attire. The Widow took an opportunity, when she was not remarked, to raise Imma's veil a little and display her beauty. "There,"* whispered she to Buondelmonte, "there is the wife *I* had reserved for you. Like you she is a Guelph; but *you* take one from the enemies of your church and race."

Buondelmonte was greatly agitated, and his endeavours to appear calm prevented him from attempting to assume the gaiety that was once natural to him. Most earnestly did he wish he could have gone through the ceremony without the pain of seeing Imma. "It is refinement in cruelty," thought he, "to have brought her here." When he looked round upon the company, he wished he could shrink from them, and thought—"Why all these spectators? This is like the crowd that assembles to see a criminal carried to the place of execution." His painful reflections were interrupted by the entrance of Almanno Amidei, leading in his sister.

Amidea's dress was of white silk; her girdle was clasped with a silver lily, and her cross and beads, which hung from her waist, were of ivory and silver; her hair was adorned with a wreath of myrtle, and over her head was thrown a clear white veil with an embroidered border of lilies. She appeared calm, but an unsteady colour came and went on her varying cheek as Buondelmonte advanced to meet her. She was followed by her cousin and bridesmaid, Francesca Uberti. It was not the custom in Florence for unmarried females to be present at marriage ceremonies; but on this solemn and peculiar occasion a deviation was sanctioned

* See Sismondi, Italian Republics.

from ordinary habits, and Amidea was permitted the companionship of two maidens.

In a few minutes Almanno rose, and gave the signal for the procession to form, and it began to set out in a preconcerted order. First from the great gate issued two young men of the junior branches of the Houses of Amidei and Buondelmonte; they were mounted, and had the care of the nuptial banner, which was to be borne by each alternately to certain distances till they reached the church. After the banner followed, as attendants upon it, six young men of the Amidei and the Buondelmonti, riding two and two. Then came six confidential persons belonging to the two families, bearing the oblations of the bride and bridegroom to the church. They were followed by the retainers of each noble family present, bearing armorial ensigns, and mingled together, Guelph and Ghibelline side by side. After them appeared the litter of the bride; on one side of it rode Almanno Amidei, and on the other Buondelmonte on his celebrated white horse, the most beautiful animal of its kind in Tuscany. Immediately behind came the litters of the bridesmaids; Mosca Lamberti riding beside Imma's, and a younger Buondelmonte beside Francesca Uberti's. They were followed by a long train of litters, each containing a lady accompanied by a mounted noble; and the order of procession was so arranged that a Guelph noble escorted a Ghibelline lady, and a Ghibelline noble a Guelph lady. The train was closed by the grooms of the nobles walking two and two, Guelph and Ghibelline, to be in readiness to hold their masters' horses at the church door, and each wore the colours of the house he served.

As the procession advanced, the streets were lined with the populace in their holiday garb. The houses were decked with tapestry and evergreens; and the open windows were crowded with spectators, who threw out early flowers, and wreaths of myrtle, and artificial lilies; and over all shone a bright and seemingly auspicious sun.

The train approached a monastery richly endowed by the Amidei, and at its gate the monks appeared chanting an anthem till all were out of sight. It passed another monastery favoured by the Buondelmonti, and again was saluted by a solemn choir. It reached the church of San Stefano. The banner-bearers halted and gave their charge to the attendants, who received it to carry it up to the highest attainable pinnacle and fix it there, to be displayed to the breezes as soon as the marriage ceremony should be completed. The nobles alighted and handed the ladies from their litters, and the procession ascended the crowded steps and entered the church. The bearers of the gifts delivered them to some of the inferior clergy, and then ranged themselves on each side of the church; the banner-bearers of the different families placed

themselves in the same manner, holding their banners; and the bridal party moved in order up the church, and halted before the high altar. There stood Padre Severino in costly vestments ready to perform the ceremony which he hoped was to insure the happiness of his beloved Amidea. He was attended by two clerks in white surplices, one bearing a vessel of holy water with an aspergillum or sprinkler, and the other a silver plate for holding the wedding-ring at the moment of blessing it. The altar was adorned with rich silver vessels, silver candlesticks with thick wax candles lighted, golden reliquiaries, and the gifts of the bride and bridegroom. Beside it stood choristers ready to burst forth into a solemn anthem as soon as the ceremony should be terminated.

Buondelmonte took the hand of his bride and led her to the epistle side of the altar, placing himself at the gospel side at her right hand. Imma Donati stood at the other side of Amidea, but a little back, and the Widow was close behind her daughter. Almanno Amidei stood near Buondelmonte, and Francesca Uberti behind Amidea. The rest of the Florentines formed a semicircle in the back ground; the men holding their plumed caps, the ladies with their veils and wimples flung back, and their heads bent forwards.

Padre Severino opened his book: the Widow was now in despair; she threw up her daughter's veil as if she knew Imma wanted air. The action attracted the attention of Buondelmonte; he looked; he saw Imma with an expression of anguish on her usually serene countenance, and her eyes swimming in tears, for she had felt bitterly at attending in her rival's train to add to her triumphal procession. Still she was exquisitely beautiful; she gained by comparison with all the assembled fair of Florence. The Widow cast a significant glance at Buondelmonte, who could scarcely repress the heavy sigh that would have relieved his labouring heart.

Padre Severino knelt; all followed his example. He recited the prayer for the couple before him; all was now so still that the voice of the venerable priest sounding in the vast church inspired the assembly with a feeling of awe. He rose, and advancing towards Buondelmonte and Amidea, asked them by their baptismal names would each accept the other for his wife? for her husband? The bride's reply was audible; the good Padre took the bridegroom's for granted. But Buondelmonte heard nothing; he was now in a state of total abstraction, gazing on that beauty for which he thought worlds too small a sacrifice, and on that expression of anguish for which he reproached himself. So wholly was he absorbed, that he made no attempt to take Amidea's hand at that part of the ceremony which required it; and when the priest roused him, addressing him by name, he looked up with a stupefied air, took Imma's hand, and drew her forward.

All started. Imma, already nearly overpowered, was now wholly stricken down by shame and terror, and fainted away. Buondelmonte, completely thrown off his guard by her corpse-like appearance, clasped her in his arms, and exclaimed aloud upon her as his only love.

The church was now filled with confusion; the wedding was interrupted; the priest and the bride looked at each other in surprise and dismay; the Widow came to her daughter's assistance, saying purposely aloud to Buondelmonte—"I may thank *you*, Messer Buondelmonte, for my child's death, if I lose her." Some of the Guelphs carried Imma into the sacristy. Buondelmonte attempted to follow, but was prevented by his kinsmen. The relatives of the Amidei clamoured reproaches on him, and Almanno exclaimed—

"Speak, *Vossignoria!* speak! unless you are feigning madness to escape from merited vengeance; is this a premeditated insult to my sister?"

"What audacity!" cried the Ghibellines; "what perfidy! what unmanly outrage on a noble lady!"

"Shame on you, Giovanni!" cried the Guelphs; "you have disgraced us for ever in Florence."

"I entreat a moment's silence," said Amidea, recovering herself, and turning towards the clamorous assembly. "Messer Buondelmonte, what means this strange scene? tell me truly, are you the lover of Imma Donati?"

Buondelmonte looked down and was silent.

"Fear not to speak sincerely, Messer Buondelmonte," resumed Amidea; "you owe me candour after the insult you have offered me. Buondelmonte, I conjure you, speak!"

The distracted bridegroom, with his eyes still fixed on the ground, answered in a low but distinct voice—"In this sacred place I dare not utter falsehood; I *do* love Imma Donati more than life."

Amidea took her brother's arm and drew back, with a countenance of much suffering.

"But," said Buondelmonte, looking at her with something like remorse, "but I have erred involuntarily. Florence engaged my hand—the beautiful Imma engaged my heart. Yet I was willing to sacrifice my feelings to my honour, and I came here to do so; but they overpowered me. And now, after this public scene, I fear to say, Can you forgive me, Amidea? I apprehend it would avail but little to offer you again my hand."

Amidea made a gesture of rejection; and Almanno answered proudly—"We thank you, no! My sister cannot accept the hand of a man who tells her plainly he prefers another."

"Observe," cried Carlo Donati, appealing to the bystanders; "observe, it is the Amidei who break the engagement."

A fresh clamour burst forth.

"Shameful subterfuge!" cried the Ghibellines; "this is a Guelph plot; the Donati are deep in it." "Insult," "treachery," "inconstancy," ran from tongue to tongue.

"The sword should teach that Guelph his duty," cried Oderigo Fifanti.

"Do you threaten?" exclaimed Buondelmonte, angrily.

"Ay, and more than threaten," replied the Uberti. "We will show you that we are not to be insulted with impunity."

Buondelmonte, darting among the Ghibellines, cried fiercely—"Come forward who dares! I crouch to no man. I will not deign to justify myself now that I *could* do so amply."

"Shame, shame, my sons," said the aged Padre, advancing between the enraged Florentines. "Respect this sacred place; profane it not with factious brawls."

"I bow to your sanctity, father," replied Buondelmonte. "Forgive me if in the distractions of this hour I have forgotten the respect due to the church."

"Let me be a peacemaker," interposed Mosca Lamberti, who now perceived the Widow Donati's scheme, and who, accordingly, was anxious to thwart her, and marry Buondelmonte to Amidea regardless of the feelings of either; "let me be a peacemaker. Buondelmonte has expressed concern for his involuntary error; what more can he do? My cousin Amidea is generous and reasonable; she will forgive him for the sake of Florence that has so earnestly desired the union. Besides, it is not for our honour that our kinswoman should return home a half-wedded bride."

"Hear me once more," said Amidea; "Florence can never ask a daughter of one of its noblest houses to trample on all womanly feeling, and become the compelled bride of any man after a scene of such public scandal. Of my own free-will I seek to dissolve my engagement with Giovanni Buondelmonte; and I wave every claim upon him in favour of Imma Donati. I forgive him the occurrences of this day, and I entreat my countrymen, as a boon to my wounded feelings, to forgive him also."

Buondelmonte sunk on his knee before her. "Noble, generous Amidea! what atonement can I offer?"

"I require none," she replied. "Leave me, I pray you, to return home in peace."

He took her reluctant hand and pressed it to his lips. She passed on surrounded by her kinsmen; and Buondelmonte, obeying a signal from Carlo Donati, followed him into the sacristy, leaving the body of the church still filled with confusion: all the Ghibellines exclaimed against Buondelmonte, some of the Guelphs endeavouring to exculpate him, and others censuring him without reserve.

At length the discussion warmed into a regular political quarrel,

and the factious hate of Guelph and Ghibelline blazed out in full fury before the efforts of Padre Severino and the attendant clergy could induce the disputants to leave the church. At the gate they mounted their horses and galloped off in different directions to spread discord through the city.

Great was the amazement of the populace, instead of seeing an orderly procession returning in peace and happiness, to behold disorderly groups of rapid riders, scattered retainers, banners hurried off here and there, ladies without an escorting cavalier, the bridegroom nowhere to be discovered, and the great banner still folded round its staff on the top of the church.

Buondelmonte, in the meanwhile, was in the sacristy, hanging over the now recovered Imma, and surrounded by the Widow, Carlo, and a few others of the Donati.

"Imma," cried he, as he clasped her hand, "Imma, you are mine! mine at last! bought with public confusion, public blame. But oh! not too dearly bought; no price is too high to pay for you."

"But your contract?" she murmured.

"It is broken; I am free as air. Amidea has rejected me; she has given me full liberty to offer you my hand."

"And the Amidei?" said Imma, in a low voice.

"What of them? the Buondelmonti and the Donati overmatch them."

"But Florence?" persisted Imma to her lover.

"All Florence cannot unite the Buondelmonti and the Amidei after what has passed. Forgive me, dearest, if I regret that a violent scene has been the means of leaving me free for *you*. I would not willingly affront the noble Amidea; I knew not what I did. Ah! how much would you have saved us all had you but accepted me when first I entreated you to do so. I could then have obtained my freedom from Amidea with some show of decency."

The Widow looked aghast. "What means this? Did he offer himself to you before?"

Imma was silent, but Buondelmonte explained. The Widow was angry and agitated.

"Infatuated girl! with your convent notions of romance and generosity! What have you done? Brought about a crisis of public disorder, which might have been avoided had you dutifully confided in your mother. You deserve that I should betroth you to Mosca Lamberti, to keep the peace by a mixed marriage."

"Oh, mother!" cried the shrinking Imma.

"Fear nothing, Imma," said her lover; "I have won my prize too hardly to surrender it but with life."

And Imma, terrified at the idea of Mosca, no longer hesitated; but gave her hand to Buondelmonte with a look that compensated

him for all the agitations of the day. They both rose, and standing before the few witnesses present, they plighted their faith to each other; and Buondelmonte placed on Imma's finger the ring that had been intended for Amidea's. Imma trembled as she looked at it, and whispered to her lover—

"Ah! I fear the tears I have wrung from Amidea will be repaid tenfold in my own."

"Rather," said Buondelmonte, "shall it be in drops of blood from *my* heart."

And both spoke prophetically.

They left the church. Imma and her mother entered their litter, and Buondelmonte, mounted on his splendid white horse, rode beside them to the Palazzo Donati. By this time the populace had learned the occurrence in the church, and all were greatly incensed at the insult offered to a highly-esteemed lady. As soon as Buondelmonte appeared in the street, he was assailed by a general shout of execration, which was agony to the ears of Imma, who deeply reproached herself as the cause; and it sounded very disagreeably to the Widow, who would have prided herself on the popularity of her son-in-law. The party hurried on amid hootings and revilings, and filled with painful feelings, the first-fruits of La Donati's unprincipled schemes.

That morning had hours of deep emotion for one without Florence—for Brunetto. He felt an uncontrollable interest in the fate of Amidea, for which he accounted to his comrades as caused by her having been so nearly connected with Florestan, his unhappy friend. He wandered away from Valdo and Antonio, and ascended a rising ground whence he could distinguish the church in which he knew the marriage was to take place, and he sat down to indulge his thoughts.

"So all is over, and she who was once pledged to Florestan is now the bride of Buondelmonte." He sunk his head upon his hand, and his mind became filled with images of Florestan and Amidea, as they were when at Arezzo, and his ears seemed to ring with lovers' vows. Then passed rapidly before him the accusation and trial of Florestan, the anguish of the prisoner when pronounced guilty; then thoughts of wandering, of privations, of degradation, of deep regret, of hopeless love, and the noise and carnage of the battle of Bouvines, the closing scene of Florestan's career.

"I cannot accuse her of broken vows," he murmured. "Constancy to the degraded would have been weakness; resistance to the wish of her country, rebellion. And perhaps she has had a painful struggle, and only yielded to the will of her kinsmen as a positive duty. Poor Amidea! But I wish it may not be so. No! may she be happy, and may no thought of Florestan cross her mind this day. But I marvel I do not hear the shouts of the

people, nor the joyful trumpet-blast; perhaps it is not yet over. But it is late, and I do not see any object like the waving banner. Can anything have occurred to prevent the marriage?" He found suspense becoming insupportable, and seeking his comrades proposed to them to enter Florence.

They found the city in commotion. Groups of the lower classes were collected at the corners of the streets and on the bridges; mounted retainers were galloping from palace to palace; persons were hastily entering the court-yards; moving figures seen glancing by the windows within showed that members of the different factions and families were assembling. They listened to the conversation of the different crowds, and found that party rage had broken out to a great extent. They saw that party symbols were now universally assumed, but they remarked with pleasure that the Ghibelline badge was the most generally worn; for an insult to a lady by a Guelph had determined all the hitherto neutral Florentines to the Ghibelline side, and had converted some wavering Guelphs. By listening to the conversation of the most respectable groups, and by Valdo asking some leading and connecting questions, the Glee-singers learned the transactions of that interesting day.

The three comrades then hastened to a retired quarter of the city to debate upon the advantage they might take of the recent events, and to arrange a song for the occasion. Brunetto was so deeply agitated, that he devolved the task of composition upon Valdo, who hastily improvised a few stanzas, and adapted them to a familiar air, while Brunetto remained absorbed in thoughts of deeper interest to his own feelings.

When Valdo prepared to teach Antonio his part, the former became greatly perplexed between his previous habits of considering the young mourner as a rational being, and the lately conceived idea of his insanity.

"Now, Antonio, observe the next line; but can you comprehend me, my poor lad? San Pietro! how abstracted he looks."

"Good Valdo," replied the boy, smiling sadly, "when have you found me deficient in comprehension?"

"True, boy, true. But thou dost talk so wildly at times."

"But really I am not mad; I speak truth, not ravings."

"Ay," thought Valdo, "so say all maniacs; but I must not cross him. Well, my pretty bird, warble to me, and let me hear if you are perfect."

Antonio, again faintly smiling, repeated what Valdo wished, and the bass-singer muttered to himself—"I know not what to make of the lad—so clear in memory and comprehension, so wild in his words. Come, Brunetto, *we* are ready."

Brunetto, starting as from a dream, went with them into the

populous parts of the city, but was only able to give a slight accompaniment to the following

SONG.

Love weeps to see the ruin wrought
By him whom honour could not bind;
Who rent the ties by Hymen brought,
And cast them to the reckless wind.

Love weeps to see the ruin—now
His torch extinguish'd burns no more;
All broken lie his darts and bow;
Alas! the power of love is o'er.

The blushing rose, affection's flower,
The tender myrtle, both are dead;
To fragments crush'd in evil hour—
Alas! the sweets of love are fled.

Guelphs! hear the tale, and blush for shame!
And you, ye gallant Ghibellines,
Rejoice that your unsullied fame
Still bright in love and honour shines.

CHAPTER XX.

Such welcome and unwelcome things at once
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Macbeth.

Amidea on her return home had requested to be left in peace, and retired immediately to her own apartment, where she gave vent to that variety of contending feelings which she had successfully combatted in the church. Her desire of solitude was respected by her friends; till towards evening the Padre Severino went to visit her, and offer her consolation.

As soon as she saw him enter she burst into a passion of weeping. The Padre knew that tears were a relief to the burdened heart, and remembering the Italian proverb,* "Picciola pioggia fa cessar gran vento," he suffered her to weep unrestrained, only occasionally uttering a word of sympathy. At length she recovered her voice, and sobbed—

"Twice—twice—"

"What means *twice*, my daughter?" inquired the old man.

"Twice deceived, twice betrayed, twice abandoned," she replied. "First by Florestan, now by Buondelmonte."

"Your fate may seem peculiarly unfortunate," said the Padre, "but we cannot comprehend past, present, and future at one glance: we cannot penetrate to the bottom of every event the moment it occurs. That which we term unfortunate may prove

* A little rain lulls a high wind.

to have been most fortunate when we see further than we do at the first, and you may hereafter rejoice over this day instead of weeping; and this hope I the rather encourage, since it was by no fault of yours that the events of the morning were brought about."

"I may not controvert you, father; but you cannot be surprised at my feeling deeply, acutely, bitterly."

"I do not wonder at your feelings, Amidea; but I beg you to combat and control them."

"Ah, father! I am too broken-spirited to combat now; the first wound was deep, and before *that* was well healed to endure another—and from a hand so unexpected. Almanno said something to me of pride, but I have no pride now. Pride," she repeated, laughing bitterly; "pride would ill become the half-wedded, deserted bride, carried to the very altar, and despatched thence—rejected—slighted—betrayed—pitied."

"You might lighten the dark colouring of your picture, Amidea; you had at least the satisfaction of refusing Buondelmonte."

"But how have I refused him? Is not all Florence witness of the indignity that wrung the refusal from me; had I any alternative? I shall be the scorn of all Italy—the damsel mocked with the shadow of a bridegroom; half-wedded, but no wife. I shall be the story of chroniclers, the theme of minstrels, the topic of gossips. I shall not be able to go into the streets without being pointed at by the very children. Is it not anguish for a woman to have her name become a by-word? and now, too, when I had wasted such pains on my wounded heart to attach it to Buondelmonte, that he should slight my feelings thus!"

"Grieve not for him, my daughter; rather rejoice that you have been saved from *him*, as from the unworthy Bastiani."

"Alas! it is but little consolation, Padre, to remind me that I have been twice a dupe and a victim. When a woman suffers the same misfortune twice, the world will judge that there must be some fault on *her* side, since she could not profit by the first experience. Oh! had but Florestan fallen a hero in battle, unsullied in fame and unperjured in love, how different had been my fate and feelings! I should have dwelt with melancholy pleasure and unshaken constancy on his memory, instead of feeling this void in my heart. I should then never have listened to Buondelmonte; never have been exposed to this insult."

The priest interrupted her.

"All is best as it is, Amidea; you would otherwise have been tempted to act wrongly; you would have cherished a repining grief if Heaven had called away your lover while he was still worthy of your love; you would have been disobedient to the wishes of your family, and undutiful to your country's command."

"Do not reason with me, father; I cannot *reason* now, I can

only *feel.* Perfidious Buondelmonte! why did he not spare me this public affront? Why not come to me honourably, and say, 'Amidea, I love another; release me for *her* sake, for *mine*, for *your own?* I would not have separated him from his beloved, my false friend, my unsuspected rival. I would have freed him, but I confess I should have done it with some pain, for I could not in a moment have forgotten the regard with which I had laboured to behold him. I learned my hard-taught lesson too studiously to forget it at once. Oh! that I may never see him more. I could as ill bear *his* presence as that of Florestan after his condemnation."

"Unjustifiable as Buondelmonte is," replied the priest, "you do wrong to compare him with Bastiani."

"I do indeed," said Amidea, warmly. For now that Buondelmonte appeared to her in a disadvantageous light, the flame of her first love (long checked and smouldering, but never extinguished) began to kindle up again, and it acquired force from the indignation she had conceived against Buondelmonte. "I do wrong, indeed, in comparing Florestan with Buondelmonte; the one has had some consideration for me, the other none. Florestan never openly exposed me to the mockery of a whole city; never publicly declared his preference of another, but, on the contrary, always denied his imputed sacrilegious love; and perhaps after all he spoke truth. Perhaps that nun had persuaded him that she was forced to take the vows, had interested his compassion, and induced him to release her from what she represented as her dungeon, without any idea of becoming her lover. Remember that on his arrest she was *not* with him: remember, too, that some have believed him entirely innocent—the Emperor did—even Buondelmonte!"

"Amidea! have you forgotten the testimony of the Glee-singers?"

"I was hasty," she replied, "in giving credence to obscure mysterious characters, led, perhaps, by some unworthy motive to assert a falsehood. I should have remembered our common adage, which places singers among the classes of persons to be shunned—"Tre persone son da fuggire; cantori, vecchi, innamorati."*

The Padre sighed. He saw with pain that his pupil was returning to her first attachment, which he might term her true one; for *that* had sprung up spontaneously like a native flower, but her regard for Buondelmonte had been forced like an exotic, and was only cherished by constant attention. But he perceived that to argue with Amidea now was worse than useless, for it would only give her an opportunity of defending Florestan till she would talk herself into a belief of his perfect innocence. He,

* Three kinds of persons are to be avoided; singers, old men, lovers.

therefore, judged it best to say but little then, till, after venting her feelings, she should grow calmer and more amenable to reason.

A silence ensued; Amidea sat with her eyes fixed on the ground in deep thought. At length she exclaimed—

"Treacherous Buondelmonte! for him I have made myself so poor, deprived myself of my long-hidden treasures, of every relic of the once happy past, and for one who cared not for the sacrifice—who could not appreciate it. Had I but kept one withered flower, it would have been something in my heart's extreme destitution. And that beautiful portrait! why did I not preserve it even as a work of art? I thought it sin to keep in existence the cold silent resemblance of poor Florestan; yet such a man as Buondelmonte is not ashamed to appear abroad; nay, even finds admirers and defenders. Beautiful, beautiful," she repeated, as she called Florestan's person to mind. "Do you not remember his mild dark eye, his placid brow, his sweet and gentle smile? All that beauty is mouldered in the grave, his very picture is crumbled into dust and ashes. Dear Padre, now in my heart's poverty you will not refuse to give me back that book I yielded before to your desire? Do, pray do, restore to me that last remaining consolation."

Before Padre Severino could reply, they heard under the window the voices of the Glee-singers uniting in a

SERENADE.

Art thou asleep? Oh, break thy slumbers!
Sweet lady, listen to our lay;
Perhaps we might with minstrel numbers
Chase care away.

We sing of hope; though heaven seems clouded,
We see a star *thou* canst not see,
That yet shall cheer, with light unshrouded,
Thy destiny.

We sing of hope; life's tide is turning;
The storm now lulls that raged before,
And fancy sees a beacon burning
On peaceful shore.

The mind of Amidea, already excited, became still more so by this song, which even Padre Severino mentally confessed must allude to *her*.

"Did you hear that?" cried she; "those mysterious minstrels promise me hope, and from *them* the promise is auspicious. Surely they have some clue to Florestan's fate."

"The hope," remarked the priest, "cannot be connected with any future justification of Bastiani. They have insisted on his guilt, and once before they sang of a dishonoured grave."

"Strange contradictions," sighed Amidea. She thought awhile, and then exclaimed,—"Stay, an idea has flashed upon my mind; perhaps they were formerly bribed by some of the Buondelmonti to say what they have done, in order to eradicate from my heart every lingering feeling for Florestan, and now that my marriage is broken off they are at liberty to hint at the truth."

The Padre tried to reason with her on the groundlessness of her conjecture, and while they were discussing the subject an animated dispute took place between the Glee-singers without.

Valdo and Antonio had consented to sing the serenade composed by Brunetto, supposing it merely intended as a kind attempt to amuse the thoughts of Amidea, without containing any particular meaning or allusion; but when Brunetto proposed a second song, which he repeated to them, they immediately perceived that Amidea must apply it to the memory of Florestan, and both strenuously objected; Valdo alleging that it was deception and cruelty to inspire a noble lady with hopes that could never be realized, and he declared himself unable to penetrate into Brunetto's motive for such extraordinary, and, as he thought, blameable conduct.

Brunetto had his own reasons for not explaining himself; he appeared to yield the point silently, and accompanied his comrades a short way from the Palazzo Amidei. But he paced behind them with slow and reluctant steps, and as they turned the corner of a street he slipped from them, hastily returned, resumed his station under Amidea's window, and began preluding till he saw, by the opening of her lattice and the motion of her lamp, that he had attracted her attention. He did not choose at this time to sing in his natural tones, but he had so much power over his voice that he produced a pleasing falsetto, which he judged by the absence of all light from that side of the Palazzo, except what appeared in Amidea's room, reached her ears alone, as he addressed to her his

SONG.

A silver-white lily once bloomed in a bower,
And grew by a delicate heart's-ease flower;
They bent towards each other, their roots interwove
So close you might fancy these flow'rets could love.
They spread out their leaves to the same sunny weather,
They drank the same dew and they blossom'd together.

But soon the soft zephyrs and sunshine were gone,
The clouds met together—a tempest came on;
The rain it fell fast and the wind howl'd around,
The lily was fell'd by the storm to the ground:
Its leaves were all sullied by dark stains of clay,
And it languished and faded as prostrate it lay.

And the fall of that lily in sorrowful hour,
Too nearly it crush'd the poor heart's-ease flower.

The true tender heart's-ease! it droop'd down its head;
Its gay tints were vanish'd, its sweetness was fled:
It seem'd towards the lily to languish and bend,
As though it were mourning the fate of its friend.

The storm shall pass off, and the lily gain strength
From sunbeams, and rise from the cold earth at length;
The pure dew of heaven shall soon wash away
From its pale sullied leaves the dark stains of the clay;
The heart's-ease shall flourish in beauty once more,
Their roots shall entwine and they'll bloom as before.

Now mark ye the story! this lily once white,
Then stain'd, is the fame of a warrior knight.
The storm is the treason of fortune—his foe
That darken'd his honour and humbled him low;
And the heart's-ease flower is his lady that griev'd,
When the false tale of sorrow and shame she believ'd.

The sun that shall give him fresh strength to arise
Is the hope that will spring in his fair lady's eyes;
The pure balmy dew that will wash off the stain
Is the justice of Heaven, invok'd not in vain.
And blest is that lady; oh, blest shall she be,
When *his* fame shall be clear'd, and *her* hand shall be free.

"Now can you doubt, father?" cried Amidea in ecstasy; "what can be more clear? Nothing but the name is wanting. Wanting? No, it would be superfluous; the tale is too plainly told to need it. Florestan's fame will be cleared. It is as I guessed; the Glee-singers were employed by the Buondelmonti to make their former assertions."

Padre Severino was almost as much agitated as Amidea. "Truly," said he, "I cannot deny that this song alludes to Bastiani, and promises his posthumous justification at least; but there are such contradictions in these men's assertions. But stay; I observe that we have heard only *one* voice now, as though the other two Glee-singers were not assenting parties to the song."

"No, no," replied Amidea, "*one* sang alone that not a syllable should be lost among the mingling voices; that I should hear every word which promises justice to Florestan's memory. Oh! happy Amidea!" she added, clasping her hands; "happy at length in the knowledge that my affections were not unworthily bestowed; that I shall have the memory of the faithful, the brave, the noble, to fill the void in my heart and soothe my solitary musings. Yes, and I *will* dwell upon it in reparation of my forced infidelity; for you know, Padre, that when my *reason* bowed to apparent conviction, my *heart* still combatted in favour of Florestan. You know how much labour it cost both you and myself to silence my heart, and endear Buondelmonte to my judgment. Now farewell, struggles! farewell, sorrow!"

Poor Amidea! just as she spoke her exulting mood was disagreeably interrupted, and a fresh source of anxiety and uncertainty was opened to her.

Valdo and Antonio had soon missed Brunetto after he had escaped from them, and guessing whither he had gone, returned and heard him sing under Amidea's window the song to which they had previously objected. Valdo, judging it useless to contend with him, remained with Antonio silent and unseen in the darkness till Brunetto retired. He then improvised some hasty lines to counteract the false hopes he considered Brunetto's song calculated to excite, adapted his composition to a well-known air, and taught it to Antonio sufficiently to obtain his accompaniment; then, advancing under the window, chanted the unwelcome song which so unpleasantly broke in upon the hopes of Amidea.

SONG.

The swamps of care, oh, wouldst thou shun,
List to the warning—follow
No wisp-like ray of hope to run
Where all beneath is hollow.
Too wide delusion reigns, our hearts
Assist in her deceiving;
We catch each tale her voice imparts,
Whate'er we *wish* believing.

False is the hope that sang; the name
Now stain'd shall e'er recover
The noble boast, the spotless fame
Of hero and true lover.
False was the fickle lover's vow,
False the fallen soldier's glory;
But, oh! more false, more faithless now,
Is hope's delusive story.

The two Glee-singers immediately departed, leaving the Padre and his pupil in great perplexity. Amidea had been so much agitated during the day, had been so exhausted in her struggles with herself, so excited by her lately conceived hopes, that she was now quite overcome. She turned towards the Padre, intending to address him; she made an ineffectual effort to speak, and sank down in a state of insensibility.

Padre Severino calling aloud soon alarmed the Palazzo, and brought a crowd of its inmates, by whose assistance Amidea was restored to consciousness, but too much exhausted to converse, and she was left to the care of her cousin Francesca Uberti, and her female attendants.

CHAPTER XXI.

This brawl to-day
Grown to this faction . . . .
Shall send . . . . . .
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.
First Part of King Henry 6th.

All the heads of the Ghibelline families met together at the Palazzo Amidei to debate upon the measures to be taken in consequence of the insult offered to them in the person of Amidea. Some urged the open declaration of hostilities and the immediate seizing of the gates in the name of the Emperor, calculating on being joined by the populace and the hitherto neutral persons, now indignant at the affront offered to a lady and the disregard shown to the peace of Florence by the Guelphs. Others thought such an act would be premature, as no imperial troops in sufficient force were near enough to support them. They rather suggested waiting a little longer before they broke out into civil war; taking time to fortify their palaces, strengthen their party, and communicate with the Emperor, requesting him to send troops towards Florence, to be ready against the next emergency.

This advice pleased Mosca Lamberti (who privately resolved to use it for his own purposes), but he also wished to prevent the marriage of Buondelmonte and Imma; partly out of revenge on the Widow, and partly out of his great desire to become the husband of the rich heiress of the Donati, which he could not now hope without separating Buondelmonte from her. While, therefore, he concurred in the last given advice, he made in his own mind a resolution which he did not choose to communicate.

It was finally agreed upon among the Ghibellines, that besides strengthening themselves and appealing to the Emperor, they should send a memorial to Rome to the papal court, representing Buondelmonte's desecration of a sacred edifice, his perfidy to a solemn religious contract, and his disregard of his country's peace; and praying that no dispensation from his engagement be granted him, enabling him to marry another. The Amidei considered that though the wronged lady herself would be equally shackled if the prayer of this memorial should be granted, *that* was not of so much consequence as the prevention of Buondelmonte's desired marriage with Imma, for they judged that after Amidea's unfortunate attachment to Florestan and her ill-fated engagement with Buondelmonte, she would never again listen to overtures of matrimony. The memorial to the papal court was drawn up, and at one despatched.

Meanwhile the Guelphs who had assembled at the Palazzo Buondelmonti were not a little perplexed. They saw that the conduct of their chief had been very prejudicial to the party, would disgust all honourable men, and had given a great advan-

tage to the Ghibellines. All the moderate Guelphs condemned him; some proposed conciliatory advances to the Amidei, and a renewed offer of Buondelmonte's alliance. But the powerful party of the Donati overruled this proposal as unnecessarily humiliating, and as certain of being rejected.

Buondelmonte himself also positively refused his consent to any such overture; for now that the difficult step of freeing himself from Amidea had been taken, he was all eagerness to obtain the hand, as he had already obtained the heart, of Imma.

At last the Guelphs decided on transmitting a memorial to the Pope, requesting a dispensation to absolve Buondelmonte from his contract with Amidea, and permission to marry Imma; alleging Amidea's own desire to annul her engagement, as expressed by her in the church of San Stefano before many witnesses, and pointing out the advantages accruing to the Guelphs by the union of their two most powerful families. The memorial was numerously signed, and sent to the sovereign Pontiff.

The Guelphs agreed among themselves that in the interim they would abstain from giving any additional cause of offence to the Ghibellines, and would keep aloof from them to avoid dissensions.

Florence now showed manifest signs of civil discord. The Ghibellines universally adopted party badges—banners with the Ghibelline device of the eagle flew on all their towers; eagles' feathers appeared in the caps of the inferior partisans, and the nobles wore their plumes in the left side of their caps. Palaces assumed the appearance of fortresses; persons of both factions thought it prudent to go armed; the populace loitered about in groups, talking politics; the opposite parties no longer exchanged greetings, and not unfrequently the meeting of Guelph and Ghibelline gave rise to sarcasms and reproaches.

Buondelmonte was held in such abhorrence by the Ghibellines, had become so unpopular with the lower orders, and had given so much offence even to the moderate Guelphs, that he could no longer appear in the streets without being exposed to insult; and he was obliged to defer his visits to the Palazzo Donati till night, and even then to leave his own dwelling and enter that of La Donati by a private postern, and to go and return by the less frequented ways.

None of the persons immediately concerned were as happy at the success of their wishes as they expected to have been. Buondelmonte was much annoyed at his own unpopularity, which his conscience whispered to him was not undeserved. Imma was greatly grieved at the evils to which her lover was exposed for *her* sake; she felt shame and remorse when she thought of Amidea, and she experienced some internal fears of future retribution, which she could not conceal from her mother and her lover. The Widow was disconcerted at the general displeasure which the

success of her scheme occasioned. She was not without misgivings as to the ultimate consequences of an affair censured even by the reasonable part of the Guelphs; for she had not anticipated the disapprobation of any of that faction. And both the Donati and the Buondelmonti families found themselves obliged to disburse considerable sums of money to forward their suit at Rome.

When we contemplate any circumstance at a distance, we see only its general outline; it is not till it becomes actually present that we are aware of its contingencies and consequences; as when we see a man at some distance we can but perceive his general contour and the colour of his clothes. It is only when he is close to us that we see the character of his features and the minutiæ of his dress.

Mosca Lamberti, alone in his Palazzo, had summoned to his presence his half-brother, Piero, and they sat in conversation on the recent events.

"That scheming old Widow," said Mosca; "I saw she had something *in petto*, but I own I did not guess it was to marry her daughter to a man already *half* married; and desiring me to renew my proposals a month after the marriage of Buondelmonte and Amidea! and she laughing secretly all the while. That is an affront I will never forgive. Look to your son-in-law, Madonna Donati; the knot you intend him to tie may never be tied, or may be cut by a Ghibelline blade."

Piero, who had often been vexed by Mosca's sarcasms, now enjoyed his annoyance.

"Why, Mosca, your star is on the decline—outwitted by a woman! where is your rich Guelph wife? when do you enter on the government of Florence? when am I to salute you Duke? Alas! now that you have begun to fail you will continue to do so; one failure always ushers in another—and why? Because when a man makes a failure he loses his self-confidence, and that is the chief ingredient of all the success. He is like a horse balked at a leap, he cannot address himself to it cleverly again. Ha, ha, ha!"

"*Diovolo che te porti!*" ejaculated Mosca: "Buondelmonte shall never marry Imma."

"And who is to prevent it?" said Piero, sneeringly.

"You," replied Mosca, emphatically, looking full at him.

"You deal in enigmas," replied the other.

"Well, I will explain them, my good brother."

"*My good brother*," repeated Piero, "Hah, there is some service to be demanded of me; I am the 'good brother' when I am wanted, the 'mongrel' when I am not. Well, what is it?"

"There is but one thing sure on earth, Piero, and that is death."

"Well?" said Piero, with curiosity.

Mosca continued, "It is the only certain way of preventing

Buondelmonte from taking my intended bride; the only certain revenge on the wily Widow. Piero, he must die!"

There was a silence: at length Piero answered in a low voice—

"Not by *my* hand."

"Most scrupulous man," said Mosca, disdainfully, "thy hand has ever been very immaculate."

"It has never been stained with human blood," replied Piero, quietly. "I mean to put a limit to my transgressions, and some day to repent of them; and I do not want to make the burden of my penance heavier than I need."

"Your hand, my good fellow," replied Lamberti, "has been stained with sacrilege, and when you come to make your confession and repent, *that* will be held as heinous as murder; yes, and even more so by good churchmen. What! do *I* forget who robbed the church at Empoli of its silver candlesticks, and melted them into bars to pay a gambling debt? And do *you* forget that when my faithful confidant runs restive I need not keep his secret any longer?"

Piero looked uneasy for a moment, then retorted—

"And *your* hands, Messer Lamberti, have been free from sacrilegious transactions! Betray *my* secret, and I betray *yours*."

"Fool," laughed out Mosca, "I have good proofs of *your* peccadilloes, and I have taken care that you should have none of *mine*. Who will believe the unsupported tale of an obscure man against a noble? Tush, man! all the Ghibellines would uphold me for party's sake, even if you *had* proofs; but you know you have none, and the only persons who could corroborate you are dead."

Piero bit his lips and looked down, and Mosca continued—

"Piero, you are bound to me, even as a man who has sold his soul to the devil. You *must* obey me; your dagger must forbid the marriage between Buondelmonte and Imma."

"Why must *I* do it?" expostulated Piero. "*Your* hand is, I fancy, better acquainted with the dagger than mine; it is a privilege of your nobility."

"You upbraided me but now," said Mosca, "that I had failed, and that other failures follow of course; I stand advised by your wisdom, and I transfer the enterprise to *you*, rather than risk it with myself, who, you say, am growing unlucky."

"Messer Mosca," said Piero, "you are an unbeliever; do not pretend to be superstitious. You only want to place *me*, instead of yourself, in the danger that would result from failure."

"Have I ever put you into a risk that I did not pay you well for? Did I not give you two bags of silver for the last adventure? But come, Piero, as you pretend to be growing conscientious, I will give you something better than money, even all my lands in

the Val d'Elsa. You may get them erected into a signoria, take a title, and found a family."

"That is a bait, I grant," answered Piero, deliberating. "But I hardly like the business; cannot you wait the Pope's answer to the memorial? Perhaps his holiness will not grant the dispensation to Buondelmonte."

"*Oibo*, the Pope disoblige the Guelphs!—rather improbable. But in a word, Piero, obey me, and the lands in the Val d'Elsa are yours; refuse, and you make me your enemy—and a powerful one."

Piero gave a sign of consent; his lips refused to ratify a covenant of blood.

"That is well," said Mosca; "you are a sensible fellow, and know how to gain lands and *signorie* easily. To-night I will give you your instructions; but go now to the Glee-singers, and tell them that I am about to send a messenger in secret to Frederic, with an account of the state of Florence; ask if they have any intelligence to send forward."

While the proud city of the nobles was agitated, the humble cell of the Glee-singers was not devoid of anxiety. Brunetto from the moment of the breaking off of Amidea's marriage had been in a state of extreme restlessness. He earnestly desired to obtain an interview with her, to acquaint her with a secret in his possession, but he knew not how to accomplish this without incurring the risk of discovery by others in the Palazzo, into which he could not secretly convey himself. Besides, before he should unseal his lips, he thought it desirable to gain, if possible, some new light on the subject of Florestan's imputed guilt, but he knew not to whom to apply. Valdo had never seen Bastiani, and Antonio he verily believed to be insane.

Thus Brunetto found himself helpless in the midst of his perplexity, at the very time that he most wished for active exertion in a cause which reason seemed to say was most unpromising, yet which he now began to hope was not desperate.

He at length came to the resolution of writing to the Emperor, stating his situation, and asking his Imperial Majesty's advice and instructions. He wrote in a cypher known only to the Emperor and himself, and gave his letter to Piero to forward with the missives of the "Noble Ghibelline," before whose agent he never appeared without a black silk mask (such as was used by the popular Arlecchino, or Harlequin), his figure muffled in a cloak, and his hat flapped over his brow.

When he had despatched his letter in cypher, he felt more at ease in having taken, at least, an initiatory step, however it might be followed up hereafter.

THE GALLEY-SLAVE.[1]

FROM THE GERMAN.

"I was now no longer at a loss to account for the consternation such a positive order from so important a person must have produced in the family of the humble miller. The marshal seldom appeared in public, and when he did was always accompanied by a numerous retinue of officers of distinguished rank, nobility and guards. The outward pomp of the great makes a deeper impression upon the feelings of the majority than their power.

"The next morning my aunt arranged my dress with trembling hands; I used my utmost endeavour to appease their fears.

"'It is ten o'clock,' said my uncle, 'go in the name of God; we will pray for you.'

"I went; the Marshal von Montreval was in his cabinet. After waiting in suspense for more than an hour and a half I was conducted through a suite of rooms to his presence. An elderly man of rather haggard appearance, yet commanding carriage, dark complexion, and quick penetrating eyes, advanced towards me. The homage of those around him convinced me this was the marshal.

"'I wished to see you, Alamontade,' said the marshal, 'as your name is so highly distinguished with commendation in the list at the Montpellier University. Continue to cultivate your talents; you may become a useful man, and I will not fail to provide for you in future. My approbation must not cause pride, but stimulate you to greater exertion. I will continue to inquire after you; in the meantime leave nothing undone to retain the friendship of your well-wisher, M. Bertollon, and do not fail to inform him I sent for you.'

"This was the purport of what the marshal said to me. After conversing with me for a short time he seemed to view me with interest, and requesting his future influence in my favour, I took leave, and hastened to relieve the anxiety of my trembling family. Their joy was so excessive, that not only the neighbours, but the whole town, were soon apprised of the honour the marshal had shown me.

"'Have I not said it,' cried my uncle, 'that God could influence the heart of the powerful?'

"On my return to Montpellier, I found M. Bertollon was gone into the country to visit his wife. It was not without feelings of

[1] Continued from page 376.

the deepest melancholy that I again took possession of my little attic, again pressed the wreath of Clementine to my lips.

"I felt ashamed of the tears which disappointed hope forced to my eyes, as I exclaimed—

"'This faded wreath and this confined view of the house of De Sonnes must be the senseless witnesses of my love and hope through the winter; perhaps the charms of spring may induce Clementine to return to Montpellier,' in saying which I involuntarily cast my eyes towards the building which was to receive her. At one of the windows stood a veiled female figure, her back turned towards me. My pulse faltered; I gasped for breath; a mist obscured my sight as I whispered to myself, 'It must be Clementine.'

"I had sunk upon the window, and had neither strength nor courage to seek conviction in another glance. After gaining a little self-possession I ventured to raise my eyes once more. Her face was now turned towards me, still covered with a black veil; the wind played in its folds—it was raised, and I beheld Clementine, who in the same moment appeared to observe me. In the evening when the house was lighted up, I watched her shadow gliding past the window.

"I arose late the next morning, having passed a sleepless night. On approaching my window I perceived Clementine already reclining at hers. She was attired in a loose morning dress. I bowed, but it was scarcely perceptible that she returned it; yet her eyes, which sometimes timidly met mine, expressed no displeasure. Oh! happy hours, which I innocently spent absorbed in admiration of a beloved object! imagining a reciprocal attachment without daring to think it a possibility. Poor by birth and destitute of fortune, without possessing personal attractions by which I might captivate—how dare I raise my hopes to the most amiable, as well as the richest heiress in Montpellier, for whose favour men of the first rank in the country were anxious? How willingly my thoughts rest in the remembrances of those days! Friendship and love are the exclusive property of mortal man; he does not share them with the animal, or even the angelic race. Friendship and love, offspring of the union of our celestial and terrestrial natures, through thy all-powerful influence we are more benevolent, more faithful, more forbearing, more domestic, and more confiding in our intercourse with the world; through thee we patiently bear the ills of life, and this wilderness beams brighter under thy powerful ascendency.

"In the evening, taking the harp from its station, I played the griefs of Count Peters, of Provence, and his beloved Magellone, at that time one of the newest and most pathetic ballads, full of expressive melody. When I had finished the first stanza, I paused for a few moments, and heard through the stillness of the

night the tones of a harp repeating the same strains. Who could it be but Clementine, who appeared to wish to be the echo of my feelings? Music is the language of the susceptible heart; and for mine, what inexpressible happiness that Clementine had thought me worthy of such notice! A thousand nameless trifles whose worth we appreciate as boundless, according to the manner in which they are given or received, I must pass over in silence, although never to be forgotten. When we retrace the delightful dreams of youth, and the forms of those once revered and beloved flit before us, such remembrances, though tinctured with melancholy, are purified from the alloy of human passion, and possess an irresistible charm.

"On discovering the church to which Clementine went, I immediately frequented the same. I observed the day on which she, accompanied by her mother and friends, promenaded in the shady groves of the Pegoon.* I never failed being there, when her eyes sought mine and rewarded me with a timid glance. Without having spoken for two years we possessed each other's confidence: we disclosed our joy and sorrow, we requested and granted, we hoped and feared, we made vows and never broke them; no one had the least suspicion of our innocent intercourse, though M. Bertollon's kindness was often in danger of making me suffer for all my past pleasures, as he insisted that I should occupy another room, and it was not without the greatest difficulty I retained possession of my little attic. As soon as Madame Bertollon returned from her country house, her husband introduced me to her.

"'Here, madame,' said he, 'is Alamontade, a young man whom I esteem as my friend, and I desire nothing more ardently than that you likewise may esteem him as yours.'

"The descriptions I had heard of her were not exaggerated; she was scarcely twenty, and might have sat for a painter's image of a Madonna: an interesting timidity in her manner added the more to her beauty, as it was so rarely to be met with in females of her rank in Montpellier, without which every grace loses its charm.

"She spoke little, but to the purpose. She appeared cold, but the vivacity and intelligence of her look discovered a heart replete with sensibility, and an active mind. She was the benefactress of the poor, and respected by the whole town. Neglected by her husband, and almost worshipped by the handsomest and richest men in Montpellier, yet slander could not cast the slightest shade upon the unsullied purity of her character. I saw her but seldom, for she lived a secluded, almost a monastic life. During the last year of my studies M. Bertollon was attacked with a violent illness, which rendered our mutual intercourse unavoidable,

* One of the most beautiful walks, in the highest part of the town of Montpellier.

as we frequently met in the room of the invalid. The tender solicitude with which she watched the sick-bed of her husband was visible in every feature. She prepared his medicine; she read to him, and when the disorder was at its crisis, she could not be prevailed upon to leave his bed-side, although exhausted with fatigue. As his illness abated he resumed his wonted cold politeness of manner towards her. She appeared deeply sensible of his indifference, and as his health continued to improve she gradually withdrew herself as much as possible from his presence. My pity was so excited by her situation that I could not avoid reproaching him with his coldness and neglect.

"'What do you desire, Colas?' said he. 'Are you so much the master of your own heart that you can venture to demand obedience from mine? If it affords you satisfaction I will confess my wife is beautiful, but beauty alone pleases the eye, yet cannot touch the heart. We might as well be supposed capable of falling in love with the master-piece of the sculptor. I allow, likewise, she has understanding, but that one can at the most admire—not love. She is very benevolent, but she has money at her command, and finds no pleasure in expensive amusements. During my illness she paid me every attention, for which I feel grateful, and none of her wishes shall remain ungratified as far as I am able to fulfil them. The affections of the heart are involuntary; in short, Alamontade, your observations of her character have been very confined. She has her weaknesses, and, permit me to add, her faults. If now, unfortunately among these faults there might be one of such a repelling nature as to subdue every spark of affection I might formerly have felt towards her, what crime have I then committed if I have failed transforming stone into gold, or a marriage of convenience into one of the heart?'

"'But never, dear Bertollon, never have I observed the slightest trace of fault, and one of a repelling nature it is impossible—'

"'That is because your judgment has misled you,' interrupted Bertollon; 'and as I consider you my friend, I will frankly confess to you the cause which a short time after our union separated me from her for ever. It is her senseless and uncontrollable rage; her boundless and destructive violence. Place no confidence in this ice and snow; it is an outward serenity beneath which flames a volcano that would destroy its possessor did it not from time to time emit its fury and desolating influence. Her tranquillity of manner makes her the more to be dreaded, as she broods long over her designs before she executes them. She appears to be the soul of virtue and integrity, but these passions have destroyed in the bud every better propensity. I have penetrated into some of her designs, and could have had no conception that the mind of woman could have harboured anything so dreadful. In this manner you must confess my heart is not likely to be won.'

"These manifestations from Bertollon shocked me the more as I had often remarked his deep and penetrating observation of the human character. I did not, however, discontinue my visits to Madame Bertollon, who, I began to imagine, found pleasure in my society. A constant witness of her patience and meekness, combined with her uncommon beauty and affability, soon changed my respect into the warmest friendship, and I determined to leave nothing undone to restore husband and wife to happiness and each other. Daily intercourse soon released us from the restraints of etiquette, and favoured me with the confidence of Madame Bertollon. Walking one day in the garden she said to me—

"'You are the friend of Bertollon, and your breast is the repository of his secrets; I likewise consider you as mine, and your character gives me some claim upon your kindness. Speak without disguise, Alamontade; you know the cause, tell me why does Bertollon hate me.'

"'He does not hate you, madame; he has the highest respect for you. Hate you! he must be a monster could he be guilty of it. No, he is a man of too much honour to hate any one.'

"'You are right,' said she, 'he is as incapable of feeling hatred as love; he is not bound to the world or any one in it only so long as they are subservient to his wishes and pleasures. The baneful influence of improper education never produced a heart endowed with more benevolent feelings, or a mind more rich in talents and acquirements.'

"'Perhaps you judge too harshly, madame.'

"'Would to Heaven it might be so! but I entreat you, if possible, to convince me of it.'

"'Only observe your husband, and you will then change your opinion.'

"'Observe him? that I have never ceased doing, and find him invariably the same.'

"'At least a good and amiable man.'

"'He is amiable—he knows it—and endeavours to be so; but, alas! not to contribute to the happiness of others, but his own. I cannot, for this reason, call him good, neither does he deserve the appellation of bad.'

"'I certainly do not rightly understand you, madame; but allow me to answer your confidence with mine. I never knew two persons who more deserved to be happy, or were more formed for the enjoyment of it in each other's society than you and your husband; and I should think it the happiest moment of my life if I could be the blessed means of uniting your hitherto divided hearts.'

"'You are very kind, but the half of your benevolent plan is accomplished, as my heart has long vainly sought his, which shrinks from every symptom of regard. I therefore fear your

wishes are impracticable. If it is possible for any one to succeed, you are the person, Alamontade, as you are the first to whom Bertollon has evinced such warm and confiding friendship. Use therefore your utmost influence to reform his character.'

"'You jest! to reform him? What virtue do you require him more particularly to cultivate? He is generous, modest, the protector of innocence, of an even temper, free from violent passions, participating, friendly, ...'

"'You are right, he possesses all you have mentioned.'

"'In what, then, does he require reformation?'

"'Make him a better man.'

"'A better man!' I repeated, while astonishment arrested my footsteps, and I stood gazing upon the beautiful female before me, whose eyes were bedewed with tears, while I added, 'Is he wicked? is he vicious?'

"'No,' said she, 'but he is not good.'

"'And yet, madame, you grant him those excellent qualities which I have enumerated; do you not perhaps require too much of a fallible man?'

"'What you have praised in him, Alamontade, I have not denied; but these qualities are not natural to him, but only assumed for the gratification of his wishes. He does much good, not on account of its excellence and worth, only because it is a source of profit to himself; he is not virtuous, only wise in all his dealings, he views the advantage or disadvantage, not the good or bad; he would as soon make use of vicious as virtuous means to gain his point; his happiness is comprised in obtaining that for which he has an inclination, and to possess it he will conform to anything the circumstances require; he considers the world as a stage for the gratification of passion, and its opinion alone stamps approbation or condemnation. Such, Alamontade, is my husband. It is impossible he can love me, for he is absorbed in self. His behaviour is as variable as his opinions and taste. With determined steadiness he pursues and obtains his aim. He is the son of a respectable family, who were reduced from affluence to a state of comparative poverty; he coveted riches, turned merchant, and after retiring for some time to a distant country, returned the possessor of half-a-million. To increase his affluence and respectability, he sought alliance with the first families in the town, and I became his wife. He wished to have influence in public affairs, but without exciting envy; to make himself popular he rejected places of the highest honour. According to his principle everything is attainable. He holds nothing sacred, subdues all opposition, and sees with an Argus glance if the weakness of his adversary consists in inclination, passion, or opinion.'

"I was now fully aware of the insurmountable barrier which separated them, and totally despaired of my influence being able to reunite them.

"'Doubt not, madame,' said I, 'but your constant affection and virtue will at last reform and teach him the value of your love.'

"'Oh! Alamontade, what can one hope from the man who calls virtue a weakness, mere prudery of the mind; who considers religion only as a farce in which the imaginations of the timid can satisfy their puerile fears? True love is neither mercenary nor calculating, but hopeless it cannot remain; it demands a return, in which consists its happiness.'

"'In which consists its happiness!' I repeated, as I returned to my room, and saw Clementine at the window. The temerity of my hopes and wishes was now first clear to myself with regard to her. I had loved, and ardently desired a return, but now, though poor in circumstances and without fortune in perspective, I felt I could not be happy without the hand of Clementine. I applied myself still closer to my studies, and passed days and nights in endeavouring to render myself more worthy of her affection. I was anxious to obtain an unprejudiced opinion of my abilities, and published a work anonymously upon the Ancient Administration of Justice, and at the same time a collection of poems, most of which were written under the inspiration of my secret passion for Clementine. The success of my publications exceeded my most sanguine expectations. The name of the author was soon discovered, and the general praise I received raised me not a little in my own estimation. The good fortune of my first attempt fed the spark of hope in my breast, and I already pictured Clementine as mine—eternally, irrevocably mine! I saw her one day reading my poems at the window; without having known me as the author, she might have imagined it from the thousand passages which she alone could fully appreciate. She looked towards me, smiled and pressed the book to her heart, as if she would express —'It has my approbation, the feelings you have portrayed are understood and returned by me.'

"No one seemed so delighted with the attention I met with as Bertollon; his confidence and attachment daily increased, and chance continually brought to my knowledge some of his kind actions.

"'Oh! Bertollon,' said I to him, 'why do I see in you so much to lament as well as to admire?'

"'You go to the extreme in both, for I deserve neither one nor the other,' replied he, with an insinuating smile.

"'I own I cannot help feeling regret, Bertollon, that your theory and practice should be so contradictory. You call virtue fanaticism, a creature of the imagination, and still you perform her dictates.'

"'Well, then, be contented, Alamontade. Why do you always trouble yourself with my conversion? As soon as you are a little older I shall see you walking in my footsteps. For the present be

rather more tolerant. I consider wisdom and virtue synonymous. Is it not possible for the same offspring to bear two names? I see, Colas, you will make a poor lawyer, and are likely to remain in the same situation, if, according to your present opinion, you advocate only the cause of the just, and avoid the unjust, which, perhaps, might prove the more profitable of the two.'

"'I swear to you, Bertollon,' interrupted I, 'that I should be an object of detestation to myself through life, dare my lips accuse the innocent or plead the cause of the guilty.'

"'And yet, you good-natured fool, you will do it unknown to yourself as long as the traces of innocence and guilt are not marked upon the forehead. You will not evince your wisdom if you do not conform a little more to the opinions and customs of the world.'

"The principles he uttered would have filled me with abhorrence, had they not always been spoken of as if he did not believe them himself; he often succeeded in silencing me, and would then laugh heartily at my expense. Madame Bertollon, in the meantime, unfolded the fine and amiable qualities of her mind. I became quite domesticated in the house; the long winter evenings were spent in interesting conversation and music; and, had not my heart been Clementine's, her bewitching beauty and unfortunate fate might have rendered her a dangerous object to me. When I spoke of her with enthusiasm to Bertollon, he smiled; when I reproached him with his shameful neglect of so interesting a being, he answered—

"'Our tastes are different, and let us enjoy our own opinion. Would you despotically wish all heads and hearts to be formed in the same mould as yours? I am well aware that my wife in my neglect has no cause of regret; and if I choose to follow the example of fashionable wedlock, it does not make her unhappy, as she was previously aware of it. If you find pleasure in her society I am satisfied; and still more so if your conversation affords her amusement. You see, virtuous Colas, I likewise am capable of making great sacrifices, for I permit her to enjoy your society when I most ardently desire it myself.'

"I had finished my studies, and received the degree of Doctor of Law, with the permission to practise as attorney. My increased employment prevented the possibility of seeing Madame Bertollon as often as formerly. She appeared sometimes more pensive, more friendly; at others she would receive me with coldness and reserve. This unevenness of manner astonished me, and I sought in vain to discover the cause. I perceived with regret that her cheerfulness and serenity were vanished, that her eyes were frequently red with weeping, and that she more than ever shunned society.

"I exerted myself to enliven her, but the melancholy of her look,

her fading bloom, her endeavour to assume the mask of cheerfulness, excited sympathy and pity with the friendship I had before felt for her. One evening as she sang to my accompaniment on the harp, a sudden burst of tears prevented her proceeding. Alarmed, I hastily put aside the instrument; she rose, and, anxious to hide her feelings, would have retired to her room had I not detained her. How touching are youth, beauty, and innocence, overwhelmed with sorrow!

"'I entreat you,' she cried, 'to leave me.'

"'But I cannot leave you so,' I replied. 'Dare I not witness your affliction? Do you not call me friend, and does not that title imply a right to ask the cause of your distress?'

"'Only leave me, I entreat you to leave me,' said she.

"'I will leave you; but you are unhappy.'

"'Ah! I am indeed unhappy,' she sobbed.

"I did not attempt to restrain her tears or to speak consolation to her, for the power of thinking became almost annihilated by the terrible conviction which now for the first time entered my mind. I dared not stop to investigate the nature of my own feelings, or to cast another glance at the agitated and lovely female. My thoughts dwelt for a moment on Bertollon and Clementine, and I fled precipitately to my room. The tumult in my mind is not to be expressed. Indecision, regret, self-reproach, pity, almost bordering upon a more tender feeling, by turns agitated me; and, influenced by all these sensations, I sat down to write to Madame Bertollon. I represented the danger of our future intercourse, and added, if I wished to remain worthy of her future friendship I must leave her and Montpellier. I rose, read it again and again, tore it, and wrote another to the same purport. During this state of perplexity the door opened, and Bertollon entered.

"'What is the matter with you, Colas—are you ill?'

"I was now first sensible that I had thrown myself upon the bed. I rose as he held out his hand to me, but had not the courage to give him mine.

"'But what is the matter with you, Colas?' he repeated, as I had made no answer to his first question; 'you look pale and agitated.'

"'Confide in the husband,' whispered conscience; 'then only is there an eternal barrier placed between you and his wife.'

"'Bertollon,' I began, with a quick and hurried voice, fearing, if I hesitated a moment, I might repent of the confession I was about making, 'I am miserable, for I feel for your wife a warmer sentiment than friendship.'

"Bertollon, colouring, said—'What are you talking about, Colas?'

"'I must quit here, leave Montpellier, fly you and your wife; for, I again repeat, I feel more than friendship for her.'

"'I believe you are a fool,' said he, smiling, while his countenance regained its wonted complaisance.

"'M. Bertollon, I am serious; I dare not remain; now is the time; you are my friend, my benefactor; I will never deceive you. Consider the painful confession I have made as a proof of my affection for you.'

"'A saint like you, Colas,' replied Bertollon, laughing aloud, 'who previously confess the secrets of your heart to the husband, cannot be a dangerous object. Compose yourself, remain with us; I confide in you, and can have no suspicion of either you or my wife. But enough; I have assured you of my confidence. I have long since remarked my wife's prepossession; this affection bears the traces of her violent, impetuous character. Participate with her your noble principles and resolves, but do it cautiously; for I warn you, her love can change into the most deadly hatred, and then I charge you to beware of her.'

"Here he waved the subject, and would not suffer me to renew it, but drew my attention into another channel of discourse. The more reason I had to admire the great confidence he placed in me, the more tranquil I became, as well as more decided to leave his house.

"The following evening I went to Madame Bertollon; she sat alone in her room, her hand pensively supporting her beautiful head. On being aware of my entrance she rose, her countenance expressing the most interesting emotion.

"'I am come, madame,' said I, with a trembling voice, 'to atone, as far as is in my power, for the misery my society has caused. I will no longer disturb your peace; my decision is irrevocably taken; I have confessed to your husband the most secret feelings of my heart; you, madame, cannot be ignorant of them.'

"'Confessed!' she repeated, in a voice of terror, 'and he ...'

"'At first he coloured. But confiding in you, madame, and with a greater confidence in me than I merit, he would have dissuaded me from my resolution of leaving Montpellier.'

"'Was that your intention, Alamontade?'

"'And is still, madame. I will no longer disturb the peace of a family to whom I owe a thousand benefits.'

"'You are a noble being,' she replied, as the tears rolled down her faded cheeks; 'you have only anticipated my intention, as everything was prepared for my departure; I should have been happier, Alamontade, had I never known you.'

"She was silent, and I could no longer command my agitation. We decided that I should retire to their country-house in the village of K., and only now and then pay a visit to the town, after which we separated. Without delay I put in practice my design, although Bertollon very unwillingly acceded to it. I left without again seeing Madame Bertollon. In solitude and contemplation

of the beauties of nature I was soon convinced that what I had mistaken for affection was alone excited by pity and gratified vanity. My mind now regained its former purity and tranquillity, and the image of Clementine was more cherished, more beloved, than ever. During four weeks Bertollon had frequently visited me.

"'I cannot live without seeing you,' said he, 'and yet business almost confines me to the abominable town.'

"He made many attempts to induce me to return to Montpellier, but in vain; for I found myself happy in my solitary retirement. I was awakened early one morning by the entrance of the servant, saying—

"'M. Larette is here, and must speak to you immediately.'

"He had scarcely finished the sentence when Larette, one of Bertollon's friends, entered, pale, and in a state of great perturbation.

"'Rise immediately,' said he, 'and accompany me to Montpellier.'

"'What is the matter?' I asked, quite terrified.

"'Rise and dress yourself, we have not a moment to lose; Bertollon is poisoned, and lies at the point of death.'

"'Poisoned!' I exclaimed, and sank back, almost powerless, in the bed.

"'Hasten, he wishes once more to see you, and I have almost flown to fulfil his request.'

"I dressed myself with trembling hands, and almost deprived of strength followed him to the door, where stood a small carriage, into which we stepped and hastened with all speed to Montpellier.

"'Is poisoned!' I again repeated on the way.

"'It is too true,' replied Larette, 'and there is an inexplicable mystery attending the affair. A fellow who fetched the poison from the apothecary's is in prison; Madame Bertollon likewise is arrested in her room.'

"'Madame Bertollon arrested! for what? who has arrested her?'

"'The magistrate.'

"'The magistrate! Can the police of Montpellier be guilty of such madness? Does the magistrate imagine Madame Bertollon has poisoned her husband?'

"'Not only the magistrate, but every-body believes it.'

"'And everybody! Pray continue what you were going to say.'

"'That it is generally believed the man—Valentin I believe he is called—'

"'What, Valentin, the old faithful servant!'

"'Well, he has confessed that eight days since he fetched the poison by the order of Madame Bertollon.'

"'The liar!—the—'

"'And upon her being informed of the deposition of her servant, she owned it without hesitation. Now you know all.'

"'Confessed! I seem bereft of my senses, for I do not understand you. What has she confessed?'

"'That Valentin fetched the poison.'

"'Horrible! and that she poisoned her husband?'

"'Who would voluntarily confess such an act? but it is, alas! too true. Yesterday morning Bertollon was seized with a return of his indisposition; you know he is subject to a giddiness in his head. He requested his wife to fetch the drops from her medicine chest (a valuable essence which he is accustomed to take), in a blue glass gilt bottle.'

"'I know it quite well, likewise the essence.'

"'She poured the medicine into the spoon, added sugar to it, and gave it to her husband. A short time after he complained of a violent burning pain in his bowels: a physician was sent for, who pronounced it the effects of poison. On requesting to look at the essence, Madame Bertollon resented it, and asked if they supposed her capable of administering poison to her husband? At last, as she could no longer refuse without exciting suspicion, she gave up the bottle. During this time it had become public, and several physicians had hurried to the house, as well as a deputy from the police. The apothecary remembered the poison which Valentin had bought, and gave his deposition at the police office. Valentin was immediately secured, and upon Madame Bertollon's being examined and desired to deliver up her keys she fainted. The medicine chest was searched, the poison found, and recognised by the apothecary; it was weighed and was deficient. Meanwhile the essence in the blue vial was analyzed, and contained the poison which was missing. These are the circumstances, sir, and you are of course at liberty to form what opinion you please.'

"I shuddered, but was incapable of making any reply. I discovered in every circumstance a dreadful coincidence which Larette could not penetrate. I now remembered Bertollon's description of the violence of her character. I thought of my last conversation with her, as well as the indiscreet manner in which I had informed her of my confession to Bertollon, her terror and eager inquiries respecting his manner—now all confirmed my suspicions, and probability rose to a dreadful certainty.

"We reached Montpellier, and I desired to be conducted immediately to the room of my beloved benefactor.

"'Does he yet live?' I asked, hastily ascending the stairs. His attendants whispered me to be more cautious, as I impatiently entered the room. He had sunk into a gentle slumber, which was the harbinger of consolation, as the doctor considered it a symptom that he might yet be saved.

"'And where is Madame Bertollon?' I inquired.

"They informed me she had left the house early that morning and had taken refuge with her relations, whose bail had preserved her from confinement, and their interest and importance saved her from the disgrace of a prison. They told me in confidence that Bertollon, through a friend, had advised her to fly to Italy. Her brother also had entreated her to avail herself of the short freedom, but pride gained the victory; her answer was—'I will not fly, for by so doing I should acknowledge a crime of which I am not and cannot be convicted.'

"Beauty of person is only charming so long as we survey in it beauty and purity of mind: it loses all its magic, and inspires us only with horror when we behold a vicious mind enshrined in a lovely tenement. I could only think of Madame Bertollon with disgust; for all that Larette had so hastily informed me on our road to Montpellier was now confirmed by numberless circumstances, which threw a stronger light upon the dreadful deed. The feeling of horror was universal throughout Montpellier; and when by the skill of the physicians Bertollon was pronounced out of danger, it excited the most lively and general joy. I watched incessantly by the bed-side of my beloved friend, whom I loved as brother or father.

"'Oh! Bertollon,' said I, 'thank God you are spared! for had it been otherwise I should not long have survived you; for you are my friend, my benefactor, and to preserve your life I would willingly sacrifice my own. Can it be possible that a female so delicate, so retiring, possessed of such uncommon charms, whose look and language so sweetly expressed purity and virtue; can it be possible she is so fallen, so abandoned?'

"'Are you still attached to her, Alamontade?'

"'Attached! the thought is revolting to me; how can I be attached to her who would murder you? Would it were possible to recall the hours I have spent with the murderess!'

"The trial had now commenced against the wife of Bertollon. M. Mernard, the most celebrated counsellor in Montpellier, proffered his services for the accused. Mernard had never been known to lose a cause; his bewitching eloquence overpowered all, and if he did not succeed in convincing the understanding, he confused and impressed it with doubt, and knew how to work upon every feeling of the human heart. When he spoke the court was crowded with auditors, many of whom came from distant parts of the country to hear him. He undertook and gained the worst causes when he was certain of being amply remunerated.

"'All I desire,' said Bertollon, 'is to be eternally separated from the murderess. I do not wish her punished, as the stings of conscience and public contempt are thorns sufficient. I am aware Mernard personally dislikes me, as he was once my rival. I see beforehand his artifice will blind and perplex both judge and people, and that my infamous wife will eventually triumph.'

"'That shall never be,' I exclaimed with eagerness. 'I entreat you, Bertollon, though I am but a novice, and have never spoken in a court of justice, to permit me to undertake your cause. It would not give me a moment's uneasiness to appear before the tribunal against a female whom I once highly esteemed and called friend. You are my brother, my benefactor; your interest is sacred to me.'

"Bertollon smiled at my warmth, but immediately expressed his fears that my powers were not equal to my opponent's. He at last hesitatingly consented to my wish that his law-suit might be the first trial of my abilities.

"'Do not fear, dear Bertollon,' said I, 'friendship will both inspire and support me, even if I should for a moment shrink before the pre-eminent abilities of Mernard. With all his cunning he cannot deny the facts which his client, for the success of her cause, rather too prematurely confessed.'

"This trial called forth the most lively interest and sympathy, owing to the terrible nature of the circumstances, as well as the high respectability and consequence of the parties. No one surmised that a violent and lawless passion had most probably inspired Madame Bertollon with the dreadful idea of administering the poison. All this was and should remain secret, excepting Mernard's art threatened to prove victorious; then I intended to resort to this declaration as my last resource. When it became public that I was to plead the cause of Bertollon, the general voice decided it in favour of my adversary. After sufficient inquiries and examination of witnesses, Mernard and I entered the lists. Confident in his own powers he looked upon me with contempt, and my presumption only called forth his derision. He spoke, and with such force and eloquence that he almost made me waver in favour of the accused. Owing to Mernard's artifice the trial lasted half a year. He always gained the approbation of the populace, while I exhausted my strength only to insure his victory and add to his laurels. The beauty of Madame Bertollon had gained all the young men of Montpellier to her party, and her former benevolence secured the favour of the poorer class. I had not only to contend with Mernard's superior abilities, but against innumerable hearts which had felt the power of her charms, as well as the remembrances of virtues which she once possessed. My courage rose in proportion as I lost ground in the cause; I felt invigorated with unusual powers, and Mernard began either to esteem or fear me as I obliged him in some measure to retreat from his first conquest. His party diminished as he began to blend truth with fiction, and even ceased to acknowledge the facts which had been confessed by the accused. The voice of the public approbation now turned in my favour, and the recollections of Madame Bertollon's beauty and benevolence began to be obscured

by the proofs of her guilt. I felt flattered by the general good opinion, yet the silent marks of encouragement I received from Clementine delighted me more than all the proofs of public favour. Madame Bertollon was related to the house of De Sonnes. When I was declared counsel for Bertollon, Clementine stood at the window, and expressed by her action fear and doubt. When my name was more known and estimated, her countenance assumed a more satisfied and affectionate expression. In my success she appeared to forget her relationship with Madame Bertollon. I now saw myself beloved by her whom I had worshipped for years, and in this conviction I felt myself the most blessed of mortals.

"But to return to the trial. Things now took a still more unfavourable turn, for the accused, Madame Bertollon, could do no more than positively deny any intention of poisoning her husband, although appearances were against her. I insisted that she should be interrogated for what purpose she had purchased the poison eight days before the act. She answered evasively, and during the examination frequently contradicted herself: it was evident she avoided discovering the motive. Neither the entreaties of her relations, nor warnings of her counsel had the slightest influence over her. This of course increased suspicion, and Mernard gave up his cause at last, although he unceasingly persisted in his belief of her innocence. The tribunal decreed severe imprisonment, and threatened torture to extort confession.

"As Mernard had been so unsuccessful Madame Bertollon determined to attempt defending her cause herself. I considered this only as an artifice of her counsel, who called in the touching aid of female beauty as a support to his eloquence.

"As she entered the court a death-like stillness prevailed. She never looked more beautiful than at this moment: her simple attire, and the paleness which expressed deep affliction, called forth compassion in every heart and tears from every eye; no one spoke. Each look turned with anxiety from her to me, but I was incapable of uttering a word, for my thoughts were in a state of inexpressible confusion. She looked the image of suffering innocence. Her appearance recalled the many delightful hours I had spent in her society. I felt as if some guardian spirit pleaded for her, and whispered 'she is innocent.'

"At last recollecting myself, I affirmed that no one could feel greater pleasure at being convinced of her innocence than her husband and myself; but to acquit herself of the strong suspicion attached to her, it would be necessary to declare for what purpose she had purchased the poison. Madame Bertollon appeared extremely weak, and leaned for support upon the arm of her defender; casting a mournful glance at me, expressive of affection and sorrow, she said in a faint voice—

"'Oh! Alamontade, and must it be you who persist in knowing

the motive for which I procured the poison? You?—and here?'

"She was silent for a few moments, then suddenly turning her pallid face towards the judge, said in a tone which expressed the despair of her soul—

"'My lord, you have threatened me with the torture to extort my secret; it is no longer necessary, I will end the trial by confessing my guilt. When I sent for the poison it was with the intention of committing murder: more I will not confess.'

"She turned and left the court, while all around seemed petrified with horror.

"Two days after the tribunal pronounced her 'guilty.' Bertollon's health had been for some time re-established. The evening before the sentence was passed upon Madame Bertollon I spent with him. Wine inspired us with gaiety, and we swore eternal friendship.

"'Do you know Clementine de Sonnes?' he asked.

"I felt confused at the question, but the effects of wine drew the long-cherished secret from my breast. Bertollon, laughing extravagantly, said—

"'You fool, notwithstanding your saint-like virtue you are sometimes wrong. Why did you not confide in me before? by this time you might have been engaged to her; but I give you my word she shall yet be yours. With prudence and wisdom more difficult things are to be conquered than the pride of a family; from Clementine I am certain you will not meet with a refusal.'

"'Oh, if this be possible; if you can really accomplish this, you will make me the happiest as well as the most grateful of mortals.'

"'So much the better, for I have then a claim upon your aid to assist me in my plan. In Agde there resides a young lady so strikingly like your Clementine that they might be taken for sisters. As soon as I am separated from my wife I mean to pay my addresses to her, for I never before could speak experimentally of love.'

"'What, Bertollon,' said I, in the greatest astonishment, 'you love? you will marry again?'

"'Why not? I thought at first you were really attached to my wife; had that been the case I would have endeavoured to arrange things differently, which would have been much more agreeable than having this abominable trial; and besides, the poison might have proved almost fatal to me.'

"'How so? I must confess I do not understand you, Bertollon.'

"'I will tell you, you idiot. One evening in the absence of my wife, the whim seized me to overlook all her secrets; for notwithstanding your virtuous professions, Colas, I did not exactly confide in you, and expected to find a most pathetic and moving

correspondence; and just as I had played my wife a most delightful trick, lame Jacques came down the stairs, and saw me steal out of her room, but the stupid fellow only bowed and passed on.'

"'What trick? You talk in a most unintelligible manner. Drink, here's success to you!'

"'And you likewise, Colas; you have performed your part manfully—you're a clever fellow. But I wager you could not have made such a fine speech before the court against my wife if you had known that I had mixed the poison with the essence.'

"'No, on my honour, Bertollon.'

"'Well, for that reason it was prudent of me not to tell you before; now it cannot do any harm.'

"'Were you such a fool as to wish to poison yourself?'

"'You may be sure I was fully aware it would not be dangerous, but I cannot tell you my surprise at finding poison in the possession of my wife; she had written it on the bottle: what do you imagine she intended doing with the stuff? But attend to me, Colas, and give me credit for my subtlety. The next morning I feigned a giddiness, and requested her, according to custom, to fetch the essence herself. The physician was sent for that it might be immediately analyzed, but I had taken the precaution only to put in a small portion.'

"'But do I understand you, Bertollon; is it possible that your wife was innocent?'

"'That is the best joke of all, that you have spoken yourself hoarse for nothing; but drink, that will cure all. But tell me, was it not a bold stroke of mine? My wife must think herself bewitched, as she is not aware I have a master-key to all her closets.'

"'But,' I began, while horror suddenly sobered me.

"'Not a word to be discovered, Colas; you are my only confidant. I had some fears of suspicion being excited; for in my haste I threw down a bottle of red liquid, and forgot to put it again in its place. In short, Colas, I am now happy, and you shall be so likewise; for I swear to you on the day I marry Julia of Agde, you also shall celebrate your nuptials with Clementine. But what is the matter with you—are you faint? Here, take some water; champagne never agrees with you.'

"He put one hand upon my shoulder, while with the other he reached me the glass. Shuddering I pushed him from me.

"'Go to bed,' said he as I left him, while he, laughing immoderately, staggered to his room. It was past midnight; yet I had not attempted to undress myself, but continued to pace up and down the room in the most violent agitation. I could not give credit to a crime so horrible, against which every feeling of nature revolted. To condemn an innocent and virtuous female, who had never injured her husband, to imprisonment and dishonour! to

abuse the friend by inducing him to aid the demon-like plan, and to plead a cause which must have overwhelmed the sufferer with tortures worse than death! I breathed with more freedom as the thought occurred to me that perhaps Bertollon only intended putting my friendship to the test. But I in vain endeavoured to deceive myself; his declarations with regard to myself and his unfortunate wife were too plain for me not to discern a deep-laid and diabolical plot. When he told me of the violence and reserve of her character, he had no doubt formed the design of charging her with some crime to rid himself of her for ever.

"'The morning dawned and found me still in a state of indecision. The innocent must be rescued, but then I should witness the disgrace of my benefactor—my first and only friend: excess of affection for me had prompted him to intrust me with the horrible confession; should I then betray him? should the hand which had received so many benefits precipitate him into the abyss of ruin?

"'Unfortunate combination of circumstances,' I exclaimed; 'why must I be the means either of punishing the innocent, or of destroying my benefactor?' But reason dictated, 'Be just before you are generous.'

"I wrote to the judge of the district, and desired him to repair to me immediately on account of business of great importance. He came, and while I went into Bertollon's room, he waited on the outside. Bertollon still slept. I trembled, overpowered with affection and pity.

"'Bertollon,' I said, taking his hand. He awoke. After conversing for some time upon indifferent subjects, I at last said—

"'Tell me, Bertollon, is your wife really innocent, and was it you who mixed the poison with the essence?'

"He looked at me with a wild piercing gaze, and only answered, 'Be silent.'

"'But this is only a confirmation of your last night's declaration. I entreat you to assuage my fears. Have you been guilty of it? or would you only—'

"Bertollon, raising himself up in the bed, said—

"'Colas, I hope you can be discreet.'

"'But remember, Bertollon, I beseech you, to-day sentence will be passed upon your wife. Do not let the innocent suffer unjustly.'

"'Are you mad, Colas? or have you perhaps inclination to be the betrayer of your friend?'

THE VESSEL OF HOPE AND THE VESSEL OF LOVE.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

When the gay vessel puts to sea
In all its colours drest,
Hope of success, temerity,
Inspire each ardent breast.
The main is calm, the sky is fair,
And then a fav'ring wind
Wafts friends, with scarce a ling'ring care,
From friends they leave behind—
Who stand upon the glitt'ring shore,
Bidding "God speed them well!"
A prayer, a blessing, nothing more,
The bosom's anguish tell.
Hardly the rippling waves they feel,
So easily they're stemm'd,
As glides along the slender keel,
Which sparkles as if gemm'd.
'Tis the first voyage of that crew,
Their "ignorance is bliss;"
They know not perils yet to rue,
Nor fear the dire abyss.
What can they dread, what can they dread,
Bound for the isles of joy?
No storm is lurking overhead
Impending to destroy!
The rocks are hidden out of sight,
Pregnant with wreck, distress,
'Gainst which the vessel chance may strike
In unexpectedness;
Engulphing in the sullen tide
The good, the glad, the brave,
In the full buoyancy of pride
To find a sudden grave!
Their only dirge the sea-mew's cry
That, sailing, wails above;
Their only shroud the dismal sky,
The young——so many love!
Sweet bride! the bark of Hymen now
Is trimm'd for thee the same,
Hope's seated at the gaudy prow
And fear is put to shame;

The silken sails flap in the breeze
With the low murmuring sound
Which the excited senses please
And lull to peace profound!
Friends, blessings, prayers, attend thee, too,
And waftures from the shore,
As did they that ill-fated crew
Who saw their homes no more!
Thy foot's on the uncertain deck,
Love guides thy step the while:
How bright the smile his lips doth deck!
How bright thy answering smile!
How calm the sea! how clear the sky!
How bland the fanning air!
There is no danger lurking nigh,
No brooding storm to scare!
Lady! deceitful is that calm,
Deceitful are those skies;
Soon, soon, to terrify, alarm,
The tempest will arise.
Then be prepared to furl the sails,
To breast the rising surge;
Look, look to Heaven! that but avails
Thy devious course to urge!
Seat Resignation at the helm,
Let God thy pilot be,
And he will never overwhelm
Thy vessel in the sea.
This is no world for love and ease,
But active trial and strife;
And hourly sorrows fret and teaze
The WOMAN when a WIFE.
No more on others must she lean,
But on her own strong mind,
And in herself in every teen
Support and comfort find.
Nay, OTHERS will upon HER rest,
And look to her for aid,
And she will feel upon her breast
A weary burden laid.
She is the dial where the rays
Of home-joys concentrate;
She is the *wasat** prop that stays
Tott'ring domestic state.
Her husband on her doth rely
For all the bliss he hath;

* "Wasat is the centre or strongest prop of an Arab tent. The Arabians often seize hold of it, when they take a solemn oath, to give it more weight—meaning, if they violate it, may the prop give way and fall and crush their wives and children." —*Arabian Readings.*

Her children trust her watchful eye
To guide them in life's path.
Her very prayers are not her own—
So many dear ones claim
Petitions to the mercy-throne
In fond affection's name.

Such is the sacred task, young spouse,
Thy nuptial vows entail;
Then all thy latent courage rouse,
Nor in thy duty fail;
But struggle nobly on to reach
The port of virtue sure,
And by thy bright example teach
Others to strive—ENDURE!

PRAY FOR THOSE THOU LOVEST.

BY MRS. ABDY.

"Pray for those thou lovest; thou wilt never have any comfort of his friendship for whom thou dost not pray."

Parr.

YES, pray for those thou lovest—thou mayst vainly, idly seek
The force of fervid tenderness by feeble words to speak;
Go, kneel before thy Father's throne, and meekly, humbly there
Ask blessings for the lov'd one in the silent hour of prayer.

Yes, pray for those thou lovest; if uncounted wealth were thine,
The treasures of the boundless deep, the riches of the mine,
Thou couldst not to thy cherish'd friend so dear a gift impart
As the earnest benediction of a deeply-loving heart.

Seek not the worldling's friendship, it shall droop and wane ere long,
In the cold and heartless glitter of the pleasure-loving throng;
But seek the friend who, when thy prayer for *him* shall murmur'd be,
Breathes forth in faithful sympathy a fervent prayer for *thee*.

And should thy flowery path of life become a path of pain,
The friendship formed in bonds like these thy spirit shall sustain;
Years may not chill, nor change invade, nor poverty impair,
The love that grew and flourished at the holy time of prayer.

THE POACHER;

OR,

THE CRIMINAL FROM LOSS OF HONOUR.

A TRUE STORY.—TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

CHRISTIAN WOLF was the son of an inn-keeper in an inland town of Germany (the name of which, for reasons which will appear in the sequel, we must conceal), and, until his twentieth year, helped his mother, his father being dead, to attend to the public-house. The business was bad, and Wolf had idle hours. Even from his school days he was known as an unsteady boy. Grown-up maidens brought complaints of his impudence, and the youngsters of the little town did homage to his ingenious head. Nature had neglected his person; a little, unsightly figure, frizzled hair of a disagreeable blackness, a flattened nose and swelled upper lip, which was, moreover, driven from its right direction by the kick of a horse, gave a repulsiveness to his aspect which scared all women from him, and offered abundant food for the wit of his companions.

He desired to attain what was denied him; because he inspired dislike he determined to please. He was sensitive, and persuaded himself that he loved. The maiden whom he chose ill-used him; he had cause to fear that his rival was more fortunate. Yet the girl was poor; a heart that remained closed to his protestations would perhaps open itself to his presents; but want oppressed himself, and the idle attempt to give some worth to his exterior swallowed up the little which he gained by an inn not much frequented. Too indolent and too ignorant to help up his disordered economy by speculation, too proud and also too delicate to exchange the master which he had hitherto been for the peasant, and to give up his adored freedom, he saw but one expedient before him, which thousands before him and after him have seized on with better fortune—the expedient of stealing genteelly. His native town bordered on a crown forest; he became a poacher; and the produce of his depredations found its way faithfully into the hands of his beloved.

Among Johanna's lovers was Robert, a huntsman in the employ of the forester. He soon remarked the advantage which the liberality of his rival had gained over him, and he sought with jealousy after the source of this change. He showed himself more assiduously at the Sun—this was the sign of the inn—his watch-

ful eye, sharpened by jealousy and envy, soon discovered to him whence this money flowed. Not long before a strict edict against poaching had been renewed, which condemned the transgressor to the house of correction. Robert was unwearied in stealing upon the secret walks of his enemy; at last he succeeded in seizing the imprudent man in the act. Wolf was arrested, and with difficulty, and only by the sacrifice of his whole little fortune, succeeded in turning aside the appointed punishment by a fine.

Robert triumphed; his rival was beaten out of the field, and Johanna's favour for the beggar was lost. Wolf knew his enemy, and this enemy was the happy possessor of his Johanna. A pressing feeling of want joins with offended pride, necessity and jealousy rush in combined upon his sensibility, hunger drives him out in the wide world, revenge and passion hold him fast. He becomes a second time a poacher; but Robert's redoubled watchfulness overreaches him again. Now he experiences the whole severity of the law, for he has nothing more to give, and in a few weeks he is consigned to the house of correction.

The year of punishment was passed; his passion increased by absence, and his obstinacy had risen under the pressure of misfortune. He had scarcely obtained freedom, when he hurried to the place of his birth to show himself to his Johanna; he appears, men fly from him. Pressing necessity has at last bent his pride and overcome his effeminacy; he offers himself to the rich of the place, and wishes to labour for daily wages. The farmer shrugs his shoulders at the weak and delicate man; the compact frame of his strong competitor supplants him with this unfeeling patron. He ventures a last trial. One office is still empty—the last, the lowest post of an honourable name; he turns to the herdsman of the town, but the peasant will intrust his swine to no good-for-nothing fellow. Disappointed in all projects, turned back from every place, he becomes for the third time a poacher, and for the third time the misfortune overtakes him of falling into the hands of his watchful enemy.

The double relapse had aggravated his guilt. The judges looked in the book of laws, but not one looked into the frame of mind of the accused. The mandate against poaching required an exemplary satisfaction, and Wolf was condemned—the sign of the gallows burnt upon his back—to labour three years at the fortifications.

This period also passed away and he left the fortifications, but quite changed from when he entered them. Here begins a new epoch in his life; let us hear himself, as he afterwards made confession to his spiritual assistant and before the court of justice.

"I entered the fortifications," he said, "an erring man, and left them a villain. I had still something in the world which was dear to me, and my pride bent under the disgrace. When I

was brought to the fortifications they confined me with three-and-twenty prisoners, among whom were two murderers, and the rest all noted thieves and vagabonds. They scoffed at me when I spoke of God, and set me on to say shameful blasphemies against the Saviour. They sang loose songs to me, which I, a careless boy, did not hear without disgust and horror; but what I saw practised revolted my sense of decency still more. No day went by without an infamous life being repeated, or a worse event invented. At first I fled from these people, and crept away from their conversation as much as was possible for me; but I wanted a living creature, and the barbarity of my jailers had even denied me my dog. The labour was hard and tyrannical, my body sickly; I required assistance, and if I am to speak sincerely, I required compassion, and this I had to buy with the last remains of my conscience; so I at length accustomed myself to what was most horrible, and in the last quarter of a year I had gone beyond my masters.

"From this time I languished for the day of my freedom as I languished for revenge. All men had injured me, for all were better and happier than I. I considered myself as the martyr to natural rights, and as a victim to the law. Gnashing my teeth, I ground my chains when the sun rose behind my fortifications; an extensive prospect is twofold hell to a prisoner. The free draught of wind which whistled through the air-hole of my tower, and the swallow which settled on the iron rod of my gate, appeared to provoke me with their freedom, and made my confinement so much the more frightful to me. Then I vowed unappeasable, glowing hatred to all that resembled mankind, and what I vowed I have fairly performed.

"My first thought, as soon as I saw myself free, was my native town. The fewer hopes I could entertain for my future livelihood there, the more food did my hunger after revenge promise to itself. My heart beat more wildly as the church tower rose from afar off through the thicket; it was no longer the heart-felt pleasure that I had experienced on my first return—the recollection of all the hardships, all the persecutions I had once suffered there woke up at once from a frightful, deadly sleep. All my wounds bled afresh, all my scars re-opened. I redoubled my pace, for it refreshed me to terrify my enemy, in anticipation, by my sudden appearance; and I now thirsted as earnestly after fresh degradation as I had formerly trembled at it.

"The bells were ringing for vespers when I stood in the midst of the market-place. The people were swarming to the church. I was soon recognised; every one who met me stepped back frightened. I had hitherto been very fond of children, and even now I could not avoid involuntarily offering a boy who capered past me a small coin. The boy stared at me for a moment and threw the

money in my face. Had my blood been something cooler I had remembered that the beard I had brought from the fortifications disfigured my features even to hideousness, but my evil heart had infected my reason; tears such as I had never wept before ran down my cheeks.

"'The boy knows not who I am nor whence I come,' I said, half aloud, to myself, 'and yet he shuns me like a mischievous animal: am I then marked upon my forehead, or have I ceased to resemble a human being because I feel that I can no longer love one?' The contempt of this boy grieved me more bitterly than a three years' service at the galleys; for I had done good to him, and could accuse him of no personal hatred.

"I sat down in a timber-yard opposite the church; what I precisely wanted I know not, yet I know that I rose up in irritation, as of all my passing acquaintance none had vouchsafed me even a greeting—no, not one. I left my station indignantly to seek a lodging. As I turned the corner of a street I ran against my Johanna. 'Landlord!' she exclaimed aloud, and made a movement to embrace me; 'thou back again, dear Christian; God be thanked that thou art returned.' Her dress proclaimed hunger and misery; her countenance displayed a shameful disease; her appearance announced her debased to the most abandoned creature. I quickly guessed what might have happened here; some dragoons whom I had met led me to conjecture that there lay a garrison in the little town. 'Soldier's wench,' I exclaimed, and laughing turned my back on her. It pleased me that there was still a creature below me in the ranks of the living; I had never loved her.

"My mother was dead; my creditors had paid themselves with my little house; I had no longer any one or anything. All the world fled from me as a poisonous thing, but I had at last forgotten how to feel ashamed. Formerly I had avoided the sight of man, for contempt was to me unbearable; now I pushed myself forward, and delighted to terrify them. I felt glad that I had nothing more to lose, nothing more to guard. I no longer needed any good qualities, because no one any longer expected them from me.

"The whole world was open to me; I might perhaps have passed for an honest man in some strange province, but I had lost the spirit even to appear one. Despair and disgrace had at last forced me into this frame of mind. To learn to do without honour was all that remained for me, for I no longer dared lay claim to it. Had my idleness and my pride survived my degradation, I must have slain myself.

"What I now resolved upon I know not myself; I wished to do something evil—of so much I was dimly conscious. I wished to deserve my fate. The laws I imagined were a benefit to the world, I therefore took the resolution of setting them at defiance;

hitherto I had sinned from necessity and levity, now I did it from my free choice—for my pleasure.

"My first act was to prosecute my poaching. The chase generally had by degrees become a passion with me, and besides that I had to live. But it was not this alone; it pleased me to insult the princely edict, and to injure my sovereign to the extent of my power. I was no longer apprehensive of being taken, for I had now a bullet ready for any detector, and this I knew, that my shot never missed its man. I killed all the game that came across me; I converted but a small portion of it into money on the borders, the greater part I suffered to rot. I lived miserably, in order only to afford the expense of powder and lead. My devastations in the chase became notorious, but suspicion no longer oppressed me; my aspect extinguished it; my name was forgotten.

"I led this kind of life for several months. One morning I had, according to my custom, wandered through the wood to follow the track of a stag. I had wearied myself in vain during two hours, and I already began to give up my prey when I suddenly discovered it within shot. I was about to take aim and fire, but suddenly the sight of a hat that lay on the ground a few steps before me startled me. I examined more closely and distinguished the huntsman Robert, who from behind the thick trunk of an oak took aim at the very stag for which I had designed the shot. A death-like chillness ran through my bones at this sight. That was just the man whom, of all living things, I hated the most fearfully, and this man was given into the power of my bullet. It seemed to me in this moment as if the whole world lay in my musket-shot, and the hatred of my whole life crowded itself together in the single finger with which I should make the murderous pressure. An invisible, fearful hand hovered above me, the hand of fate pointed irrevocably to this dark hour. My arm trembled as I held my gun in frightful indecision; my teeth chattered as in a fever shivering; the breath stopped chokingly in my lungs. For a moment the direction of my gun wavered uncertainly between the man and the stag; for a moment—and then another—and yet another. Revenge and conscience struggled obstinately and doubtfully; but revenge conquered, and the huntsman lay dead on the ground.

"My weapon fell with the shot. 'Murderer!' I stammered slowly. The forest was silent as a churchyard; I heard distinctly that I said murderer. As I stole nearer the man died. Long stood I speechless by the dead; at length a loud fit of laughter relieved me. 'Will you now keep a secret, my good friend?' said I, and stepped up boldly, at the same time turning the face of the murdered man upwards. The eyes were wide open. I became serious and grew suddenly silent again; it began to grow strange to me.

"Until now I had sinned to be even with my disgrace; now something had happened for which I had not yet paid the penalty. An hour before I think no man could have persuaded me that there was yet something worse than I under heaven, now I began to believe that one hour ago I was much to be envied.

"The judgment of God never came into my mind, but only some, I know not what, confused recollection of cords and swords, and the execution of an infanticide which I had seen when a school-boy. Something particularly frightful to me lay in the thought, that from henceforward my life was forfeited. I remember nothing more. I wished directly that he had still lived. I laboured to acquire a lively recollection of all the evil which the deceased had caused me when alive, but, strange! my memory appeared extinguished; I could call forth nothing more of all that which a quarter of an hour before had brought me to madness. I could not conceive how I had come to do this murder.

"Still I stood by the corpse. The cracking of whips and the rumbling of waggons coming through the wood brought me to myself: it was scarcely a quarter of a mile from the high road where the deed was done; I must think of my safety.

"I involuntarily lost myself deeper in the forest. On the way it occurred to me that the murdered man had formerly possessed a watch; I required money to reach the border, and yet I wanted courage to turn back to the place where the dead man lay. Here a thought startled me of the devil, and of the omnipresence of God. I collected my whole courage; determined to fight against all hell, I went back to the place. I found what I had expected, and in a green purse something less than a dollar in money. Just as I was about to take both I suddenly stopped and considered; it was no fit of shame, nor of fear to increase my guilt by robbery, I think it was scorn which made me throw the watch from me again and keep only half the money. I chose to be taken for a personal enemy of the murdered man, but not for his plunderer.

"Now I fled towards the forest. I knew that the wood extended itself northwards four German miles, and there formed the boundary of the country. I continued running breathlessly until mid-day. The hastiness of my flight had dispelled the anguish of my conscience, but this returned more frightfully as my strength grew fainter and fainter. A thousand horrible figures went past me, and struck like sharp knives into my breast. A frightful choice was now left me between a life full of a restless fear of death, and a violent suicide, and I was obliged to choose. I had not the heart to leave the world by self-murder, and I was terrified at the prospect of remaining in it. Divided between the certain torments of life and the uncertain fear of eternity, alike unfit to live or die, I got over the sixth hour of my flight—an hour pressed full of tortures which no living man can describe.

"Thoughtfully and slowly, my hat drawn unconsciously far over my face, as if this could make me not to be recognised in the eyes of inanimate nature, I had insensibly followed a narrow foot-path which led me through the darkest part of the thicket, when suddenly a rough authoritative voice behind me called 'Halt!' The voice was quite close; my distraction and the hat pulled over my eyes had prevented me from looking about me. I looked up and saw a wild-looking man come towards me, who carried a great knotty club. His figure approached to gigantic—at least my first surprise led me to believe so—and the colour of his skin was of a yellow mulatto-black, from which the white of a squinting eye stood out hideously. He had, instead of a girdle, a thick cord wrapped twice round a green woollen coat, in which was stuck a broad butcher's knife, with a pistol. The call was repeated, and a strong arm held me fast. The sound of a human being had put me in fear, but the sight of a villain gave me courage. In the condition in which I now was I had cause to tremble before every honest man, but no longer any before a robber.

"'Who goes there?' said the apparition.

"'One like you,' was the reply, 'if you are really what you seem.'

"'The road leads not out in that direction; what seek you here?'

"'What right have you to ask?' I answered boldly.

"The man looked at me twice from head to foot; it appeared as if he wished to compare my figure with his own, and my answer with my figure.

"'You speak roughly, like a beggar,' he said at last.

"'That may be, I was one even yesterday.'

"The man laughed. 'One could have sworn it,' he cried, 'you would not now pass for anything better.'

"'For something worse then.' I attempted to go on.

"'Softly, friend, what drives you on so? How much time have you to lose?'

"I thought for a moment; I know not how the words came upon my tongue. 'Life is short,' I said slowly, 'and hell endures for ever.'

"He looked at me hard. 'I will be damned,' he said at last, 'but you have strolled near a gallows somewhere.'

"'That may happen yet; therefore *au revoir, camarade.*'

"'So be it, camarade,' he cried, as he drew a tin bottle out of his hunting pocket, took a hearty draught from it, and handed it to me.

"Flight and anxiety had consumed my strength, and the whole of this frightful day nothing had passed my lips. I was already afraid of fainting in the forest, where for three miles round I could hope for no refreshment. It may be judged how cheerfully I

pledged the offered toast. New strength flew to my body with this refreshing draught, fresh courage to my heart, and hope, and the love of life. I began to believe that I was not yet quite miserable; this welcome drink could do so much. Yes, I confess it, my condition again bordered on a happy one, for after a thousand disappointed hopes I had found a being who appeared to resemble me. In the condition to which I had sunk, I had drunk in fellowship with the spirits of hell in order to have a confidant.

"The man stretched himself on the grass; I did the same.

"'Your drink has done me good,' I said; 'we must become acquaintances.'

"He struck fire to light his pipe.

"'Have you been long at this business?'

"He looked at me steadfastly. 'What do you mean by that?'

"'Has this been often bloody?' I drew the knife from his girdle.

"'Who are you?' he exclaimed terribly, and threw the pipe from him.

"'A murderer like you, but only a beginner.'

"The man looked at me fixedly, and took his pipe again.

"'You do not live here?' he said at last.

"'Three miles from hence; the landlord of the Sun, at L—— if you have heard of me.'

"The man sprang up like one possessed. 'The poacher Wolf,' he exclaimed hastily.

"'The same.'

"'Welcome, comrade, welcome,' he cried, and shook me forcibly by the hand. 'It is capital that I have you at last, Wolf. For days and years I have been thinking how to catch you. I know you well; I know of all; I have long reckoned on you.'

"'Reckoned upon me! and wherefore?'

"'The whole country is full of you; you have enemies, a bailiff has oppressed you, Wolf; they have ruined you, their dealing with you cries to Heaven.' The man grew hot. 'Because you have shot a couple of boars, which the prince fed upon our fields and acres, they have sent you about for years to the house of correction and the fortifications; they have robbed you of your house and business; they have made you a beggar. Is it come to this, brother, that a man is to be of no more value than a hare? Are we not better than the beasts of the field? And a lad like you could endure this!'

"'Could I alter it?'

"'That we will see. But tell me where do you come from now, and what are you doing in arms?'

"I told him my whole history. The man, without waiting until I had finished, sprang up with joyful impatience and drew near me.

"'Come, brother Wolf,' he said, 'now you are ripe, now I have you as I wanted you; I shall get honour by you; follow me.'

"'Where will you lead me?'

"'Do not stop to ask—follow.' He dragged me on forcibly.

"We had gone a short quarter of a mile; the forest grew steeper, more impenetrable, and wilder; neither of us spoke a word, until at last the whistle of my guide roused me from my meditations. I raised my eyes; we stood on the rugged brink of a rock, which descended into a deep cleft; a second whistle answered from the innermost recesses of the rock, and a ladder rose, as if of itself, slowly from the depths of the cave. My guide climbed down first, and told me to wait till he returned.

"'I must first tie up the dog,' he added; 'you are strange here, the animal would tear you to pieces.' With this he went.

"I now stood alone before the gulph, and I well knew that I was alone. The heedlessness of my guide did not escape my observation. It had only cost me a bold resolution to draw up the ladder, so I was free, and my flight secured. I confess that I perceived this. I looked down into the gulph which was now to receive me; it reminded me darkly of the abyss of hell from which there is no deliverance. I began to shudder at the course I was about to tread; only a speedy flight could save me; I resolve on this flight. I already stretch out my arm to the ladder, but suddenly it thunders in my ears; it sounds round about me like the mocking laughter of hell—What has a murderer to risk? and my arm falls back lame. My reckoning was full; the time of repentance was gone by; the murder I had committed lay behind me towering like a rock, and shut out my return for ever. At the same time my guide appeared again and announced to me that I must come. There was no longer any choice. I climbed down.

"We had gone on a few steps below the wall of rock, when the valley widened, and some huts became visible. In the midst of these there opened a round grass plot, on which a number of from eighteen to twenty persons had lain down round a coal fire. 'Here, comrades,' said my guide, and placed me in the middle of the circle, 'our friend Wolf; welcome him.'

"'Wolf!' they all cried together; and all rose up and crowded round me, men and women. Shall I confess it? The joy was unfeigned and hearty; confidence and even esteem appeared in each countenance. One pressed my hand, another shook me familiarly by the coat; the whole scene was like the return of an old and valued friend. My arrival had interrupted the feast which had just begun; they at once went on with it, and forced me to drink the welcome. Game of all kinds composed the meal, and the wine-flask travelled unweariedly from neighbour to neighbour. Feasting and harmony seemed to inspire the whole band,

and all strove to discover more immoderately their pleasure at my presence.

"They had placed me between two women, which was the place of honour at the table. I expected the dregs of their species, but how great was my astonishment when I discovered among this shameful gang the most beautiful female forms which had ever come before my eyes! Margaret, the elder and more beautiful of the two, could be scarcely five-and-twenty; Mary, the younger, was married, but had left a husband who had ill-used her. She was more delicately made, but looked pale and slender, and was less striking than her fiery neighbour. Both women strove to attract my attention; the beautiful Margaret by bold jests, but the whole woman was repugnant to me, and the timid Mary had gained my heart for ever.

"'You see, brother Wolf,' the man now began who had brought me hither, 'you see how we live among ourselves, and each day is like this. Is it not so, comrades?'

"'Each day like this,' the whole band repeated.

"'If you, then, can determine to find pleasure in our way of life, shake hands, and be our captain. Until now I have been captain, but I will give up to you. Are you content, comrades?'

"All voices answered by a cheerful 'Yes.'

"My heart glowed, my brain was stunned, my blood boiled with wine and excitement. The world had cast me out as an infected thing; here I found a brotherly reception, a merry life, and honour. Whatever choice I made, death awaited me; but here I could at least sell my life at a higher price. The other sex had hitherto shown me only contempt; here favour and unbounded pleasure were promised to my ruling passion. My determination cost me little.

"'I remain with you, comrades,' I cried aloud with firmness, and stepped into the midst of the band; 'I remain with you,' I cried again, 'if you will resign to me my lovely neighbour.'

"All agreed to grant my desire; I was the declared possessor of a mistress, and the head of a band of thieves."

The following portion of the history I entirely omit; what is simply detestable contains nothing instructive to the reader. An unhappy man who had sunk to this depth must at last lend himself to everything which is revolting to human nature; but he committed no second murder, as he himself declared.

The fame of this man soon spread itself through the whole province. The highways became unsafe, nightly burglaries disturbed the citizens, the name of Wolf was the terror of the country people, justice sought for him, and a reward was put upon his head. He was fortunate enough to baffle every attempt upon his freedom, and crafty enough to take advantage of the superstition of the wondering peasants for his security. They said that his

helpmates must fly away, he must have made a league with the devil, and know how to use witchcraft. The district in which he played his part belonged then, even less than it does now, to the enlightened part of Germany; these reports were believed, and his person secure. No one cared to engage himself with the dangerous man who held the devil in his service.

He had carried on this miserable business for a year, when it began to be unbearable to him. The gang at whose head he had placed himself did not fulfil his splendid expectations. A tempting outside had formerly, in the intoxication of wine, blinded him; now he, with horror, became aware how frightfully he had been deceived. Hunger and want appeared in the room of that abundance with which they had lulled him into rest; he was often obliged to risk his life for a meal which scarcely protected him from starving. The phantom of that brotherly union vanished; every suspicion and jealousy raged in the midst of this abandoned band. Justice had promised to whomsoever should deliver him up alive a reward, and if it were an accomplice a solemn pardon; a powerful temptation for the outcasts of the earth! The unhappy man knew his danger. The integrity of those who betrayed men and God was a bad security for his life. From this time his sleep was gone; an eternal anxiety corroded his rest; the frightful phantom of suspicion pursued him when he fled, tormented him when he woke, lay down with him when he slept, and terrified him with fearful dreams. His silent conscience suddenly found voice again, and the sleeping adder of remorse woke up upon this universal storm in his bosom. His hatred now turned from mankind, and directed its frightful edge against himself. He now forgave all nature, and found only himself to curse.

Crime had finished its lesson on the unhappy man; his naturally good understanding at last triumphed over the melancholy delusion. Now he felt how deeply he had fallen; a quiet melancholy came in the place of grating despair. With tears he wished to recall the past; he now knew certainly that he would go over it again quite differently. He began to hope that he might yet become honest, because he felt that he could become so; at the summit of his apparent depravity he was better in heart than he had perhaps been before his first step towards evil.

About this time the Seven Years' War broke out, and the levying went on vigorously. The unhappy man gathered hope from this circumstance, and wrote a letter to his reigning prince of which I here insert an abridgment.

"If it loathe not your princely kindness to descend even to me; if criminals such as I lie not beyond your pity, grant me a hearing, most illustrious sovereign. I am a thief and a murderer; the law condemns me to death, justice seeks me, and I offer to come for-

ward voluntarily. But at the same time I bring a strange request before your throne. I abhor my life, and fear not death; but it is frightful to me to die without having lived. I desire to live to make good a portion of the past; I desire to live to atone to the state which I have injured. My execution would be an example to the world, but no reparation of my deeds. I hate vice, and long ardently after integrity and virtue. I have shown ability to become fearful to my country; I hope that some power is yet left me to be useful to it.

"I know that I ask for a thing unheard of; my life is forfeited, it becomes me not to make terms with justice. But I appear not in chains and bonds before you; I am yet free, and fear has the smallest part in my request.

"It is for mercy that I pray; had I a claim upon justice I could no longer dare to make it good. Yet of one thing I would presume to remind my judge,—The time of my crimes dates from the sentence which deprived me for ever of my honour. Had greater moderation been shown to me then, I had perhaps needed no favour now.

"Let mercy stand for justice, my prince. If it lie in your princely power to forego the law for me, give me my life. It shall, from henceforward, be dedicated to your service. If you can do it, let me learn your gracious will through the newspapers, and I will appear on your princely word in the capital. If you determine otherwise with me, let justice do her part, I must do mine."

This petition remained unanswered, as also a second and third, in which the suppliant prayed for the place of a trooper in the service of the prince. His hope of pardon expired entirely: he therefore formed the resolution to fly the country, and to die a brave soldier in the service of the King of Prussia.

He escaped luckily from his band, and entered upon his journey. The way led him through a small country town where he intended to pass the night. Shortly before a sharp edict had been issued through the country for the rigid examination of travellers, because the reigning prince, a prince of the empire, had taken part in the war. Such a command had been also received by the keeper of the gates of this little town, who was sitting on a bench before the bar when Wolf rode up. The appearance of this man had in it something ludicrous, and at the same time wild and frightful. The meagre nag which he rode, and the burlesque selection of his articles of dress, in which, apparently, his taste had been less consulted than the chronology of his thefts, contrasted strangely enough with a countenance in which so many raging passions were displayed, like the mangled corpses on a field of battle. The gate-keeper started at the sight of this singular wanderer. He had grown grey at the gate, and a service of forty

years had made him an unerring physiognomist in all vagabonds. The eagle eye of this inquirer did not miss his man now. He immediately shut the gate, and demanded the horseman's passport, at the same time securing his reins. Wolf was prepared for an accident of this kind, and really carried with him a passport which he had not long since taken from a plundered merchant. But this single witness was not enough to render void the observation of forty years, and to move the oracle of the gate to a recantation. The gate-keeper believed his eyes rather than this paper, and Wolf was obliged to follow him to the office.

The superintendent of the place examined the passport and declared it to be correct. He was a sturdy worshipper of news, and particularly loved to talk over the news with a bottle before him. The passport informed him that the possessor came straight from the hostile country, which was the seat of the war. He hoped to coax some private intelligence from the stranger, and sent a secretary back with the passport to invite him to a bottle of wine.

In the meantime Wolf remained before the office; the ridiculous spectacle had assembled round him the mob of the town in troops. They whispered in each other's ears, pointed alternately to the horse and the rider, at length the excitement of the crowd rose to a loud tumult. Unluckily the horse, to which all now pointed, was a stolen one; he imagines that the horse has been described in an advertisement, and is recognised. The unexpected hospitality of the superintendent consummates his suspicion. Now he holds it for certain that the deception of the pass is discovered, and this invitation is the snare to take him alive and without opposition. His evil conscience makes a blockhead of him; he puts spurs to his horse and runs off without giving any answer.

This sudden flight is the signal for the uproar. "A thief!" all exclaim, and all rush after him. To the horseman life or death is upon it, he has already the start; his pursuers pant after him breathlessly, he is near his escape; but a heavy hand presses invisibly on him, the hour of his destiny has gone down, the inexorable Nemesis seizes on her debtor. The street to which he trusted himself has no outlet, he must turn back on his pursuers.

The noise of this occurrence has, in the meantime, set the whole town in an uproar; crowds on crowds assemble, all the streets are blocked up, an army of enemies comes marching against him. He shows a pistol, the people give way, he endeavours to force a way through the crowd. "This bullet," he cries, "is for the fool-hardy man who endeavours to restrain me." Fear imposes a general pause; a bold journeyman locksmith at last falls on his arm from behind, seizes the finger with which the frantic man was about to fire, and presses his wrist. The pistol falls; the weaponless man is pulled from his horse, and dragged back to the office in triumph.

"Who and what are you?" asked the magistrate.

"What I professed myself. I have travelled through the whole of Germany, and never but here met with impertinence."

"Your hasty flight made you very much suspected; why did you fly?"

"Because I was tired of being the jest of your mob."

"You threatened to fire?"

"My pistol was not loaded; let the weapon be examined; there was no ball in it."

"Why do you carry concealed weapons with you?"

"Because I have articles of value upon me, and because I have been warned of a certain Wolf who is said to rove about the country."

"Your answers say much for your assurance, but nothing for your honest business. I give you until morning to determine whether you will discover the truth to me."

"I shall stand to my declaration."

"Let him be taken to the tower."

"To the tower? Mr. Superintendent, I hope there is still justice in this country. I shall demand satisfaction."

"I will give it you as soon as you have justified yourself."

The next morning the superintendent reflected that the stranger might very possibly be innocent; an imperious tone could do nothing with his obstinacy; it were, perhaps, better to meet him with decency and moderation. He assembled the jury and ordered the prisoner to be brought out.

"Forgive the first ebullition, sir, if I yesterday treated you somewhat hardly."

"Very willingly, when you so apologise."

"Our laws are rigid, and your adventure made some noise. I cannot release you without violating my duty. Appearances are against you; I wish you could tell me something by which they might be confuted."

"What if I know nothing?"

"Then I must inform the governmen of the occurrence, and in the meanwhile you remain in strict custody."

"And then?"

"Then you run the risk of being scourged across the border as a vagrant; or, if they deal leniently with you, of falling into the hands of the recruiting officer."

He was silent for some minutes, and seemed to struggle violently; he then turned quickly to the magistrate—

"Can I be alone with you for a quarter of an hour?"

The jury looked at each other doubtfully, but withdrew on a signal from the magistrate.

"Now what do you wish?"

"Your yesterday's behaviour, Mr. Superintendent, would never

have brought me to a confession, for I defy form. The moderation with which you have treated me to-day inspires me with confidence and respect towards you. I believe that you are an honourable man."

"What have you to say to me?"

"I see that you are an honourable man; I have long wished for such a man as you. Let me take your hand."

"To what does this tend?"

"This head is grey and venerable; you have been long in the world, have seen many sorrows—is it not so?—and have become more merciful."

"Sir, what means this?"

"You stand but one step from eternity; soon, soon, you will need mercy with God; you will not deny it to man. Can you not guess? With whom think you that you speak?"

"What means this? you alarm me."

"Can you not guess? Write to your prince how you found me, that I was myself, of my free-will, my own betrayer; that God will one day be merciful to him as he is merciful to me. Pray for me, old man, and then let a tear fall upon your report. I am Christian Wolf!"

He died by the hangman's hands.

SONNET.

BY RICHARD ROTHWELL.

SUMMER shines forth in monarch pride and prime,
The forests, vested in rich dress of green,
Call on the earth and skies to yield a scene
Of nature's witching—simple, yet sublime.
The tiger-lily from a far-off clime,
In pomp barbaric as an Ethiop queen,
Towers o'er the blossoms of an humbler mien—
The fragrant mignionette and purple thyme.
The herds seek shelter from the sultry noon
In leafy shades, where murmuring along
The bubbling runnel sings a soothing tune,
And coolly thickets are alive with song.
Flowerets with sweets the languid air oppress,
And nature smiles in radiant loveliness.

THE NATIONAL CURRENCY.

We some time ago placed before our readers the leading features of a question of the deepest public interest—that of the National Currency; a question which, in its issue, enters into every pecuniary transaction of a man's life; which influences his every engagement; and one which, though at present it is little understood, will one day occupy every man's attention, and form one of the first elements of education for the future agriculturist, manufacturer, tradesman, and merchant; while to the rising landowner it will prove so important as to determine whether he is to receive any rental or not.

It has hitherto been very much the practice for, so-called, political economists to consider price without reference to one of its most essential elements—namely, money. Now price undoubtedly consists of two parts—the commodity to be disposed of and the money by which it is to be paid for. If, in all considerations of price, the former of these is only taken into view, it is obvious that the question will be but half discussed and understood.

Into this second element of price, however, there enters another constituent, that which superadds to natural cost—namely, taxation on the commodities consumed in producing; where this extensively prevails, as in Great Britain, a money varying from the currency of the world, not so taxed, is requisite. The taxation to which we refer, our readers will be aware, has its origin in our heavy national debt.

It does not appear to have been seen by our legislators and statesmen that while gold—a scarce foreign commodity—might represent the values of Great Britain in 1792, when the national debt was under two hundred and fifty millions and the population one half only what it now is, it is a very different matter in the present day—when the debt is full seven hundred and seventy millions and its population doubled—to attempt to measure its highly-taxed prices by such a circulating medium. Yet such has been the attempt of her Majesty's present Prime Minister by his Bank Charter Bill of last, and by his Scotch and Irish Banking Bills of the present session.

The Right Honourable Baronet, it is quite evident, has greatly receded from his original intention with regard to the application of his fond theory to Scotland and Ireland. He has postponed the period when he will bring these countries to the rigorous compression of their circulation which he has inflicted upon England, but

he has done quite enough to render it certain that when a monetary convulsion shall take place in England, the sister countries will participate in the mischief that will ensue; and when that period shall arrive the steps recently taken will secure that the whole monetary system of the empire will be remodelled and placed once more upon a rational foundation—that devised by the immortal William Pitt; a basis that will permit the rapidly growing population and the intelligent energy of the producers full and rightful play. Experience of the past will enable us to correct all that was unstable in the system which, from necessity, was hastily adopted by Mr. Pitt under the emergency of the European war. But the principle of a conventional currency will be the same, because it was a principle sanctioned, not only by the experience we had of unexampled prosperity during the long war, but of the progressive advance made by this nation in a career of six hundred years, during which our currency was of a symbolic character; and because the principle is accordant with the practical experience and profound wisdom of Lycurgus and Solon, of Plato and Aristotle.

It was lamentable to observe on the recent introduction of the subject of Scotch and Irish banking, that the only question raised by the otherwise intelligent bankers of the former country related to about four hundred thousand pounds of permitted circulation. They left the entire question of currency otherwise untouched, and this under the mistaken notion that their present amount of one-pound-note issues not being disturbed they are safe. Not so, however; their only safety would have been found in the performance of duty in the session of 1844; they should at that time have joined their English fellow-subjects in resisting with firmness the Bank Charter Bill, by which, according to Sir Robert Peel, the fatal monetary policy of 1819 was to be completed.

But one of powerful influence—the influence of established literary character—has stepped out from the ranks of his satisfied countrymen, and has compensated in a great measure for their silence. Mr. Alison, the author of "Europe during the French Revolution," has just sent forth a volume entitled "England in 1815 and 1845;" a volume that should be in the hands of every man who wishes to understand this great social question in its relation to "a sufficient or a contracted currency."

We cannot resist the temptation of furnishing our readers with the following extracts from the commencement and the close of the volume:—

"No one can have considered the state of the British empire during the last half century, without being convinced that some great and unprecedented causes have been at work in producing the prodigious fluctuation and change of fortunes by which its domestic history has in that time been distinguished. Nothing

similar to it ever occurred without external disaster, or the actual overthrow of society by the ravages of war, since the beginning of the world. It is hard to say whether these changes appear most extraordinary on a retrospect of their effects in times past, or on a contemplation of their results in times present. They have exhibited a combination of prosperity and adversity, of strength and weakness, of riches and poverty, of progress and decline, of grandeur and debility, of joy and sorrow, unparalleled in any former ages of the world, and which, in future times, instructed by our errors and warned by our sufferings, will probably never again occur.

"During the first four years of that period distress and anxiety generally prevailed, and the nation, labouring alike under external disaster and internal suffering, with difficulty sustained the languid exertions and comparatively small cost of the early years of the war. The whole expenditure of the state, including the interest of the debt, was fifteen million pounds in 1793, and by the year 1796 it had risen to thirty-seven million pounds. The latter sum was considered by Mr. Pitt as so excessive, that he said, in parliament, 'It never had been equalled, and probably never would be surpassed.' During these four years one only victory at sea—that of Howe—was achieved; we were driven with disgrace from Flanders, Holland, and the north of Germany; Toulon beheld our standards recede before the rising star of Napoleon; our continental alliances were all, with the exception of that with Austria and Russia, broken up; and from the Texel to Gibraltar the whole coast was arrayed in fierce hostility to our arms. Nor was the internal suffering of this ill-omened period inferior to its external disaster. It began with the severe commercial distress of 1793, unprecedented at that period in intensity and duration, and which was only relieved by an extensive loan to the trading classes by Government; and it terminated in the dreadful monetary crisis and run upon the Bank and mutiny in the fleet in the spring of 1797, which reduced the Government to the necessity of suspending cash payments, and brought the nation to the brink of ruin.

"The next eighteen years of the war, from 1797 to 1815, were, as the world knows, the most glorious, and, taken as a whole, the most prosperous, which Great Britain had ever known. 'Ushered in by a combination of circumstances the most calamitous, both with reference to external security and internal industry, it terminated in a blaze of glory and a flood of prosperity which have never, since the beginning of the world, descended upon any nation. Hardly had the run upon the Bank shaken to its centre the whole fabric of our commercial industry, and the mutinies at the Nore, Plymouth, and off Cadiz paralysed the arm of our naval defenders, when the victories of St. Vincent and Camperdown again restored to us the dominion of the seas; and ere long the

thunderbolts of the Nile and Trafalgar prostrated the naval strength of the enemy, and the victories of Wellington first arrested, and at length broke, his military power. Prosperity, universal and unheard of, pervaded every department of the empire. Our colonial possessions encircled the earth—the whole West Indian Islands had fallen into our hands; an empire of sixty millions of men in Hindostan acknowledged our rule; Java was added to our Eastern possessions; and the flag of France had disappeared from every station beyond the sea. Agriculture, commerce, and manufactures at home, had increased in an unparalleled ratio; the landed proprietors were in affluence; wealth to an unheard-of extent had been created among the farmers; the soil, daily increasing in ertility and breadth of cultivated land, had become adequate to the maintenance of a rapidly increasing population; our exports, imports, and tonnage, had more than doubled since the war began; and though distress, especially during 1810 and 1811, had at times been severely experienced among the manufacturing operatives, yet, upon the whole, and in average years, their condition was one of extraordinary prosperity. The revenue raised by taxation within the year had risen to seventy-two million pounds, from twenty-one million pounds in 1796; the total expenditure from taxes and loans had reached in 1814 and 1815 the enormous amount of a hundred and seventeen million pounds each year. In the years 1813 and 1814, being the twentieth and the twenty-first of the war, Great Britain had above a million of men in arms in Europe and Asia, and remitted eleven million pounds yearly in subsidies to the continental powers. Yet was this prodigious and unheard-of expenditure so far from exhausting either the capital or resources of the country, that the loan in 1814 was obtained at the rate of four pounds eleven shillings and a penny per cent., being a lower rate than that paid at the commencement of the war; although the annual loan at its close was above thirty-five million pounds, and the population of the empire at that period was only eighteen millions, just two-thirds of what it was found to be by the census of 1841.

"Since the year 1819 the empire has exhibited the most extraordinary spectacle that the world has perhaps ever witnessed; and it is to it that we earnestly request the attention of our readers, because then began the series of causes and effects in which we have ever since been, and still are, involved.

"Considered in one point of view, there never was a nation which, in an equal space of time, had made so extraordinary a progress. Its population had advanced from twenty millions six hundred thousand in 1819, to twenty-eight millions in 1844; its imports had increased from thirty million pounds in the former period, to seventy million pounds in the latter; its exports had advanced during the same period from forty-four million pounds

to a hundred and thirty million pounds; its shipping from two million three hundred and fifty thousand tons to three million nine hundred thousand. There never, perhaps, was such a growth in these the great limbs of industry in so short a period in any other state. Nor had agriculture been behind the other staple branches of national industry. Its produce had kept pace with the income, unparalleled in an old state in the population, as well as the still more rapid multiplication of cattle and horses for the purposes of use and luxury; and amidst this extraordinary growth of consumption the still more extraordinary fact was exhibited of the average importation of grain steadily declining from the commencement of the century, till at length, anterior to the six bad seasons in succession, which commenced in 1836, it had sunk to four hundred thousand quarters on an average of the five preceding years, being not a hundredth part of the annual consumption of men and animals, which is about fifty million quarters. And what is most extraordinary of all, the returns of the income tax, when laid on even in the year 1842, a period of severe and unprecedented commercial depression, proved the existence, in Great Britain alone, of two hundred million pounds of annual income of persons enjoying above a hundred and fifty pounds a-year each; of which immense sum about a hundred and fifty million pounds was from the fruits of *realized capital*, either in land or some other durable investment. It is probable that such an accumulation of wealth never existed before in any single state, not even in Rome at the period of its highest splendour.

"Considered in another view, there never was a period in which a greater amount of financial embarrassment has been experienced by Government, or more wide-spread and acute suffering been endured by the people. So far has the exchequer been from sharing in the flood of wealth which has thus been so profusely poured into the empire, that it has, with the exception of two or three years of extraordinary and perilous prosperity, been, during the whole of this period, in a state of difficulty, which at last brought the nation to such a pass that it was extricated from absolute insolvency only by the re-imposition, during European peace, of the war income-tax. Not only was the provident and far-seeing system of Mr. Pitt for the redemption of the debt practically abandoned during the necessities of this calamitous period, but the national account was turned the other way, and the annual deficiency gradually increased till it had reached the enormous amount of four million pounds annually, and added, in six years of peace, no less than eleven million pounds to the amount of the national debt. The nation, during the latter years of the war, prospered and experienced general well-being under an annual taxation of seventy-two million pounds, drawn from eighteen millions of souls: in the latter years of the peace it has, with the utmost difficulty, drawn

fifty million pounds from a population of twenty-seven millions. Wages in the former period were high, employment abundant, the working classes prosperous, with an export of British and colonial produce of from forty-five million to fifty million pounds annually: in the latter wages were low, employment difficult, suffering universal, with an annual exportation to the amount of a hundred and twenty million to a hundred and thirty milion pounds.

"But extraordinary and apparently inexplicable as these facts are, they are yet exceeded in marvel by the details of our social and economical state during this period of unparalleled increase in our material resources. It may safely be affirmed that the anxiety and distress which have been felt during that brilliant period of national growth have never been surpassed, at least in a state possessing the external mark of prosperity. It is well known to what straits the Bank of England has been reduced on two different occasions in that period. In December, 1825, it is sain they were saved from stopping payment only by the accidental discovery of a chest of old notes, and the fortunate receipt of a large remittance of bullion from Rothschild; in November, 1839, their stock of specie was reduced to two million eight hundred thousand pounds, and they were under the necessity of negotiating a loan of several millions sterling from the Bank of France."

We have furnished enough to show the contrast Mr. Alison draws between "a sufficient" currency as it existed before the fatal Monetary Act of 1819, and "a contracted" currency, which has unhappily ruled since the passing of that measure. We will only add the following impressive and eloquent passage from the closing part of the volume.

"It is often said that the bill of 1819 was a great error, but that it has been got over; that prices have become accommodated to the new scale; that the sufferers by it are bankrupt, dead, and buried, and that everything would be thrown into confusion again if any change were now made. The seven hundred and seventy-five millions of the national debt has not become accommodated to the change; the thousand millions of private debts in the community has not found its debtors inured to the change; the payers of taxes, whose incomes have been lowered fifty *per cent.* by its effects, have not become reconciled to the change; the manufacturing and commercial classes, exposed every five or six years to a frightful monetary crisis, fatal to a large part of the persons engaged in business, in consequence of the present obligation of the Bank to pay in specie at the Mint prices, are not enamoured of it; the farmers, who find the prices received for their produce lowered from *fifty to seventy-five per cent.* are not reconciled to it; the nation, whose resources have been so seriously impaired by its effects, that any increase from indirect taxation has become im-

possible, and the *ultima ratio* of an income tax has become indispensable in the thirtieth year of peace, has not become accustomed to it. The evils of the system, as long as it is adhered to, are lasting, corroding, and irremoveable. They are not over; they are only in their infancy."

These extracts will, no doubt, lead some of our readers to inquire for a remedy to a state of things so alarming. In a future article we will furnish them with the remedy suggested by Mr. Alison, and by others. In the meantime, the great object of all should be to promote, in every constitutional way, an inquiry into the effects of our existing circulating medium on prices, on the wages of labour, and on the comfort, happiness, and prosperity of the whole of the producing classes. We will only now add, that the statistics in the appendix to Mr. Alison's volume are beyond expression valuable; they will do much to bring the question to a speedy and a just decision.

EARLY FRIENDSHIPS.

BY THE STUDENT.

WHERE are the friends of earlier years—
The fond, the faithful-hearted—
With whom we shared the smiles and tears
Of days long since departed?

The friends who cheer'd our infant hours,
And childhood's moments brighten'd,
Whose fondness strewed life's path with flowers,
And every sorrow lighten'd—

Oh! *where* are they? The stream of time
Has never ceased its flowing,
But on its breast our manhood's prime
To age is swiftly going.

And swiftly, too, adown that tide
Have pass'd those friends once round us;
But death's dark stream shall ne'er divide
The links of love that bound us.

No! though the friends of earlier years
Within the tomb are sleeping,
This thought shall dry our falling tears,
This hope shall stay our weeping—

The thought, that when our days are past,
The links death cannot sever
Shall then be made more truly fast
In perfect bliss for ever.

GLEANINGS FROM MY SKETCH-BOOK.

BY N. B.

No. I.

THE WIDOWED BRIDE.

It was a tempestuous evening in the dreary month of November when a large party were assembled around a glowing fire in the hospitable mansion of Dr. D——, late resident physician to the —— Lunatic Asylum. Music and dancing were laid aside, and all eyes were bent in eager expectation on the doctor, who held in his hand a book containing several very lovely portraits.

"Did you indeed know the original of this?" exclaimed one of the group, pointing to a beautiful girl, apparently about eighteen, splendidly attired in a robe of white satin ornamented with pearls and orange flowers; "but how strange that black crape veil looks over that elegant wreath!"

"Yes, my dear girl, I knew her well, and her's, alas! is a sad, sad tale; and now I recollect, it was twenty years ago this very day that I first became acquainted with her."

"Pray tell us how, dear Dr. D——," exclaimed half-a-dozen voices at once. And, thus petitioned, he began:—

"Well, then, it is just twenty years ago this very evening that I was aroused from a gentle slumber, into which I had fallen in my easy chair, by the entrance of a servant with a note, which merely contained these words—'Dr. D—— is entreated to lose no time in hastening to the —— Inn, to meet a patient destined for the —— Asylum, but who is now too ill to continue her journey unless it be under his care.' This inn was about sixteen miles from my residence, situated on a dreary moor many miles in extent, to reach which I should have to traverse a most unfrequented road. It was therefore in no very good humour that I proceeded to do the bidding of the unknown writer; for in his haste (the note had evidently been written hurriedly) he had forgotten to add his signature. The rain was descending in torrents, and the wind howled fearfully; indeed, so terrific was the storm that at first my horses refused to brave it, but by dint of spurring and flogging we at last set off. Faster and faster fell the rain, higher and higher rose the tempest, yet still we journeyed on; when suddenly the progress of the carriage was arrested, and the postilion informed me that the lights were out and he could not see a step. What was to be done? To return was useless, espe-

cially as with the numerous cross roads by which our path would be intersected, it would scarcely be possible in the dark to take the right one; and there we were, on the borders of a wide common, without a light or guide, and my servant totally ignorant of the country, having been in my service only a few weeks.

"'You must trust to the horses,' I exclaimed; 'I remember I baited them at this inn once, though it is now a long time since.'

"Slowly and step by step we proceeded; *now* splashing through what were once mere rivulets, or at least but brawling brooks, but which the floods had swollen into torrents; *then* coming in contact with branches of trees which the blast had riven, for the storm still raged with unabated fury; and it must have been past midnight when my servant descried a light in the distance. 'Make for it!' was my order, and with what haste he could he obeyed. The light, which was at first very faint, gradually became more distinct, and at last we discovered ourselves near a cottage which my recollection told me was about five miles from my destination. As we drew near, a sudden thought darted across my mind—had not dark tales of darker doings reached me about this very dwelling? I would fain have passed on, but procure a light we must; there was now no help for it, and I bade my servant rouse the inmates. A few knocks, and a man's voice gruffly asked—

"'Who's there?'

"'Doctor D——,' I replied, thinking it better at once to let them know who I was; 'I am on my way to a patient, and if you will give my servant a light I shall be obliged to you, as my lamps are gone out.'

"A light was soon procured, and he bade us a surly 'Good night,' but not before I had discerned the sturdy figures of two or three ill-looking fellows peering at me through the half-open door. Great caution was necessary in crossing the heath, for even by day-light it was dangerous to do so; and slowly we proceeded on our dreary way. Unwilling to alarm my servant, yet feeling how necessary it was for him to be on his guard, I was just about to bid him keep a good look-out, when, amid the howling of the storm, I heard a faint whistle, and in a few seconds I fancied it was returned. 'Report, then, has not wronged these villains,' I mentally exclaimed, and my first step was to order the postilion to drive for his life, my next to bethink me of some weapon of defence. I had none but a case of surgical instruments which, by mere chance, I happened to have about me; but what were these against well-armed ruffians? At that instant the horses were suddenly seized, the postilion knocked off, and two men presented themselves with loaded pistols at each door of the carriage. Resistance, I saw at a glance, would be useless—nay, madness; and I felt the necessity of obeying their command to deliver my purse, when the tramp of horses' feet was heard, and the sound of

voices reached us; nearer and nearer they came; and my assailants, fearful (for conscience makes cowards of us all), hurried off, and left me to the mercy of the new comers. Fortunately they proved to be two persons sent from the inn to expedite my arrival, as, from the delay, they feared that some accident had occurred or that I had lost my way. Under their guidance I soon reached the inn, and was met at the door by a venerable old man, whose silvered locks floated in the cold night wind, and whose furrowed cheek was coursed by many a tear.

"'My child! oh! save my child!' broke from his trembling lips as, with a convulsive grasp, he seized my hand, and hurrying me into the house threw open the door of a small room, where, reclining on a sofa, was a being beautiful as thought. Her jet black tresses were scattered in rich profusion over the humble pillow which supported her death-like form; and though the palor of death cast its marble hue over her countenance, nought could surpass its loveliness.

"'Save, oh! save my child!' again and again groaned the old man, 'and I will bless you; give me back my loved, my only one.'

"But there she lay, motionless, apparently lifeless; and in answer to my queries I learnt that she had been in that state for nearly twelve hours. At first they thought she had fainted, but, as the usual remedies had been resorted to without effect, it was deemed desirable that I should be sent for. An elderly female attendant, who replied to my questions, watched with great anxiety my countenance as I examined the pulse of my patient, and by a sign gave me to understand that she had something to communicate. An opportunity soon presented itself, and she informed me with great emotion that the *mind* of her young lady was affected. 'Yet he cannot believe it,' she said; 'and it is only through the solicitations of his friends, and at the urgent request of her medical attendants, that her father has consented to her being removed from home. Every doctor in London of any skill has been consulted, and all say that the —— Asylum is the only place for her. It has cost my master many thousands, and I'm sure he would not mind as many more could Miss Lucy—I mean Mrs. Ventnor—recover.'

"'Mrs. Ventnor!' I exclaimed, 'surely she is not married; so young, too, poor girl!'

"'Yes, sir,' said the old nurse, 'she is very young, hardly nineteen; and she was not eighteen when she was married.'

"'But how came this dreadful calamity to befal her?' I asked; 'not ill-treatment, I hope?'

"'Oh, no! doctor, for he loved the very ground she walked on; but he died suddenly the day they were married, and her brain has been turned ever since.'

"Here our conversation was interrupted by the frequent repe-

tition of my name, and I hastened to return to the room which I had quitted. It was the old man's voice which I had heard, and I soon perceived the cause of the summons in the altered appearance of my patient. A slight flush tinged her cheek, and she sighed heavily; and though no ray of intelligence beamed from the half-open eye, still any change was better than the lethargic state in which she had so long lain.

"'She lives! she breathes!' exclaimed the doating father. 'Lucy, my hope, my pride, the solace of my old age, speak to me one word, only one, to bless and cheer me!' and the old man sank on his knees and sobbed like a child.

"After a short interval I considered it advisable that the invalid should reach her resting-place as soon as possible, and, accordingly, we commenced our journey homewards. Pitying the distress of Mr. Beverton, I requested him to become my guest for a few days, until he had, in some little measure, overcome his reluctance to leave his daughter with strangers. For the first few days Lucy lay in an unconscious state, heeding nothing, and seemingly ignorant of any change in the persons or things around her; but by degrees her accustomed wildness of manner returned, and on paying my usual morning visit, I one day found her arrayed exactly as described in this portrait, 'with a cheek as hueless as the flowers that bound her raven hair.' A white satin robe fell in massy folds around her perfect figure. It was her bridal dress; and yet, as if, even in her madness, a gleam of the sad truth had burst forth, she had thrown a widow's veil over her wreath of orange flowers.

"'See, see!' she whispered, in a mysterious manner, 'this is my wedding-day, and this,' extending her delicate finger on which she wore a plain wedding-ring, 'is *his* gift; my own Charles placed it there;' and kissing it fondly, she murmured, 'we will never, never part. Is not this beautiful?' she continued, drawing from her bosom a silken bag which contained a small piece of paper, from which she read, in a low, sweet tone, the following lines:—

"'There's not a word thy lip hath breath'd,
A look thine eye hath given,
That is not shrin'd within my heart
Like to a dream of heaven.
There's not a spot where we have met,
A fav'rite flower or tree;
There's not a scene by thee belov'd
That is not priz'd by me.

Whene'er I hear the linnet's song,
Or the blithe woodlark's lay,
Or mark upon the golden west
The rosy clouds decay;
Whene'er I catch the breath of flowers
Or music from the tree,
Thought wings her way to distant bowers,
And memory clings to thee.'

"As she concluded these beautiful lines, rendered still more touching by her impassioned manner, she paused, and a shade of sadness flitted over her lovely face; then uttering a fearful shriek, which the lapse of years has not effaced from my recollection, she seized my arm and screamed forth in accents of terror—

"'They shall not tear thee from me! I will cling to thee whilst I have life! Charles! Charles! do you not hear me? 'Tis Lucy, thy own Lucy, who calls on thee and bids thee stay. See! see! they mock at my despair! fiends, devils, furies, all the powers of earth shall not wrest him from me! Father! father! help! for God's sake, help!'

"For hours after this sad scene the unfortunate girl lay in the same state as when I first saw her. Vainly did I resort to every possible restorative, and I indeed feared that the bruised and wounded spirit had quitted its earthly abode; but it was not so. Slowly and sadly the long hours of that dreary night wore on, and the solemn stillness was broken only by the sobs of the poor old man, watching with a parent's love for the slightest ray of hope; but as the grey dawn appeared, poor Lucy gave some signs of returning life, and at last she murmured forth some indistinct words. Having again successfully administered further restoratives, I left her to the care of her nurse, enjoining perfect quietude, and promising to see her again in two hours. As I approached her chamber, the full, rich, mellow tones of a female voice burst on my ear, now swelling to its fullest compass, now dying on my entranced senses with an unearthly sweetness. Oh! never, never had I heard so wild, so sweet a strain. The words—for as I drew near I could distinguish them—were these:—

> "'They bid me forget thee, they tell me that now
> The grave damp is staining that beautiful brow;
> But thy gay laugh returns in the silence of sleep,
> And I start from my slumbers to listen and weep.'

"'Doctor, doctor,' eagerly exclaimed the father, as I gently opened the door, 'there is hope—I see, I feel there is hope—for she weeps.'

"And so it was; her own sad, sweet melody had opened the flood-gates of her grief, and she wept long and violently; indeed, so unrestrained was her emotion that I dreaded its effects on her delicate frame.

"'Father! dear father!' she at last said, in a low, faint voice, 'come nearer, closer, yet closer. Where am I, father? not in my own loved home? Father! dear father! tell me.'

"The old man struggled to repress his emotion (for I whispered—'Be calm, for God's sake be calm! any excitement will destroy her'), and said—

"'You are with your friends, dearest, with those who love and

cherish you; compose yourself, my own one. You have been ill, very ill; but the Almighty has heard my prayers and restored you to me.'

"'Oh, father! I have had a fearful dream. I thought it was my bridal-day, and that, leaning on your arm, I stood before the altar. Charles, too, was there; and when I gave him my hand, *his* was cold, icy cold; and when he should have spoken, his lips were motionless; and there, standing by his side, was a skeleton form, which wound its arms around him and bore him from me. Oh! so fearful was it, that now, even now, I can scarcely doubt its dreadful reality.'

"At that moment her eye fell on her strange attire—the black veil falling in folds over her snowy dress, and the bridal token glittering on her finger—then, with a piercing shriek, which rose higher and higher till it ended in the yell of a maniac, she fell senseless in the outstretched arms of her father. Life was indeed extinct, and her pure spirit had taken its everlasting flight; the silver cord, which had been too highly strung, had snapped in twain, and the Widowed Bride lay motionless and dead.

"Would that I had been spared the sight of that old man's grief; there he knelt, supporting the lifeless form of his only child. His whole frame shook with emotion, and the cold drops of agony burst forth from every pore.

"'My child! my child!' at length he groaned; 'my pride, my joy, the bright star of my existence, my beautiful, my true, would that I had died for thee, my child, my child!'

"His voice grew fainter and fainter, his grasp grew less firm, the eyes became fixed. I looked; he was dead! Yes, they who had loved so well and truly in life, in death were not separated. They sleep together in the family vault in —— Church, and this simple inscription alone marks her monument—'The Widowed Bride.'"

THE MILK-MAIDS OF DORT.*

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

See the first blush of day—come away, come away!
The milk-kine are lowing, the lark trill sits lay;
While the rich and the great lose in sleep the sweet hours,
All the bloom and the freshness of morning are ours.

* The remarkable preservation of the city of Dort, in Holland, by the pretty milk-maids, would furnish materials for an interesting musical farce. The Spaniards, intending to besiege the city of Dort, had accordingly planted some thousands of soldiers in ambush, to be ready for the attack the moment opportunity might offer. On the confines of the city lived a rich farmer, who kept a vast number of cows, in

Second Milk-maid.

As we trip o'er the meadows we make the vales ring
With the light roundelay we so merrily sing!
To hearts full of glee even labour is sport,
Court ladies may envy the Milk-maids of Dort.

Chorus of Milk-maids.

Oh! the merry milk-maids,
The merry merry milk-maids,
The merry merry Milk-maids of Dort.

First Milk-maid.

See the foe, see the foe, where in ambush they lie!
See the flash of their weapons like stars in the sky!
The dark men of Spain come, like wolves, to destroy
The fruits of our fields and the homes of our joy.

Second Milk-maid.

Softly now! not a gesture our fears must betray!
Laugh and sing as before while we pass on our way.
Let us fly to the city and rouse them to arms!
Softly now! lest our terror the foemen alarms.

Chorus of Milk-maids.

Oh! the merry milk-maids,
The merry merry milk-maids,
The merry merry Milk-maids of Dort!

his grounds, to furnish the city with butter and milk. His milk-maids, at this time, coming to the meadows to milk their cows, saw under the green hedges soldiers lying in ambush, but seemed (though frightened) to take no notice; and having milked their cows, they went away singing merrily. On coming to their master's house, they told him what they had seen; the honest farmer, alarmed at the relation, took one of the milk-maids (the most intelligent of the little band) with him to a Burgomaster at Dort, who immediately sent off a spy to ascertain the truth of the story. Finding the milk-maid's report to be correct, the Burgomaster began to prepare for safety, and instantly sent to the States, who ordered soldiers into the city, and commanded the river to be let in by a certain sluice, which would instantly lay that part of the country under water where the besiegers lay in ambush. This was forthwith done, and a vast number of the Spanish troops were drowned; the rest, being disappointed in their design, escaped, and the city was thus providentially saved. The States, to commemorate the memory of the merry milk-maids' good service to the country, ordered the farmer a large revenue for ever to recompense him for the loss of his house, land, and cattle; and caused the coin of the city to have a milk-maid milking a cow engraven thereon, which is to be seen at this day upon the Dort dollars, stivers, and doights; and similar figures were set up on the water-gate of the Dort; and, to complete their munificence, the chief milk-maid was allowed for her own life and her heirs for ever, a very handsome annuity.

THE HEIR OF THE CASTLE.

BY GEORGINA C. MUNRO, AUTHOR OF "THE VOYAGE OF LIFE," &c.

The night-winds wail in sadness
  Around the castle walls,
And the voice of human gladness
  Is mute within its halls;
There is silence where proud revels
  Were held in hours gone by,
For death, whose presence levels
  All states, is hov'ring nigh.

A veil'd lamp breaketh pallidly
  A chamber's shadowy gloom,
And forms flit round it silently,
  Like spirits by a tomb.
There is mournfulness and weeping,
  And Love, whose hope is vain,
Unwearied watch is keeping
  By its idol's couch of pain.

The cheek of youth is faded,
  Dulness is on the brow,
And by illusion shaded,
  Sense feels no kindness now—
Unheeding and unknowing,
  His gaze upon her turns,
For where pride once was glowing
  The fire of fever burns.

Yet her heart to hope is clinging,
  And her spirit shuns the thought
That *his* its flight is winging
  From a world with sorrow fraught:
She will not think him dying,
  Though in accents of despair
Her lips are wildly sighing
  A mother's earnest prayer:—

"I have seen them fall around me,
  I have wept o'er bier and tomb;
Yet every blow hath found me
  Unmurmuring at the doom

Which struck the tree and smote the flowers,
My heart had hop'd to find
A shelter in life's noon-day hours,
Blessings as it declin'd.

But this, my last, my only one,
With him I cannot part!
I cannot say, 'Thy will be done;'
Lord, spare a mother's heart!
Those whom thou hast recall'd I gave
With unrepining tears;
But, Lord, from desolation save
My yet unnumber'd years!

So young, so blest, so lov'd, thou wilt
Not take him hence away,
On whom my heart's last hopes are built,
Its sole remaining stay!
So young, so fair, he must not die!
O Father, leave him still
Awhile to soothe my agony,
And do on earth thy will!"

Hush'd were the sufferer's restless moans,
Silence was on the air
As died away the murmuring tones
Of incoherent prayer;
But soon a voice of melody
Breath'd sweetly in her ear,
"Thy prayer by Heaven is granted thee,
Death claims no victim here!"

As sunshine on the ocean,
As the sky by morning flush'd
Is the tide of glad emotion
Which hath o'er her bosom rush'd.
There is brightness o'er her spirit,
And hope upon her brow;
Such joy as few inherit
On this earth surrounds her now.

And over days, and months, and years
Flow'd on joy's gladd'ning tide:
The object of her wildest tears
Is now, in manhood's pride,
The flower of England's chivalry,
The favour'd child of Fame,
The proudest strains of minstrelsy
Rise loudly with his name.

With stainless honour, spotless heart,
He is her idol still;
The prayer which stayed death's icy dart,
How doth its mem'ry fill
Her soul with deepest happiness
As o'er it comes the thought,
That all which earth retains to bless
That wild petition bought!

'Mid the noblest and the haughtiest
She hath seen him station claim;
She hath seen amid the loveliest
Cheeks crimson at his name:
Will he not love? to him alone
Will beauty's light seem dim?
Nay, he hath heard a voice whose tone
Is melody to him.

Alas! unto another
That voice is music too;
As brother unto brother
Each has to each been true.
But *now* fierce flames are wreathing
In wildness round his soul,
The passions they are breathing
Rise far beyond control.

No smile on him is beaming;
Her heart to him is cold;
His friend of love is dreaming,
But *his* secret is untold.
Awhile the voice of duty calls
The dreamer o'er the sea;
And on the ear of beauty falls
The voice of treachery.

His knightly vows are broken,
His lips by falsehood stain'd;
The dark words by them spoken,
Hath not her soul disdain'd?
She hath heard the tale—believing;
But his vows by scorn are met—
Love, o'er desertion grieving,
To itself is faithful yet.

How grief its shroud is folding
Around the mother's heart!
All knowing, all beholding
Sadly her hopes depart.

Life's sky is o'er her dark'ning,
And its darkest hour is near;
Alas! she now is hearkening
To a tale of crime and fear.

Like the tempest's voice at midnight,
On the breath of foes it came,
To cast a dark and deadly blight
Upon a noble name;
That charge—his friend is found beneath
An oak, in secret slain—
That *he* hath wrought that deed of death,
One will, till death, maintain.

The loveliest and gentlest
Are met to look on strife,
Which, ere that sun shall sink to rest,
Must cost a champion's life;
Yet brilliant eyes are beaming
Upon the lists below,
And few that sight are deeming
A spectacle of woe.

From a lattic'd casement gazing,
The mother, too, is there,
And her heart a prayer is raising
For shelter from despair.
The trumpet soundeth in her ears—
Forth to their posts are led,
The child of many hopes and fears,
The kinsman of the dead.

They meet. Alas! she cannot weep,
Or turn her eyes away,
Yet would all sense had sunk to sleep
Before that fatal day!
On earth, by his accuser hurl'd,
He lies, in whom her love
Found all which chain'd unto this world
The thoughts she owed above.

She sees him lowly kneel amid
The hush of every sound;
She hears him tell the crimes long hid
In darkness most profound.
Earth claims the life so darkly stain'd,
The block awaits him here;
How shall the soul by sin enchain'd
Rise to a higher sphere?

She hears the sentence spoken—
  Oh! can such things be true?
Would that her heart had broken
  Ere she such anguish knew!
But hark! her lips are sighing—
  "O Lord, the guilt is mine!
For sinless he was dying
  Whom my heart would not resign!"

A sound, as winds and thunder
  Were battling in the sky,
As rocks were rent asunder,
  And torrents rushing by.
That nameless sound, upon the ear
  How terribly it broke!
And, with a start of pain and fear,
  The weeping mother *woke*.

No longer by the dying
  She kneels, for life is fled;
Yet softly she is sighing
  As she kneels beside the dead—
"Thou hast in mercy call'd away
  The widow's only son;
So be it mine to humbly say,
  'O Lord, thy will be done.'"

TO THE PARTED ONE.

And thou art now no longer near!
  From me, O fairest, thou hast flown!
Nor rings in my accustom'd ear
  A single word—a single tone.

As when, at morn, the wanderer's eye
  Pierces the air in vain to see
Where, hidden in the deep-blue sky,
  The lark pours forth its minstrelsy,—

So wanders anxiously my gaze,
  Piercing the field, the bush, the grove;
On thee still call my frequent lays:
  Oh! come to me again, dear love.

THE PREDICTION.

BY S. J. G.

CHAPTER I.

In the splendid drawing-room of the Castle Roeben sat the Lady Gerveida and her infant child. The mother was a lovely woman, though care, not time (for probably she had not seen more than five-and-twenty summers), had dimmed the lustre of her dark eyes, and left her cheek as pale as marble. A smile of gratification now rested on her lip, for a bevy of visitors was but just departed, and all had been loud in praising the little Julia.

"I marvel not that they admire you, my child," she said, pressing the babe to her bosom. "May your heart be as good as your face is beautiful; and, oh! may you be happier than your mother!"

As the lady spoke she rose, rang the bell, and in a few moments the nurse entered the room. She was a respectable-looking woman, about the medium height, with dark hair braided quietly under a neat cap, a clear calm blue eye, and features regular and comely; but, though far from being an elderly woman, her hair was streaked with grey, and there were some deep wrinkles on her brow and cheeks; and though the expression of the whole countenance was gentle and sweet, it was mingled with a strong degree of melancholy and subdued grief. It was said amongst her fellow-domestics that Mrs. Felton had suffered much; that herself, her husband, and four children had been shipwrecked; that she alone had escaped with life, and that some particular kindness or other had been shown her by the Lady St. Roeben. Something of this sort was whispered in the servants' hall, but as the widow herself never uttered a syllable on the subject no one was certain of its reality.

"Felton," said Lady Gerveida, as the former appeared, "Lady Brent has been saying she would give half her wealth for such a babe as mine," and the mother gazed proudly on the face of her smiling child.

"I am sure she speaks the truth, my lady," replied the nurse; "it is a lonely thing to be a childless wife, but far worse to be a childless *mother*."

Her eyes filled with tears. Lady St. Roeben perceived her emotion, and pointing to a chair she said—

"Sit down, Felton, and do not thus give way; cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he will sustain thee. I can feel for you,"

she added, "for I have known the pangs of losing those as dear—oh! how far dearer unto me than life!"

"You have, lady," said Mrs. Felton; "but one child still is spared. May God in his mercy preserve her to be the comfort and support of your old age! I know it is sinful in me to repine at his holy will; I know I ought to be thankful for my own life being spared; I know that, next to Heaven, my gratitude is owing to you, lady; for what would have become of me, whither should I have gone had you not taken me in, perishing with cold and hunger? Oh! my dear mistress, I never can repay your kindness!"

"Hush! Felton; do not speak of it," replied the lady; "you have well repaid me by your watchful care of this dear child; do but continue that attention, it is all that I wish, all that I require. Take my little Julia out in the park," she added, "the day is very fine, and the air will be beneficial to you both: wrap well her mantle around her, and when you return, Felton, I trust there will remain no traces of those tears."

But it may now be necessary to enter into some explanation relative to the inmates of the Castle of St. Roeben. The mansion was situated in one of the most beautiful parts of beautiful England: it was built with much taste, in a style of the greatest magnificence, and surrounded with trees as venerable and splendid as itself. The Lords of St. Roeben had been long remarkable for pride of birth and extensive possessions, and both had descended in undiminished abundance to their present representative. He was a cold, stern, supercilious character, moody and reserved, devoid of any warmth of feeling or tenderness of manner, and dreaded and disliked by his acquaintance and domestics. In the commencement of his career Lord St. Roeben had served in the army, and, whilst on leave of absence he was travelling through Spain, had contracted an intimacy with the family of his gentle and beautiful wife. She was a portionless orphan of noble Spanish descent, and won by the loveliness of the captivating donna, he had yielded her his heart and hand. For two or three years they resided in Spain, but after that time had elapsed the earl quitted the army and retired to his splendid seat of Castle Roeben in ——shire. Not long after their arrival Lady Gerveida lost her only child, a beautiful and dearly beloved boy, and two other babes, whom she fondly hoped might be spared to soothe her affliction, in a few years followed their brother to the grave. To add to those calamities the melancholy truth was daily forced upon her that her husband's affections were becoming estranged, and his naturally harsh and haughty temper beginning to gain the ascendency over whatever fondness he had entertained for her. Like a blight fell every cold, careless look and word on the heart of the tender wife, and it was in vain that she endeavoured by

kind and constant attention to win from him a smile or expression of tenderness; he was totally changed—whether from being disappointed in an heir by the deaths of his children—whether he had lost all affection for herself, or whether this was his natural temperament, and that he had flung it off for the first few years of their union, she could not tell. It was about this period that the little Julia was born, and most ardently did the mother hope that the birth of this child might win back the estranged affections of her husband. Had it been a boy the circumstance might indeed have softened Lord St. Roeben's austerity; but when it was brought to him and he was informed of its sex, he turned in anger and contempt away, refusing to look upon the innocent babe. It sent a bitter, bitter pang to the heart of Lady Gerveida, when, in reply to her anxious inquiries relative to her husband's conduct on this occasion, Mrs. Felton reluctantly told her the truth, and her life might have paid the forfeit of that intelligence had she not conquered, for the sake of her child, the emotion which it naturally caused. She named the infant "Julia," after her own mother, to whom she fancied it bore a strong resemblance. Twelve months had elapsed and still Lord St. Roeben, untouched by the beauty of his only babe, never showed those tokens of affection which a parent loves to lavish on his child; but so tenderly doated the mother on the little one that she imagined that its death would inevitably prove the cause of her own. Mrs. Felton's whole heart was centred in her little charge; all the widow's kindred were now dead, and the gratitude which she owed to Lady St. Roeben, her natural fondness for children, the remembrance of her own lost and beloved ones, and the beauty and gentleness of the babe, combined to render it the object of her sincerest attachment.

CHAPTER II.

As Mrs. Felton with her little nursling walked through the spacious park of Castle Roeben, she bent her steps towards a large clump of trees now bronzed with the shades of autumn; but on entering the space of ground around which they grew, she started at sight of a strange woman sitting on one of the roots which nature had formed into a wide and mossy seat. The female wore a dark scarlet cloak, the hood of which was drawn closely round her countenance; her elbows rested on her knees, and her hands were covering her face. At sound of a slight exclamation which escaped from the nurse in her surprise, she raised her head, and instantly started to her feet. She was a woman of remarkable height, apparently about forty years of age. By the suddenness of her movement the mantle's hood had fallen slightly back, and

from beneath it streamed long locks of coal-black hair, streaked in many places with grey. The dark, deeply set eyes were large, wild, and exceedingly piercing; the nose arched and prominent; the lips thin and firmly compressed; the chin large, but yet finely rounded, and the complexion, whatever may have been its natural hue, was now deeply embrowned by exposure to the sun. She stood for a moment irresolute whether to remain or retreat, with her glittering eyes fixed on Mrs. Felton and the babe; but a sudden thought seemed to strike her, and she advanced towards them.

"Lovely child!" she exclaimed, gazing on the little Julia; "wouldst thou wish to have her fortunes told? If so I can tell them; I am a gipsy," she added, somewhat abruptly, addressing Mrs. Felton.

The latter was extremely superstitious, and on hearing that the stranger was a fortune-teller, she conceived for her a feeling partaking of dread and reverence, and hesitated not a moment in expressing her desire to have the future fortunes of her charge predicted. Taking in hers the little dimpled hand of the babe, the gipsy gazed intently for some time on the lines which were traced upon its rosy palm. With the most painful anxiety did Mrs. Felton regard her, and at length she perceived an expression of pity stealing across her countenance. Unable any longer to endure the suspense, she exclaimed—

"Tell me, for Heaven's sake, what do you see?"

The fortune-teller released the hand of the child, slowly raised her eyes to the speaker's face, and said in a deep thrilling tone—

"Dost thou love this babe?"

"Better," replied the nurse, "than all on earth beside."

"A fearful fate awaits her," said the gipsy; "she is doomed to die *by the hand of a fellow-creature.*"

A loud shriek burst from Mrs. Felton's lips, and she clasped the unconscious babe to her bosom.

"Do not say so—oh, do not say so!" she cried.

"What I have said I may not unsay," replied the woman; "one mightier than I hath uttered the decree, and I, too, grieve that so beautiful a babe should meet with an end so horrible."

"Now God be about my darling," said the nurse, in a tone o the deepest sorrow: "her only one, too—her only one."

"Whose is the child?" inquired the gipsy.

"She is the only one," replied Mrs. Felton, "of Lord and Lady St. Roeben."

"Of *whom*—of whom?" screamed the woman, grasping tightly the speaker's arm, whilst her face grew lividly pale, and her features became convulsed with strong emotion.

Terrified by the singular conduct of the stranger; believing herself in the presence of a maniac, and trembling for the safety of her beloved charge, Mrs. Felton was unable to answer her

inquiry; but the gipsy, stamping her foot upon the earth, screamed again in her wild tones—

"Of whom didst thou say, woman? Tell me, tell me quickly." And the nurse repeated faintly what she had said.

The woman uttered not another word, but rushing heedlessly away from the spot her form was soon lost amid the trees that studded the park.

When the last glance of her scarlet mantle had disappeared, Mrs. Felton, who had stood as if rooted to the spot, flung herself on the seat lately occupied by the gipsy and burst into a flood of tears. She firmly believed that the doom predicted awaited her little charge, and all that remained was bowing to avert it as long as possible by the utmost care and vigilance.

"I will not tell it to my lady," she sobbed, half aloud, "it would finish the breaking of her sad heart to hear such a thing of her only babe; but I will watch over my darling better than ever mother watched over her child, and protect her from every harm as long and as well as I can."

After having formed this resolution she rose up in a calmer frame of mind, and, warned of approaching rain by the threatening aspect of the sky, quickly pursued her way towards the castle. The night set in with a very deluge of rain, accompanied by fearful thunder and lightning, and after dark the loud piercing wind began to howl amidst the trees.

We must now change the scene to a small neat cottage in the vicinity of Castle Roeben, on the hearth of which a bright fire was blazing and flinging its light upon three persons, one of whom was seated before it. She was a gentle-looking, middle-aged woman, working by the light of a candle at a well-polished oaken table; the other two, children, a fine boy and girl, aged respectively five and three years, and those were occupied in gamboling about the room or sitting prattling by the fire. The furniture and simple decorations of the apartment, together with the dress and appearance of its inmates, bespoke the utmost attention to neatness, and told that poverty was no visitant at their abode. The storm was raging wildly and the rain beating madly against the windows, when just as the widow (for such she was) had stirred the bright embers of the fire and drawn the table more closely towards it, her attention was attracted by a knock at the door and the sound of a voice requesting shelter from the inclemency of the night. In a moment after the suppliant was admitted—it was the gipsy. Mrs. Grey, which was the widow's name, offered a seat near the fire to the stranger, placed some homely fare before her, and inquired whither she was going, and if she had been long exposed to the storm. The fortune-teller refused to partake of the food, received her attentions with brief but sincere thanks, and replied to her interrogations in a short and evasive manner; then

after some further ineffectual attempts at maintaining conversation, the widow sank into silence, finding that her guest was unwilling to be communicative. Mrs. Grey did not, indeed, repent of having admitted her, for she was a woman of a kind and good-natured disposition, but yet she felt an unpleasant sense of insecurity in the company of such a strange wild-looking person, and one who refused to give any explanation of herself. She remained silent for some time, busily engaged at her needle-work, but suddenly the sound of a low sob disturbed the stillness, and on looking up she perceived the bitter tears falling down the bronzed cheeks of her guest. All her suspicions immediately vanished; she rose, approached the gipsy, and, kindly inquiring the cause of her grief, offered her services if they could be effectual in mitigating the cause of that sorrow.

"Thou art a kind woman," said the gipsy, mournfully, "but thou canst not lessen the sorrows of my heart; I was thinking of the time when *I* was not a childless being, and thy boy's features I fancied bore some resemblance to those of my lost one. Wo is me! wo is me; I am a desolate creature; I am alone—alone upon the face of the earth. I tell thee there lives not *one* in whose veins runs a drop of my blood; but *thou* hast thy children around thee; *thou* canst behold them; *thou* canst hear their voices and know that life is sweet to them, and therefore thou mayst not guess the harrowing anguish of that mother whose beautiful and only one is a murdered corpse in his grave."

As she spoke the wretched woman covered her face with her hands, and sobbed aloud in the agony of her grief.

"I do feel for you, believe me, I do," said Mrs. Grey, much affected by this language; "but I know that relief can be found by seeking it above."

"Relief, relief!" said the woman, "as long as I live I shall find no relief for the burning anguish of my heart; but thou hast been kind to me," she added, in a softer tone; "to thee will I tell the tale of my troubles, and judge then if there is not cause for those tears. Dost thou see the deep furrows on this face? It is the hand of care, not the hand of time, that has ploughed them. Dost thou see the white streaks amid this black hair? It is the hand of care, not the hand of time, that hath placed *them* there. Listen:—I once had a brave and beautiful son, the idol of my heart and soul; he was the only kindred being that I possessed on earth, and thou mayst conjecture how my love was twined round him; but he was a wild and wilful youth, and on reaching his twentieth year resolved to enter the army. This I at first opposed, for I knew that I should then be parted from my child, and a presentiment of evil was shadowing my soul; but how could I crush by a refusal the high young spirit of my boy? I consented, and he entered the detachment under the command of—— I cannot

breathe that hateful, hideous name. At parting he kissed away the bitter tears that were flowing down my cheeks, and said, 'Do not weep, dearest mother, your child is about to enter the path of honour and glory; bless your only boy, my mother; send him away with your blessing on his head.'

"Oh! my son, my son!" she cried, whilst her sobs echoed through the silent room.

After a brief space the gipsy recommenced—

"About a year had passed away when one cold stormy winter's night I sat by my lonely hearth and thought of my absent child. The dear boy had lately written me a letter filled with fairy visions and lofty hopes of youth, breathing the fondest affection for me, and looking forward with anxious delight to the period when again he might visit his home. Sad were my days and sleepless were my nights, longing for the arrival of that time; for my boy was the sunlight of my heart and home, and without him both were dark and dreary. My lips had just breathed a prayer for his welfare, when a letter arrived for me. The direction was in a strange hand, but it came from the place in which my son was then quartered, and, trembling lest some misfortune might have befallen him, I eagerly broke the seal. It was written by a comrade soldier of my son, acquainting me that, having in an unguarded moment too hastily resented the tyranny of his commander, my brave, my beautiful boy had been sentenced to be flogged; he was to undergo that sentence in three days. I thrust the letter into the blazing fire; I rushed distractedly from the house; I felt not the wild beating of the rain—I heard not the loud roaring of the tempest; I thought alone of my son; I knew only that I was going to him.

"On the third day I reached the end of my journey, and learned that the son of my soul had undergone, without a murmur, his disgraceful punishment, and was lying at that moment in the hospital. I rushed like a maniac to the spot; I felt gifted with supernatural strength, for I dashed aside like children the strong men who, thinking me mad, endeavoured to prevent my entrance. I broke through them—I broke through all, till I reached the apartment of my child, and there he lay—oh, God! how changed! how changed! The dark eyes were heavily closed, the white lips apart, a livid paleness on the beautiful countenance—I—I—oh! the anguish of that moment! I threw myself beside his bed; I raised his head and laid it on my bosom. I wiped the cold dews from his brow, and called upon him wildly to look once more on his *mother*. That name seemed to arouse him; he languidly unclosed his eyes and gazed upon me.

"'My mother! my dear, dear mother!' he faintly whispered, 'that thou shouldst live to see me thus dishonoured! God protect and comfort thee!'

"I felt the dear head press heavier upon me, the dear hand that I held relax and grow cold, and then I knew that I was a childless woman. I did not weep; oh, no! my grief was too deep for tears, but I laughed horribly in the frenzy of my despair; and when they came to tear me from the body by the command of the cruel tyrant who had caused the death of my child, I clung to it with all the strength of a mother's love, and threatened to destroy them if they approached. Numbers at length overpowered me, and I was thrust rudely from the house. I wandered for some time through the streets, till, by some chance, I discovered the tyrant's residence. There, through the window, I beheld the wretch seated alone, sipping rich wines in his splendid apartment, heedless of the miseries that *he* had caused. The sight distracted me. I stole to the hall door—it was ajar; the next moment I stood in the hall, and the next beside the *murderer of my son.* I had no weapon, nor was there one within reach, or I would assuredly have stabbed him to the heart. I seized him by the arm, I told him who I was. The guilty coward seemed paralysed; he trembled like an aspen leaf; his face became pale as marble; the glass that he held dropped from his hand, and was shivered to pieces on the ground. I laughed at his agony; I kneeled before him, and, raising my eyes to heaven, called down upon his head the curses of a heart-broken woman; and there I solemnly swore, in the light of the fair moon, never, never to rest till I was revenged for the murder of my son. I rose to leave the room, and on reaching the door turned round towards the guilty villain, who still sat trembling before me. 'We shall meet again,' I said, looking steadfastly at him, and immediately left the house. I had resolved to watch near at hand till the funeral of my son should have taken place, and then leave for a time the land which contained the last and dearest of my race. The next day came, and the damp earth lay on the breast of my boy. Well do I remember the burial hour; it was in the soft grey of twilight. Ah! with what feelings I beheld the long, mournful procession! with what feelings I listened to the sound of the slow measured tread, to the deep, solemn tones of the muffled drum! with what unutterable anguish I gazed on the coffin which contained my lost, my murdered child! I followed at a distance; I entered the churchyard unperceived; I watched every movement of the silent crowd from the shadow of a dark cypress that grew in one corner of the burial-ground. Oh! worlds would I have given only for one moment's space to gaze on the face of my child; but I could not move hand or foot; I felt as if chained to the spot. It was at length concluded. The loud firing over that early grave had ceased, and away they went —the listless, heartless multitude—with smiling faces, lively tread, and music as joyous as the summer breeze; thoughtless of him whom they had just lowered into an untimely tomb; thought-

less of the agony that burned in his mother's breast. Oh! how I despised, how I hated them! How deep were the curses that my heart in its bitterness showered upon them!

"I was now the only living being who remained in that lone and awful place. By degrees I recovered strength sufficient to move. I left the shadow of the tree and approached my son's grave; I sat down beside it. It was a clear, calm evening; the moon was shining faintly in the pure sky, and not a sound disturbed the silence. As I lay thus on the earth in a stupor of despair, a robin commenced singing in one of the neighbouring trees. I sat up and listened to its low, melancholy strain. Since the arrival of that fatal letter I had not shed a tear; but now there was something in that simple song which fell so sadly and sweetly on my heart, that, throwing myself on the grave of my son, I wept and sobbed like a child. The moon was high in the heavens when I bade that spot farewell.

"I was now a changed being; the most deadly hatred burned in my breast for him who had robbed me of all that made existence sweet, and I lived for revenge alone. I soon afterwards joined a tribe of gipsies, and remained with them for several years; but, becoming tired of their society, I left them, and since then have wandered alone upon the earth. To-day—but—it matters not—it matters not. Hast thou ever known," she wildly asked, "hast thou ever known the bitter, bitter pang of losing one dearer to thee than life itself?"

"Alas! I have," replied Mrs. Grey, the tears streaming from her eyes no less at the melancholy narrative of the gipsy than at the remembrance of those over whom the grave had closed.

"Ah! but," said her guest, "thou couldst not have loved them as I loved *him*—my child! my only, only one! my brave, my beautiful boy! Dead! and such a death!"

The violence of her emotions overcame the unhappy woman; the colour left her lips, her eyes closed, her arms dropped powerless by her side, and she would have fallen to the ground had she not been prevented by the ready assistance of Mrs. Grey.

"I am ashamed of this emotion," she said, after recovering from a brief but deep swoon; "I thought that I had conquered every feeling of my heart but revenge."

"And oh! let me beseech you to cast away that feeling too," said the widow.

"Cast it away!" cried the gipsy, sneeringly; "it is life, and light, and food to me; it is my thought by day and my dream by night—for revenge alone I exist. Cast it away! Never! But," she continued, walking to the window and gazing out, "the storm is over—the moon is shining clearly—I must go." She turned to Mrs. Grey—"My spirit is made lighter by having told thee the tale of my woes. Thou hast been kind, very kind to me; may

thy heart never be blighted like mine; may thy children spring up around thee in virtue and beauty; may they cherish and comfort thy declining years! Farewell!" So saying she left the house, and in a moment more Mrs. Grey, from the window, beheld her standing at a little distance, with her hands clasped and her eyes fixed intently on the full bright moon. In a short time, however, she turned abruptly away, and her form was lost to the widow's eyes in the shadow of a neighbouring wall.

CHAPTER III.

Seventeen years had passed away since those events occurred which are narrated in the foregoing chapter. During that space of time the heiress of Lord St. Roeben had sprung up into as exquisitely beautiful a being as ever blessed a home with the sunlight of its presence. Her figure was of medium height, gracefully and delicately formed, with every limb as finely rounded as in the sculptor's fairest work. Her soft luxuriant hair was black as jet, and the forehead which it shaded as white and smooth as the purest marble; the brows were black and delicately arched, the silken-fringed eyes were faultlessly formed and set, large, dark, and dove-like, yet reflecting every emotion of the possessor's heart; the complexion was singularly fair and transparent, kindling on the velvet cheek into a vivid but varying blush. How beautiful were the features! the nose how finely formed, the upper lip how exquisitely curved! the under how rich and rounded! the chin "cloven" (as Shakspeare says) with a dimple: in short, the head and face were of that peculiar Grecian cast so rarely seen but so much and so generally admired. On Lord St. Roeben the hand of time had lightly passed; it had strewn a few grey hairs upon his head and stamped some wrinkles on his stern brow, but in all other respects it had left him unchanged; touched neither by the tender affection of his wife (for with all the beautiful constancy of woman she still dearly loved him) nor by the duteous attentions of his daughter, he continued the same cold, harsh, distant being. This conduct had broken the heart of Lady St. Roeben, and under the bitter knowledge of causelessly losing the affections of her husband, her health had of late completely sunk. Often did the Lady Julia, between whom and her mother there existed the deepest attachment, weep in silence and solitude at the painful prospect of that parent's death. Felton—the faithful Felton—was almost constantly attendant on her youthful mistress; she had never breathed a word of the gipsy's dark prediction, but, sleeping or waking, the remembrance of it haunted her thoughts, and she

had watched, and did still watch, with the most unflinching care over its object, hoping by this means to avert the awful doom which she yet feared would inevitably overwhelm her. Matters were in this state, when about the close of a lovely autumn evening Lady Julia strolled through her beautiful garden accompanied by a female friend. Mrs. Felton was there also, but was occupied amongst the flowers. For some time the young girls sauntered about, admiring the varied beauties of the parterre, or gazing on the fantastic streaks which still burned in the western sky.

"Come, Charlotte, let us sit down for awhile," said Lady Julia, throwing herself on a rustic seat. "Oh, how I wish," she exclaimed, after a pause, "that my father would not urge me to frequent those balls; I do *so* dislike their glare and heartless gaiety, and I feel especial repugnance to go there whilst my dear mother is so ill."

"But Lady St. Roeben makes no objection to your going," replied her companion.

"Ah! I know that," replied the fair heiress, sighing; "but yet—"

"Now out upon you for a silly prattler," interrupted Lady Charlotte, playfully, "to raise difficulties thus, and in my presence too, whose mother is to be your chaperon! Let me hear no more of them. Come, this pretty cheek looks pale this evening: shall I kindle a blush on it? Montley Forrests will be at the ball to-night. There now, did I not know that that name would raise a blush?"

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Lady Julia, as she stooped to pluck a violet.

"Dear Julia," said her friend, in a more serious tone, "dear Julia, you need not endeavour to conceal your feelings, this feeling at least, from me, for I know that you love Montley Forrests; nay, do not start nor look so terrified; and I am certain that in return he loves you most fondly and truly. What, are you weeping at such intelligence?"

Lady Julia laid her head on the shoulder of her friend, and indulged in a passionate burst of tears.

"What is the meaning of this?" inquired the lady, throwing her arms affectionately round the sobbing girl's neck. "What *is* the meaning of this? I fear that you are unhappy, Julia."

"Alas! I am indeed," she replied; "I know that I may confide in you, my early friend and companion. You have rightly conjectured; I *do* love Montley Forrests, and I see—I *feel* that he loves me; but my father—oh! dearest Charlotte, he will never consent to our union; he seems to dislike Montley. Ah! I fear he has in view some wealthier suitor for my hand."

"Tush!" said Lady Charlotte, "Lord St. Roeben will allow your hand to accompany your heart;" but a stranger might have

known by the tone of her voice that she scarcely felt what she said.

"Ah! you do not know my father," replied her friend.

"Well, were I you," said Lady Charlotte, "I would not shed a tear about the matter until my suspicions were more strongly confirmed; I assure you that I hope for the best, and please to recollect that Charlotte Hinton is to be your bridesmaid. Come now, the dews are falling and I want to see our dresses by candle-light."

A few hours more and Lady Julia St. Roeben stood within the ball-room, the brightest being who graced its splendour, yet the most unconscious of that excelling loveliness. There was a sweet gentle smile upon her lip, yet her cheek was somewhat paler than usual, and there was an expression of tender pensiveness in her dark eyes; but how that cheek flushed, how those eyes kindled, how her heart throbbed and her frame thrilled when she perceived Montley Forrests approaching her! Ah! he loves her; yes, you may know it at once by his manner, by his very tone, by his tender and delicate attention. And is he not worthy of the fair girl? What a fine form, what a noble bearing, what a winning expression of countenance, what a splendid expanse of brow! There, he has solicited her hand for the next dance, and with an artless blush it is yielded.

Lady Julia was introduced during the course of the evening to a young baronet whose estate lay near that of her father. Sir Arthur Linstead had but lately, and for the first time, honoured with his presence the magnificent mansion of Linstead Park; however, brief as was the time since his arrival, he had once or twice seen the heiress of Castle Roeben, and her beauty or her riches seemed to have made some impression on his hard and selfish heart. He had thought how well such a lovely bride would grace his ancestral abode, and what an increase would be made to his wealth and enjoyments were her dowry transferred to his possession. Actuated by those feelings, he endeavoured during the evening to render himself as agreeable as possible to her who was to be honoured with his hand. The impression which he made on her was, however, by no means favourable; indeed, in manners or appearance Sir Arthur Linstead was little calculated to win a lady's heart. Somewhat above the middle height, his form was lank and badly proportioned, his brow low and narrow, his eyes (they never looked straight in any one's face) grey, keen, and restless, with an undefinable expression lurking within them which it was most unpleasant to contemplate; his nose was long, slender, and very pointed, his lips thin and firmly compressed, his chin short and sharp, and his whole face of a cadaverous and unearthly hue. The only beauty which the young baronet possessed, if indeed such may be called beauty in a *man*, was small, white,

delicate hands; of those he was inordinately vain, and the fingers were always emblazoned in rings of immense value. Sir Arthur's heart was naturally bad, and no effort had ever been employed to root out the tares or sow good seeds therein, as he was the only child of parents who doated upon him with a deep but dangerous love. He was always allowed unbounded licence, his every wish was unhesitatingly gratified, and thus the evil propensities of his nature were fostered, and whatever amiable traits appeared in his youthful character were eventually destroyed. His parents were now both dead, but, alas! they had lived long enough to perceive the evil effects of their indulgence. He had grown up a vain, selfish, unfeeling man, proud and tyrannical, yet glossing over these defects with a simpering face and a manner that would fain have been sweet and persuasive. He had squandered much of his once princely fortune, but as that was not known in ——shire he represented himself as a man of immense wealth. There was something about him which at their very first meeting disgusted the Lady Julia St. Roeben. She could not endure the expression of eye, or the cold constant simper that was perched upon his lip, and she felt doubly delighted when Montley Forrests again solicited her hand for the dance. When it was concluded he conducted her to a seat a little removed from the rest, and for some time they laughingly conversed together. Gradually the voice of Montley assumed a deeper and lower tone, and the cheek of Lady Julia a more vivid colour. The lover had told his love and the maiden had smiled upon it. Ah! there was at that moment an evil eye fixed upon the hapless lovers. From the commencement Sir Arthur Linstead had watched them both; nay, in passing the unconscious pair his ear had caught a few words, the import of which confirmed his suspicions, and he vowed in his malignant heart that Lady Julia should be his and *his* alone.

CHAPTER IV.

The next day Castle Roeben was favoured by a visit from the lord of Linstead Park. Fain would Lady Julia have declined appearing, but her father peremptorily commanded her immediate presence, and, leaving the side of her mother, she went to receive one whom her heart already instinctively loathed. The young baronet was received with much cordiality by Lord St. Roeben, who appeared desirous of cultivating his friendship, and whose advances were apparently met with mutual cordiality by his guest. To Lady Julia the latter was all attention, but she preserved towards him a chilling coldness of mien and manner that would have crushed the hopes of any man whose character was less

selfish and determined than Sir Arthur's. On rising to depart, after a protracted visit, Lord St. Roeben invited him to dine at the castle the next day; the invitation was smilingly accepted, and, bowing profoundly to the fair daughter of his host, the baronet left the room. Lord St. Roeben stood at the window looking after the splendid carriage as it disappeared amid the trees, and Lady Julia occupied herself with arranging some flowers in a vase. Her father's brow was dark and frowning, and she feared the thunder-cloud which rested on it would every moment burst; but he remained silent.

The sound of Sir Arthur's equipage had scarcely died away in the distance, when she caught the tramp of a horse's foot, and her father exclaimed with an impatient gesture—

"This is that young Forrests; I should wish to know what *he* wants here."

The poor girl's heart died within her, and she felt the blood retreat from her cheek, but she said nothing, and the next moment her lover was announced. Far different was Montley's reception from that of Sir Arthur Linstead. Lord St. Roeben met him with a cold supercilious air, and his daughter with a downcast eye and mantling blush; but Forrests did not heed the father's hauteur, his thoughts were too much engrossed by the beautiful lady of his love. She was deeply pained by her father's conduct, and her heart sank as she caught his stern eye fixed upon her with a frown of displeasure whenever she attempted by any courtesy or attention to atone for the strangeness of his manner. When Montley had left them Lady Julia retired to her chamber, and Lord St. Roeben, thus left alone, folded his arms and paced slowly up and down the apartment.

"Ay," he muttered. "Ay, and is it so? She loves this gentle beggar, and he has dared to raise his eyes to *my daughter!* But I will crush their hopes, nip them in the very bud; she shall be Sir Arthur's bride; I have long thus fixed it in my heart. It was for this that I sent her to the ball last night, and by my faith she seems to have achieved the conquest which I so much desired. But to be thwarted by a beggarly boy! how the thought chafes me! Better ere he rescued her that she had perished in the wild waves than live to be his. What! the last St. Roeben the bride of a nameless house! I swear it shall *not* be so."

When Lady Julia reached her apartment she flung herself upon the bed and gave vent to a burst of tears: those tears were to her most grateful, for had not the pent-up agony of her heart thus found relief, she must have fainted. Something there was in the manner of her father which indicated, she fancied, that he would not feel displeasure should Sir Arthur become a suitor for her hand; and this reflection, combined with the cold reception he had given Montley Forrests, brought with it an overpowering sense of

misery that fell upon her heart like the coldness of the grave. Till this suspicion had rushed upon her she never knew how completely her soul was engrossed by an affection for Montley Forrests. Being one day on a boating excursion with some friends, she had accidentally fallen overboard, and Montley, who at the time was rowing past in a small skiff, plunged boldly into the sea and rescued her at the imminent peril of his life. Since that time they had been on terms of intimate acquaintance, and at the commencement the youth was received by Lord St. Roeben in a manner most different from his reception of yesterday. Long did the young girl conjecture what could have been the cause of this change. Was it possible, she thought, that he could have discovered their love? No, no, she felt certain he had not; and even if the secret were revealed, why should the revelation distress her? True, he was neither knight nor belted earl, but had not his ancestors been such? His lands were not as broad nor his coffers so full as her father's, but had not the latter sufficient for both? Wealth and a title were, she knew, so essential in the estimation of her father, that without them he would consider none as an eligible consort for his child, and she shuddered on recollecting that Sir Arthur Linstead was possessed of both. But then (and a gleam of hope broke in upon her) if Lord St. Roeben would but reflect, how *could* he prefer Sir Arthur Linstead to Montley Forrests? the one so generous, so noble-spirited, the other so—so—she knew not what to say, and yet felt certain that his heart was evil. But her dear mother; to her would she confess all, and follow her advice in whatever she counselled. Influenced by these thoughts she rose, dried her tears, and approached Lady St. Roeben's apartment; but on entering her lips refused to pronounce the words, and she deferred the confession to another time. Week after week the visits of Sir Arthur Linstead became more frequent, whilst those of Montley Forrests were now almost discontinued. He had perceived with hidden pain and indignation the rude coldness of Lord St. Roeben towards himself, and often had his high spirit been on the point of bursting forth in all the bitterness of scorn and wounded pride, when every angry feeling was repressed for the sake of her whom he loved. He beheld, too, with deep regret the almost daily visits of his more wealthy but less favoured neighbour, and yet for a single moment he did not doubt the constancy of Lady Julia's affection. The lovers frequently met, but always by *accident*, and Montley saw that the eyes of his beloved had grown sad and dim, and her cheek and lip grown pale. Poor girl! it was no wonder; she beheld her father not only sanction, but encourage the visits and attentions of a man whom she particularly disliked. She beheld *him* whom her heart had chosen as its lord, who was the preserver of her now unhappy life, frowned on by that parent, treated with coldness

and unconcealed dislike; and she beheld her mother, her best and dearest friend, broken-hearted and sinking into an untimely grave. Sir Arthur Linstead was naturally shrewd; he had quickly discovered the weak points of Lord St. Roeben's character, that he disliked Montley Forrests, and strongly suspected the affection which existed between him and his daughter. This dislike and suspicion the wily baronet took every opportunity of increasing, and unhappily his efforts were crowned with success.

It was a bright summer day, and Montley and Lady Julia had *accidentally* met in a long vista of trees. It was a beautiful place, worthy of shading two beings as fond and pure and true as those who passed beneath its shade. Between each tree was planted one of smaller growth, forming at each side an impenetrable hedge of green leaves and sweet blossoms, and overhead the intermingling of the lofty branches excluded the glaring mid-day sun. It was some hours since the lovers had met, and still they sauntered up and down the avenue.

"I must away," at length said the Lady Julia, "already I have been absent too long."

"Nay, sweet Julia," replied the youth, "remain one moment longer, I have a request to make."

"Hush!" whispered the maiden, "surely I heard a footstep at the other side of the hedge."

"Dearest," he replied, "it is nothing but the light breeze amid the leaves. Listen, there is much, much, which I have not had time to say during this brief interview; will you promise to meet me at sunset to-morrow in the cluster of trees at the end of the park?"

She murmured "Yes," and blushingly withdrawing the hand that he held and pressed to his lips, was in a few moments out of sight.

When Lady Julia reached the castle, she found that Sir Arthur Linstead had arrived there a short time before, and was now with her father in the drawing-room. Her heart bounded with pleasure at having escaped his society. The apartment in which the nobleman and baronet were, was in itself magnificent, its furniture the costliest that wealth could procure, and the most beautiful and superb that an elegant taste could select. Lord St. Roeben was listlessly seated on a sofa, yet he endeavoured to throw an expression of placid attention into his face as he listened to the silly chatter of his companion. Almost opposite to him sat the latter, one hand placed in a "favourable light" on a small table beside him, and the other engaged in holding his cambric kerchief.

"But, Sir Arthur," said Lord St. Roeben, taking advantage of a pause which the baronet made, "you have not told me the news which at first you seemed so anxious to communicate."

Sir Arthur looked down and endeavoured to appear sorrowful.

"I would, my lord," he sighed, "that I could reconcile my conscience to the concealment of this—this news, for I fear it will distress you; but it must be told. As I came hither to-day, my path lay by a long sequestered avenue of trees with a thick hedge running on each side. On approaching this place methought I heard from within the sound of Lady Julia St. Roeben's voice—a sound which is ever as sweet to my heart as the gushing of waters to a thirsty soul. I drew near to catch more distinctly the soft music, and then I heard another voice. You are aware, my lord, how dear your daughter's safety is to me"—and he laid upon his false heart a hand that blazed with jewels—"so that, anxious to perceive *who* was there, I noiselessly peered through the hedge; to my utter amazement I found that it was Mr. Montley Forrests, and he spoke to her the words of *love!*"

The baronet uttered the lover's name and the last sentence in a slow, distinct tone, whilst an almost imperceptible smile rested on his lip. Lord St. Roeben sprang from his seat, the foam gathered on his mouth, and he exclaimed, in a voice that faltered with the deepest rage—

"Montley Forrests!—the words of love—of *love!*"

"Alas!" said Sir Arthur, as if speaking to himself, and sighing profoundly at the same time, "I feared this; I feared that he would keenly feel it."

"Is there any more?" inquired his victim, in the same tone; "if there be, pray go on."

"There *is* more, my dear sir," he replied, "but you are not now in a condition to listen; I shall postpone further intelligence till to-morrow, and at the same time let me implore you to subdue this racking excitement."

"I am sufficiently calm to hear the worst," said Lord St. Roeben; "go on, go on."

"I fear much it will be injurious to your health," said his tormentor, in a sympathizing tone, "but, as you insist on my proceeding, I shall conclude the tale; indeed there is little more to relate. I listened for some time, and at length I heard Mr. Forrests request most anxiously a meeting to-morrow at sunset at the cluster of trees that skirt the park. You may conjecture, my lord, with what feelings of anguish I heard the Lady Julia promise that meeting! I felt a strong inclination to punish the bold suitor on the spot, but at that moment they separated, and I hastened on here to disburden my heart."

"This is *too* much, *too* much," muttered Lord St. Roeben between his ground teeth. "And that boy more than any other—that boy, whose family and mine have always been enemies. But I will take care it shall proceed no further; I will ride off this moment—" and he extended his hand to the bell-rope. "I will confront him in his own hall—I will—"

"Nay, nay, my lord," interposed Sir Arthur, gently leading the incensed noble to a seat; "nay, I think it would be more judicious to employ somewhat milder and yet more certain measures."

"Milder!—milder!" he exclaimed.

"Even so, my lord," replied the other. "Now listen for an instant," he continued. "Remember, I only humbly advise; you are at liberty to follow whatever plan you please. Believe me, my dear Lord St. Roeben, I deeply and sincerely sympathize in your feelings. Alas! independently of that, this circumstance has deeply afflicted myself, and therefore I need not assure you that the advice I intend giving is spoken with all good intention, and is the mildest yet the most efficient measure I can think of. Repair to-morrow evening to the place of rendezvous; secrete yourself behind some trees (there can be no danger of your being discovered), and thus overhear and see all that passes; you can then forbid Mr. Forrests ever again to hold any communion with the Lady Julia, and she, when convinced of the hopelessness of her attachment, will soon, I trust, forget this froward suitor."

Lord St. Roeben, whilst the worthy baronet was speaking, had in some degree recovered his natural calmness, and, after pondering for a moment that gentleman's advice, finally acquiesced.

Long ere the bright sun touched the western verge of the horizon Montley had arrived at the place of meeting, and Lady Julia did not long tarry. At the first visible flutter of her white dress the lover flew to her side, and in a few moments he had handed the fair girl to that very seat on which, seventeen years before, the mysterious prophetess had rested. In all countries, in all languages, in all places, lovers' vows are alike, and it is therefore unnecessary to recite those that were now exchanged between Montley and his fair companion. At length there was a gentle pause in the sweet conversation; a painful thought seemed to flit through Montley's brain, and the calmness of his brow became for an instant perturbed.

"Julia," he suddenly said, gazing into her face, "is not Sir Arthur Linstead a suitor for your hand?"

At that name every trace of colour vanished from the maiden's cheek, and, sighing deeply, she replied—

"Alas! Montley, he is."

"And your father sanctions his addresses?"

"I have cause to fear that he does; but why ask such questions? Can you for a moment doubt the constancy of my affection?" she inquired.

"Doubt it, dearest! oh! never. But," continued the youth, his tone changing from that of deep tenderness to one of passionate bitterness, "but you will be sacrificed to a man who cannot possess your heart, and whose heart, perhaps, you do not possess; you will be sacrificed to him because his coffers are full and his

lands are broad; whilst I, from whose thoughts you are never absent—I, who have tamely borne contempt and insult for your sake—I, who would shed for you the last drop of my blood; who love you as man never loved before—I, because untitled and less wealthy, must be broken-hearted."

He was violently agitated, and paced quickly to and fro on the greensward. Lady Julia rose and laid her hand upon his arm—

"Dearest Montley," she said, "forbear those passionate regrets, they only add bitterness to my sorrow, and, God knows, if you could see my heart at this moment—but no matter; think you, that when once sincere love hath entered a woman's heart, it may lightly thence depart? Oh! no; oh! no. Whilst I live this poor heart shall be yours; and, whilst it is, this hand shall *never* be another's."

Montley pressed her to his bosom, and in all the pure, deep tenderness of woman's first and truest love, she laid her head upon his shoulder and burst into tears.

"Now, dearest Julia, who is it that yields to painful feelings?" he said. "Listen, my best beloved; were you houseless, friendless, penniless in the world, you would be as dear—ay, if possible, dearer to me than at this moment; life without you would be to me a blank; such is my affection for you, that it has elevated and purified my soul. Think, then, what I should feel were I to see you the bride of another. Oh, Julia! you know not what a weight your promise has lifted from my heart."

"Villain!" cried a voice, and Lord St. Roeben, springing from his concealment, stood before the astonished lovers. Anger had whitened his face to the paleness of death, his eyes seemed blazing in their sockets, and every muscle in his countenance was discernible from the violence of his passion.

Julia, faint and trembling, clung to her lover's arm; but Montley, though tenderly supporting the drooping girl, stood proud and undaunted before the incensed noble.

"Villain—coward—traitor!" cried the latter.

The blood flew to Forrests' noble brow.

"Had any other man," he said, in a deep, distinct voice; "had any other man spoken those words, save the father of Lady Julia St. Roeben, they would have been the last that ever he would utter; as it is, my lord, you are safe for *her* sake."

"Indeed," exclaimed the other, ironically, "many thanks, fair sir, for your most Christian moderation."

By this time Lady Julia had recovered her calmness, and with clasped hands and streaming eyes threw herself at her parent's feet.

"Oh! my father," she exclaimed, "do not speak thus; do not speak thus. Cast the film from your eyes, and treat Montley Forrests in the manner in which he deserves to be treated; let your anger fall on me; yet why should you feel—"

"Silence, shameless girl!" he cried, spurning her away.

"I have done nothing to deserve this," she said. Rising with dignity, and drying her tears, she stood calm and composed by her lover's side.

"Had I my sword by my side now," said Lord St. Roeben, in a voice almost choked with rage, "I would not leave this spot till I had made you repent your effrontery," and he gazed fiercely on Montley.

"My lord," replied the latter, "I would neither permit you to employ your weapon thus, nor would I lift mine against you."

"Ha, ha," sneered the nobleman; "by my faith here is a fine, bold, *honourable* malapert! one who would fill his empty purse by imposing on the weakness of a wealthy but silly girl."

The lover was about to make an angry retort, but he caught the imploring eyes of Lady Julia, and, biting his lip till the blood came, remained silent.

"But," continued Lord St. Roeben, "take this intelligence to comfort you: I swear by my life that never shall my daughter's hand be yours! And, mark me, if I am aware that ever again you hold any intercourse with each other, woe be unto both. Come away, madam, I have that to say to you which I prefer speaking in a place somewhat more appropriate than this your sylvan rendezvous," and he laid his hand roughly on his daughter's arm.

"I forgive all you have uttered against myself, my lord," said Forrests; "but, I beseech, speak not harshly to Lady Julia; do not—"

"Restrain your tongue, sir," replied Lord St. Roeben, "or it may bring my heaviest vengeance on you both."

The maiden raised her finger to her lips, turned her eyes on the youth with a look the eloquent language of which spoke a thousand things, took a rose from her bosom unperceived by Lord St. Roeben, dropped it at Montley's feet, and left the little grove with her father.

LIGHT AND SHADE.

BY OLIVER SELWYN.

"Dum eris felix multos numerabis amicos,
Tempora si fuerint nubila solis eris."

Let a man be thought rich, and his sky will be clear;
All the world will flock round him and bid him good cheer;
The doctor will smile, and the squire doff his hat,
And the ladies will bend, and wave hands, and all that.

Well to do in the world? Then of friends you've no lack;
You'll daily find cards in the hall—quite a pack—
Invitations to dine, to the social chit-chat,
To the musical soirée, balls, whist, and all that.

Your wife at bazaars will sit down at a stand,
With old *Lady Mouser* upon her right hand;
Nolens volens, yourself will be clapp'd up at
Public meetings to speak, motions make, and all that.

You'll be asked for permission your name to put down
On all the committee lists printed in town.
For the post of C. C., your good friend *Latitat*,
Will say, "You're so fit you must stand," and all that.

Your wine's the most racy that ever was tasted,
Your game the most *goûtant* that ever was basted;
Your dog is a model, a dear is your cat,
A cherub your babe—toadies say—and all that.

Now I'll give you a touchstone for testing a friend—
Try to borrow, solicit some crony to lend;
Don't you wish you may get it? he'll call you a flat!
'Tis the way of the world—you can pocket all that.

All that, and that's all! Let adversity come,
And your sky will be clouded, your friends be struck dumb;
To Coventry sent, you're a brute or a bore,
If you venture to hint, you'll get that and no more.

No more dining out! there's no *dining* alone,
For who calls a *dinner* a crust and a bone?
Not a rap of your own, you'll get none at your door,
Excepting *duns' raps*—you'll get them and no more.

Your actions are passive, you *do* on compulsion,
Your drink is the cooling teetotal emulsion;
Your wine-bins are empty, you've *nothing* in store—
There's a rat starv'd to death in your pantry—no more.

Who now doffs his hat as you pass? Man, you're needy!
You know you've "had losses," your broadcloth is seedy;
Your *mots* are not quoted, the smiling is o'er,
Your purse is the cause, *that* is sparkling no more.

Gold's a very good thing, though the love of it's bad
(I know who'd be better if more gold he had!);
But a cord for the cut-purse who cuts you when poor—
When your gilt is rubbed off—that's the rub! So no more.

PENCILLINGS OF BOSTON.

BY AN AMERICAN.

THE day after my first arrival in Boston (about thirteen years ago) I gladly accepted the invitation of some friends who were desirous of showing me the oldest part of the city, and we finished by a walk through the North End to the ancient cemetery on Copp's Hill, so called from the ground having once belonged to William Copp, who made shoes for the early settlers. In America everything is ancient which has existed a hundred years; and there are gravestones on Copp's Hill whose dates are before the middle of the seventeenth century. In the year 1832, this primitive burial-place had not yet been touched, or rather spoiled, by the hand of improvement; and I saw it in all its original quaintness. On the high and then rugged bank that descended from the outside of the eastern wall directly down to Charles River, were traces of a British battery, from whence, on the immortal 17th of June, they cannonaded across the water the glorious rebels that were defending Bunker Hill. This bank had in many places caved in, and the chasms were now filled with a thriving growth of weeds; including the purple and well-guarded tassels of the *noli me tangere*, emblem of Scotland, and the large white bells of the stramonium or apple-peru (as the Bostonians strangely call it), a plant that delights in waste grounds and rubbish, and rejoices in the vicinity of old bricks, old shoes, broken crockery, and oyster-shells. It is said that there is no weed so mean as not to be cultivated in some part of the world as a valuable exotic. American travellers have found the poke-plant and the mullein in European green-houses, growing in pots or tubs, and carefully watered and tended; the dark-red stalks and berries of the one, and the pale yellow blossoms and woolly leaves of the other, being greatly admired.

Copp's Hill Cemetery was surrounded by a low wall, and we then entered at a turn-stile. All round the interior of this wall are monumental tablets inserted in the masonry; each one marking the spot where were deposited the mortal remains of some noted man of his day. The tablet that most attracted my attention was the first on the left hand of the south entrance. It is of white stone, and inscribed with only one single word, MARTYN, in large letters. Over this name is sculptured a blank shield, above which a star is ascending, and seeming to disperse with its rays a volume of clouds that appear to have gathered behind the escutcheon. I afterwards made many inquiries concerning this mys-

terious and dateless tomb, but could gain no information whatever. I was always told that no person now living remembered the time when it was not there. Very near this tablet a slab of black marble bears the name and epitaph of William Clarke, whose mansion in the North Square was one of the shows of the city, as indicating the style in which a wealthy Bostonian merchant enjoyed his wealth a century ago. The inscription on the tablet of Mr. Clarke is encircled with a wreath of flowers, fruit, and corn, beautifully carved in alto-relief, and surmounted with the crest of the family, a swan with a crown on its head, and a chain round its neck. A large number of the other tablets were also decorated with armorial bearings; an additional evidence, that among the Puritan founders of New England were many who, having a tinge of noble blood in their veins, were not averse to "the boast of heraldry," though they abjured the "pomp of power."

A large portion of the ground on Copp's Hill Cemetery is occupied by graves, which

> "A middle race of mortals own,
> Men half ambitious, all unknown."

But the tombstones are remarkable for their old dates and quaint devices. They are of black slate, and, of course, the "angels, epitaphs, and bones," are engraved on them in white. In most of the inscriptions the spelling is very antiquated—for instance, y^{e} is used instead of the article "the;" and v instead of u, and *vice versa*. You see "heaven" spelt "heauen," and "gracious," "graciovs"—also double lls and capitals in abundance. The prevailing ornament on these old gravestones seems to be a winged skull, outlined with mathematical precision, the head forming a complete circle or globe, and having a wing growing out at each side, just where the ears should have been.

In all these skulls the nose is an exact triangle, the eyes two exactly circular holes, and the mouth a large square-cornered aperture with enormous teeth, of size proportionate to a double row of bricks, marked with alternate lines in true brick fashion. On some few of these slate-stones is rather a more tasteful decoration, representing a tall slender urn beneath an extremely scanty willow tree. On others are two broad flat-faced cherubs, and on some there is a long thin angel blowing a long thin trumpet. These angels and cherubs all seemed to be genuine roundheads, with straight, stiff, puritanic hair; looking as if it had been cut and trimmed by the old Yankee method of an empty pumpkin-shell laid on the head as a guide to the scissors in making an exact even circle before and behind and above the ears.

Among the old slanting gravestones that were half sunk in the earth and nearly hidden by weeds and long grass, I found one that seemed the most ancient of all. Having pulled aside the

dock-leaves and nettles that obscured the inscription, I read on it the name of Grace Berry, 1625. This much puzzled me, knowing that the settlement of Boston did not commence till 1630. I was afterwards told that the date was originally 1695, but, to excite the surprise of the Boston antiquarians, and to create (as it did) an antiquarian controversy, a mischievous youth had taken a chisel and gone into the cemetery one moonlight night, and, by a slight alteration in the figure 9, had changed it to a 2, converting 95 into 25.

In the north-western part of this cemetery is a large brick tomb, covered with a slab of brownish stone, which looks old and coarse, and in a very ill-worded inscription denotes that the principal members of the Mather family are interred beneath. "'Tis the tomb of our fathers," comes in awkwardly among the names and death-dates of Increase Mather, Cotton Mather, and Samuel Mather.

While standing near the spot where moulders the dust of Cotton Mather, it is impossible not to reflect on his unrelenting persecution of those unfortunate beings whom he designated as the Salem witches. Who can read his Magnalia and not wonder whether he was indeed so great a fool as to believe in all the gross absurdities and palpable impossibilities that he relates as facts—or so great a knave as to affect that belief? And yet we are told that, except in his hatred of the Quakers and his persecution of the witches, Cotton Mather was a wise and charitable man. It may have been even so; for strange, indeed, are the inconsistencies of human character. But we have no account of his having, in after life, testified any compunction for the part he had taken in this the darkest passage of the colonial history of Massachusetts.

How unlike that of Cotton Mather was the conduct of Judge Sewall of Salem, who had presided on the bench during the trials for sorcery that disgraced the year 1692, and who had pronounced sentence of death on the victims. When the frightful excitement of fanaticism and superstition had passed away, and reason and humanity had resumed their empire, he was one of the first to regret the part which he had taken in it through his official situation. Sixteen years afterwards, one Sunday at the close of public worship, Judge Sewall left his seat and advanced towards the pulpit, where he handed up to the minister a paper which he requested him to read aloud to the congregation, desiring them all to remain and hear it. This paper was an acknowledgment of sincere recantation and deep repentance for having, in his capacity of judge, sentenced to death so many innocent people. He stated that he now believed himself to have acted at that time under a delusion, which had seemed contagious, and which on its first appearance should have been checked rather than encouraged by those who had power and influence to repress it. He said that remorse had soon

come upon him, and that he had ever since done all in his power to benefit the families of those who had suffered by his sentence, and to make all possible atonement for his misguided severity. And he now humbly and in the presence of the assembled church, expressed his sorrow and compunction, and tremblingly implored the forgiveness of his God.

While this memorial was read to the congregation (amongst which were many relatives of the victims of the year 1692), Judge Sewall stood at the foot of the pulpit in a posture of the deepest sorrow and contrition, with his head bowed down, his eyes cast on the ground, and his hands crossed humbly on his breast. That such a man must have believed himself right in doing the wrong for which he afterwards so conscientiously endeavoured to atone, can admit of no doubt.

May we not suppose that in those solemn and serious times, when there was "all work and no play," the want of excitement, added to the contagion of example, induced these primitive Puritans to lend a willing ear to those strange and absurd stories of witchcraft that brought nineteen unoffending persons (most of them women) to an ignominious and unmerited death? We are informed that, during the prevalence of the delusion, or whatever it may be called, nothing was thought of in Salem and Boston but witchcraft; and this sorcerophobia spread like wildfire. From the highest to the lowest of the people, this imaginary crime was the one engrossing theme; and all real offences remained unpunished and untried. Every sort of business was at a stand; the time and attention of the whole population being absorbed in fixing suspicions, collecting evidence, crowding to the trials, and flocking to the executions of the supposed sorcerers. The court-house was every day thronged to suffocation: the greatest satisfaction was evinced when the culprit was brought in guilty of doing things that never could have been done; and men, women, and children, went as if they were visiting a theatrical show, to see the miserable and abused victims expire on the gallows. Alas! poor human nature!

At length the mandate of Governor Winthrop, declaring that in future no person in the Province of Massachusetts should be tried or punished for witchcraft, in stopping the prosecution, stopped also the delusion. When witches could no longer be hanged, no more witches were discovered.

In wandering through this solemn field of mortality, "where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap," I could not but remember that these long-buried tenants of "the dark and narrow house" were once the living dwellers of the neighbouring streets, and that the ancient wooden domiciles we had passed in our way to the cemetery were reared by their hands when they began to transform a forest into a city. I thought of the privations and the

sufferings they had endured so bravely in the hard and perilous times of the early settlement.

The spirit that had brought these republican brethren across the pathless deserts of the Atlantic, was transmitted to their children. With the first grain of corn planted by them "on the wild New England shore," was deposited the seed of the Liberty Tree. After the restoration of the English monarchy, an order was sent from parliament commanding the Governor of Massachusetts publicly to reprimand the people of that province for "their ill-concealed joy when they heard of the martyrdom of his blessed majesty King Charles the First." To know of what stuff the Bostonians were made, it is only necessary to read the titles of the pamphlets that were continually issuing from their press for at least a century before the fight of Lexington. The moment when the head of Charles the First fell upon the scaffold commenced the revolution of America.

"The beings of the mind are not of clay." All who have read Lionel Lincoln (and what American has not!) will feel the enchantment that fiction lends to truth, when they visit the old cemetery of Copp's Hill. Their thoughts will recur, as mine did, to the poor patriotic Job Pray (so undeservedly regarded as an idiot) who was found by Lionel Lincoln wandering about these lonely precincts in the last hour of that memorable night which preceded the day of Bunker Hill. I could not but remember that thrilling passage where the low murmur of distant sounds was heard coming faintly over the water from the Americans who were working by the starlight at the intrenchment on the opposite height; and the British officer stopped and listened, and Job Pray said, "It is only the dead going back to their graves."

I fancied the "buried ancestors" of the citizen soldiers (who, concealed by the gloom of night, were preparing for the bloody strife of the morrow) awaking from the deep slumber of the tomb—

> "All pale, and wan, and wrapped in shrouds,
> They rise in visionary crowds;"

their shadowy forms assembling in that part of the cemetery which overlooks the river, their hollow eyes penetrating far "beyond the reach of mortal ken," and gazing with earnest approval on their descendants, who were secretly labouring to complete the lines of defence which the first ray of morning would disclose to the astonished enemy. And I imagined these solemn inhabitants of the grave returning reluctantly to their narrow dwelling, towards the close of that dark hour which harbingers the earliest grey of the dawn. And such a dawn!—and such a day!—A day whose light, though sometimes obscured by passing clouds, has been shining on America for more than sixty years. May it have no night!

I considered myself fortunate on my first visit to Boston, in being introduced at the house of Major Melville, one of the destroyers of the tea, and the last survivor of the secret band with whom this extraordinary and eventful enterprise is said to have originated. Though Major Melville was always unwilling to say more on this subject than was already before the public, and though it was not deemed in good taste for strangers to question him concerning it; yet there was a gratification in seeing a man who had certainly taken an active part in the scene, and who was supposed to be one of the persons who on that occasion assumed the disguise of Mohawks. One of these Indians, who had forgotten to comb the powder from his hair when he let it down from the ribbon that usually tied it, and whose lace hand-ruffles appeared from beneath his blanket, was said to be John Hancock. Little did he think, that night, in how short a time he would be called to the head of the nation as President of the immortal First Congress, and that his hand would inscribe the first signature to the Declaration of Independence.

The leaders in the destruction of the tea are said (on good authority) to have bound themselves by a solemn oath, never while they lived to divulge the names of each other. Their most sanguine hopes could not anticipate that what they were then doing would eventuate in so glorious a consummation as the freedom of their country; and they considered that, if known, they might afterwards be stigmatized as conspirators and insurgents. With regard to each other, they conscientiously kept their oath of secrecy; though in after times many of them acknowledged the part they had themselves individually taken in drowning the obnoxious herb in the waters of the bay. Among these gentlemen was Mr. Winthrop, a lineal descendant of the founder of Boston. It is said that the steady and energetic Samuel Adams was also one of them.

There was some reason to believe that Major Melville had written an account of the whole transaction in all its particulars, and disclosing with whom it had originated; and that the statement would be left by him for publication after his death. He died a few years ago, but no such manuscript was found among his papers.

When I saw Major Melville his residence was in Court Street, near Bowdoin Square, and his family consisted of his wife and two daughters. He was a middle-sized, slender old gentleman, with white hair, an aquiline nose, and a very resolute expression of eye. His manners had all the courtesy of the old school; and it is scarcely necessary to say that he had served in the revolutionary war.

Mrs. Melville told me that when her husband came home on the memorable night of the 16th of December, his answers to

her questions with regard to what he had been doing, were very brief and circumspect; and she desisted from her inquiries when she found his unwillingness to reply. On taking off his shoes (which were rather large for him) Major Melville found a small portion of the tea that had fallen into each of them. He was going to shake it into the fire, when Mrs. Melville stopped him, and, taking the shoes, she emptied the tea into a paper. This her husband permitted, on her assuring him that she had not the least design of making an infusion of it for her own drinking, and, indeed, that she would not for the world be guilty of such an abominable act. Soon convinced that her sole desire was to keep it as a relic, he allowed her to preserve the tea, and she put it carefully away, with a presentiment, as she said, that the time would come when they might be very proud of having it to show their friends. That time *did* come—and not only friends, but strangers went to the house of Major Melville to look at the tea of '73. Finding, as so many persons begged a grain of this tea as a curiosity, that if these requests were granted it would soon be all gone, Major Melville transferred it to a vial, which he sealed hermetically, to be opened no more. I saw this vial among the ornaments of their centre table, and took it into my hand. Could I have presumed to solicit a single grain of this tea, I would have had it set in a ring, and valued it beyond a diamond.

An aged female, living at the North End, told me of her having been invited many years ago to a party, at which she found a refugee-woman who had "had the assurance to venture back from Halifax." This woman's husband was once a blacksmith in Boston. It had been proved against him that when the British were in possession of the city, he had made handcuffs for the American prisoners, and he was in consequence obliged to fly the country. My informant (who occupied very humble lodgings in a small back street, and was supported in her helpless old age by some ladies of high standing in the community) described to me her indignation at the insult she had received, in being asked to a tea-party where, among the guests, was the wife of "such a shameful Tory. And what was still worse," said she, "the Tory woman held her head as high as anybody, and had the impudence to talk of the pleasures of Nova Scotia."

The same patriotic old lady informed me that, previous to the departure of the British from Boston in the spring of 1776, General Howe issued a proclamation early in the morning, commanding all the inhabitants to shut up their houses, and keep within them —closing the windows, and not presuming to look out. Nevertheless, there were numerous Peeping Toms, whose eyes peered through the crevices of the shutters; and they saw the English soldiers conveying to the wharves all the barrels of flour, beef, and

pork that they could not take away with them, and rolling them into the sea. The red-coated gentry also broke into the stores where articles of food were sold, and destroyed all they could find there. This was done that the townspeople (whose unwelcome guests they had been during the winter) might suffer awhile from scarcity of provisions. By mid-day, however, the British had all shipped themselves off, and Washington and his army marched in triumphantly from their works on Dorchester Heights.

Among the things of former times that I saw with much pleasure while in Boston, were some of Copley's portraits. They were all remarkable for grace, expression, and truth; and looked like the productions of an artist who had studied in the best European schools, instead of being (as they were) the work of a self-taught American, who as yet had scarcely seen a good picture. Neither did their old-fashioned dresses seem in the least *outré*. I have heard my brother remark that it is the business of a good artist to make the costume of the time becoming, whatever that costume may be. For instance, who, in looking at the portraits of Reynolds, ever complained of the dresses, or thought them disfiguring.

In the Epes Sargent family there are some excellent pictures from the pencil of Copley. I was especially pleased with one of them, a lady with a very benign and intelligent countenance. She is dressed in a green camlet riding-habit. The jacket is a broad-skirted coatee, with square pockets outside, all trimmed with gold lace—and one corner of the coatee being accidentally turned up, shows that it is lined with white satin. The body is as long as a body can be, and is fastened up the front with gold buttons. Her beautiful hands and neck are shaded by ruffles of the most transparent thin muslin, delicately painted. Her dark hair is combed entirely back from her fine high forehead, and seems to be stretched over a roller, and tied behind with a black ribbon. She holds in her hand a black velvet hat with a drooping white feather, and carries over her shoulder a riding-whip, rather more substantial in size than any that are used by the lady riders of the present day.

When women first began to wear riding-habits (about a century and a half ago) the whole equipment, excepting the petticoat, was precisely that of a man—and, certainly, the gentlemen's accoutrements of that period looked strangely enough on a lady. I have seen an old engraving of the first Catharine of Russia, arrayed in an officer's long coat—a military waistcoat, with deep skirts—a shirt frill and a cravat—a huge bag-wig, frizzed and powdered, with a cocked hat on the top of it—her only feminine article of dress being a petticoat.

Near the portrait of Copley's fair equestrian, hangs one of her husband, also, of course, in the habit of his times. But perhaps the best of those excellent family pictures, is that of the lady's

father-in-law, the elder Mr. Sargent, a fine-looking old gentleman in a suit of plain brown, and what was then called a bob-wig. This portrait is admirably painted, the flesh having an amazing look of reality. I was told by Miss Sargent, that Stuart, who greatly admired this picture, often brought strangers to see it. He was particularly delighted with one of the hands, exclaiming enthusiastically—"That hand is not canvass and paint. It is flesh and blood! If you prick it with a pin it will bleed."

John Singleton Copley removed to Europe in 1774, and having great inducements to remain there, he never returned to America. In England he painted a number of very fine historical pictures, the figures being all portraits. His chief works are Brooke Watson rescued from the Shark; the Death (or rather the fainting) of Lord Chatham in the House of Peers; the Relief of Gibraltar, which picture is now in Guildhall; Charles the First in the House of Commons; the Death of Major Pierson; and a fine picture of De Winter, the gallant Dutch admiral, surrendering his sword to Lord Duncan on the deck of the Venerable, after the sea-fight of Camperdown. Lord Lyndhurst (who was born in Boston) is son to the painter Copley. This gentleman distinguished himself greatly at the bar, was eventually ennobled, and became Lord Chancellor. With regard to the country of a man of genius, England has no prejudices, as can well be attested by the American artists who have sought in that wonderful island the professional advantages which the New World is as yet too young to afford them.

The city of Boston not only contains much that is interesting to all who take pleasure in vestiges of the past, but it is also rich in the present, and gives abundant token of the lofty destiny of its future. Its noble institutions, so well-planned and so thoroughly carried out; its high tone of moral principle; its sympathetic appreciation of intellect; its liberal encouragement of genius, under whatever form that gift of Heaven is manifested; its frank and unostentatious hospitality—all unite in rendering Boston one of the most delightful places that a stranger can visit; and we believe that a residence in the metropolis of the American east cannot fail to improve both the mind and the heart. "By their fruits ye shall know them,"—and the Bostonians need ask for no other test.

Whatever may be its disadvantages of soil and climate, the country round Boston is eminently beautiful, and owes much to the skill and industry of its untiring cultivators. The rides in its vicinity are charming, particularly through Brookline and round Jamaica Pond—a lovely sheet of water, which in England would be called a lake.

In little more than an hour you may be conveyed on the railroad to Salem, the second city in Massachusetts, but older by

a few years than Boston, and formerly enjoying the greatest India trade in America. It looks now as if it had made its fortune and retired from business. The largest private mansion that I have ever seen on our side of the Atlantic, is that of the Andrews family in Salem.

Many strangers go to Salem for the purpose of visiting its celebrated museum, which contains a fine collection of curiosities from all parts of the world, but chiefly from Eastern Asia, from South America, and from the Pacific Islands. It was founded, and is supported, by the sea-captains of Salem; each of them pledging himself to bring home, from every voyage, one or more rarities for the museum. The building was erected entirely at their expense. The admittance is gratuitous — visitors being only required to write their name and residence in a book kept for the purpose. A veteran captain is always in attendance to give whatever explanation may be desired concerning the curiosities, all of which are numbered, and catalogues are kept in the room for the convenience of visitors while there.

The contents of this liberal and public-spirited museum are admirably classed and arranged, and in excellent preservation. There are fine specimens of tropical birds and of marine animals, with an infinite variety of curious shells and sea-weeds. We saw part of the gigantic root of a bannian fig-tree. Its huge fibres branch and interlace in the most complex and intricate manner, forming a sort of natural net-work; and the knots at the crossing-places are carved into effigies of the frightful idols of the Hindoo mythology. The whole is of a dark brown colour, and has been varnished all over. It had been an object of adoration in an Asiatic temple.

One of the first objects you observe on entering the museum is a Bengal palanquin, furnished with its mattrass, sheets, and pillow. I had supposed these palanquins to be very light, and rather elegant vehicles; but this looks surpassingly clumsy, and indeed ugly. It seemed the most cumbrous, awkward, and tiresome mode of conveyance imaginable; and it must be almost equally fatiguing to the carriers and the carried. I did not wonder that the bearers who have to trot with these things under the burning sun of India, should, as is said, regale the occupant all the while with perpetual groans. Instead of the usual complement of eight bearers (four at a time), this palanquin looked as if it would require twelve to relieve each other, so as to make the business endurable. I have long been sceptical as to the boasted luxuries of India.

Within a railing, near the centre of the room, are some very excellent clay figures of Hindoos of various rank and occupation, habited in real garments. Like the Chinese, the people of India are surprisingly skilful in making these effigies. From the variety of feature and expression, the faces must undoubtedly have been

modelled from life—the only way to obtain a variety, for there is usually a most monotonous similarity in faces created according to the *imagination* of a human artist.

We were much pleased with a little work of ingenuity which must have been very gladly admitted into the collection, though not furnished by any of the hardy brotherhood that "go down to the sea in ships, and behold the wonders of the deep." It was a curious and astonishing testimony of the skill and patience of a lady of unrivalled genius in that branch of the art of doll-making whose productions are shamefully slandered by the degrading and unjust title of rag-babies. I can positively declare (having often made them myself), that the genteel sort have no rags in their composition, but are made of new linen, white silk, or white kid, and stuffed into proper shape with bran or wadding, their faces being assisted by judicious touches with a water-colour pencil.

The lady of Salem has represented the miniature interior of a bed-chamber (perhaps about half a yard square) and furnished it with a beautiful little needlework carpet, a toilet-table, an easy chair, and a bed with the nicest little curtains, pillows, sheets, counterpane, &c. In the bed lies a sick lady, with the tiny frills of her nightgown and nightcap plaited, as if by fairy fingers; she is very dangerously ill, as is apparent from her pale and hollow cheeks, and the glazed and dying look of her eyes. Beside her, in the arm-chair, sits her husband, an old gentleman whose countenance and posture denote exceeding grief. On the other side are two ladies (probably the sisters of the invalid), who with tearful eyes are bending over the bed in attitudes of deep and hopeless affliction. At the foot is a black servant-woman in a dark gown and check apron, holding a coarse handkerchief in her hand, and crying bitterly. These figures, none of which are more than a foot high, have all been cut out, stuffed, and sewed into the most admirable resemblance of the human form and face, and with such consummate skill and exquisite neatness, that it is difficult to comprehend how so nice a process could be accomplished with such perfect success. The joints, even of the pigmy hands, are all exactly right, the very smallest being bent into the most natural positions; the fingers really holding whatever is in their grasp. The cheeks, chins, noses, foreheads, all formed by the most minute stuffing into the proper rises and hollows, are absolutely wonderful; for they owe scarcely anything to the touches of the pencil. And then where are the stitches that have sewed these amazing little figures? If there *are* any, they can only be discovered by a microscope—all is so exquisitely smooth and so delicately neat. The lady that made these miniature effigies must have been well versed in the art of drawing: the art that assists all arts, and should be taught in every school, along with reading and writing, and considered as an indispensable part of even a common education.

We went from these ingenious marionettes to examine a large assortment of idols (some of clay, some of wood, and others of stone) brought from different parts of the yet-uncivilized world. It seemed amazing that such ugly and uncouth objects could, even by savages, be regarded as emblematic of the deities whom they believed it their duty to worship. Does the North American Indian adore any but the One Being, to whom he gives the true and sublime titles of the Great Spirit and the Master of Life?—and of him he presumes to carve no image.

In conclusion—I recommend to all my readers who have not yet seen it, a visit to the Salem Museum; and those who have been there already will find much pleasure in going again. This institution derives an unusual interest from the circumstances connected with its origin and maintenance. It is justly the pride of the generous ship-masters whose fathers were among its founders, and who are ever mindful to bring home from their long and perilous voyages, something that may be added to this their cherished collection.

When I was last there, a gentleman who accompanied my niece and myself said to the venerable curator—"As so many strangers come to Salem for the purpose of seeing your museum, I think you would find it very profitable to make a charge for admission."

"I'd rather dig clams!"—was the old captain's indignant answer.

TO THE CLOUDS.

Clouds that sweep the midnight heaven,
On your bright wings let me rove;
Leave me not with anguish riven,
None who love me—none to love.

Oft, my nightly vigils keeping,
I have watch'd you till the dawn,
Through the far blue heavens sweeping,
On your snowy pinions borne.

Away—away, for ever speeding,
Careless wanderers of the air,
Human joy and woe unheeding—
Ah! ye pause not at my prayer.

Leave, oh! leave me not in sadness,
Heavenly longings in my breast;
Bear me on your wings of gladness
To the far home of my rest.

RICHARD BIDDULPH;

OR,

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF A SCHOOL-BOY.

THE readers of the METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE are requested not to forget their old friend "Richard Biddulph," who will resume his history in the next number. The last chapter said something about time; and what is one short month in comparison to the vast bosom of eternity? Besides, there are events in authors' lives, as well as in those of other persons, which take them away from the region of responsibility as to time, date, and punctuality—events which happen once and once only in a life. What that event happens to be must remain in the back ground; and the readers are bound to wait until the September number, when, as before stated, "The Life and Adventures of a School-boy" shall ask you to look at him again. And so, dear readers, God bless you!

THE WIFE.

HAPPY he to whom kind Heaven,
Rich in grace, a wife hath given,
Virtuous, wise, and formed for love,
Gentle, guileless as a dove.

Let him thank his God for this
Pure, o'erflowing cup of bliss;
Pain may never linger near,
With such friend to soothe and cheer.

She, like moonlight, mild and fair
Smiles away each gloomy care,
Kisses dry man's secret tears,
And with flowers his pathway cheers.

When his boiling heart heaves high,
And fire of wrath is in his eye,—
When kind friendship seeks in vain
Passion's wild career to rein,—

Then *her* gentle step is near,
Softly drops her soothing tear,
As when evening dew comes down
On the meadows, scorched and brown.

Heaven sends man the faithful wife;
Life without her is not life;
And when life is o'er, her love
Gilds a brighter scene above.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Translations from French Poets, to which are appended Extracts from a Tourist's Journal, &c. By the Author of "Critical Essays," &c. &c.

THE result of national character may be traced to many causes. Society differs as much in the congregated mass as in the individual unit. The various countries of the world have all their distinguishing characteristics. Nothing like an amalgamation of general citizenship has yet taken place. A spirit of exclusiveness, miscalled patriotism, has had a powerful influence in keeping up the various lines of demarcation; and it is only in our own times that the united faculties of locomotion and literature have begun to produce the effect of uniting the different portions of the population of the earth in the bonds of a general relationship as opposed to the species of national clanships which have hitherto prevailed. The result of such an increased intercourse, both of mind and body, is that the benefits which were once exclusive are now becoming general; a country no longer monopolizes its own peculiar advantages, but exchanges them with its neighbour nation, and the consequence is the advance of each individual section, and the consequent elevation of the united whole.

In no instance is the general good of society more powerfully promoted, than in the throwing open those stores of literature which, being peculiar to each country, are marked by its own inherent genius, character, and spirit. The translations now before us admirably promote this object. Here we have brought together a view and consideration of the first class of the living poets of France—Victor Hugo, Lamartine, Beranger Madame Tastu, Le Gentil Bernard; and not only are we furnished with selected specimens from the writings of each, displaying the individual bent of mind and turn of thought, but with a rendering in which their own fire has been caught, and faithful as the different genius of the two languages would permit; easy and graceful, too, as though they boasted the charm of original composition; at all times the most difficult merit in translations, where imitative exactness acts a trammel on the mind, checking the motion of the spirit. The very rendering of this diversified selection has produced us a collection of choice poetry bearing strong marks of

distinctive difference from any of our home poets, and a value not easily to be estimated has been added to the whole by the fine taste of the translator in those just and delicate criticisms which he has appended. Of all the qualities of the mind, taste is eminently that requiring the highest education and cultivation; and here, for ample scope and accurate discernment, for clearness of insight into the congenial spirits which he has expounded, we have rarely met with one who could so well point out the beauties which he discerns and feels, more energetically disperse the mists of prejudice, or throw more powerful light, not only on prominent beauties, but on those more retiring shades of thought that, but for such a pioneering guidance, might have remained in unnoted obscurity.

This alternation of choice specimens from the different characters of French poetic genius, and the refined criticisms of their translator, occupy the major portion of the volume, but the minor one affords us a most agreeable diversity. Our author has added to the value of his work by appending some animated pictures, taken both from home and foreign scenes. These paintings are life-like, and the colouring is vivid, though words be the only pigments. At home the comparative merits of Bath and Brighton are balanced—the one being "the Queen Dowager if the other be Queen Regnant of English watering-places." Passing from these to some of the continental cities, we are at once pleased by the lively vein of description, and satisfied by the faithfulness on which we feel that we may securely rest. Imaginative minds have generally need to guard against the danger of running away with their readers into Robins-like delusions, for they find it difficult to be sober-minded enough to keep strictly to mere matter-of-fact statements; but here our author's poetic temperament has only just been permitted to use the freedom of painting truth in agreeable tints, without in the least degree taking licence or liberty with the real outline of the objects, which are strictly and faithfully delineated.

We ought, in justice, to notice also a few lively general essays, full of piquant remark and knowledge of men and things. The pages of the "Tourist's Journal" are full of descriptive incident. The Flood Adventure has a novel interest, and the detention of the voyagers displays new scenes and new actors in life; being in itself a little drama, enhanced by its truth of character and its realized locality. The "Odds and Ends" merit a more imposing title, since, instead of being mere gleanings of thought, they are the very sheaves of the harvest. "Differences of Capacity," "The Conversation of Women," Experience and Principle," "Sentiment and Passion," each amply deserve separate consideration; but as we have reached our limits, we must leave their merits to the discrimination of our readers, who cannot fail to be

amused by their depth, their force, their vigour, and animation. The different elements which compose this volume as agreeably diversify each other as does the work itself vary our present course of literary publication. Uniting the sentiment of poetry with the value of prose, it cannot fail not only to be acceptable but popular with the discriminating portion of the reading world.

Stanhope. A Domestic Novel. By JOSEPH MIDDLETON, Esq., Barrister-at-law.

PERHAPS of all the dissuasives against crime that the moralist can uphold, the great and solemn truth that the sins of the parents are visited upon the children is, of all others, the most potent and powerful; proving, as it does, the inseparableness of our natural bonds, at the same time that it appeals to the most tender affections of the heart, as touching persuasives for purity of life. Even though blinded to the loftier responsibilities of our condition, who feels not the claims of nature, and who, with the certainty before his eyes that he was entailing the punishment of his own crimes upon his offspring, would ever overstep the barrier which divides him from virtue? The author of "Stanhope" has seized upon this powerful and appealing truth to form the web of a fiction into which he has woven all the charm of ideality with the power of a homily. He has painted us a son suffering for the crimes of a parent, nameless, unknown, engaged in that fearful struggle with the world which those unsupported by natural connections must ever have to encounter; enduring so many vicissitudes, encountering so many adventures as at once to rivet the attention and engage the warmest sympathies of the reader.

The character of "Stanhope" is a happy union of heart and intellectuality. In ordinary life we seldom find these qualities balancing each other, and hence that coldness on the one hand and that extravagance on the other which resolve themselves into the rocks and wrecks of society. The imaginative and yet the strong-minded "Stanhope" enters the world under circumstances which might almost make him feel that world to be a desert, and commences that search after happiness which every individual of our race pants after in the chase. In this portion of our narrative the descriptive powers of Mr. Middleton, as well as his philosophic turn, have amply developed themselves. He carries us from scene to scene in search of that which from its rarity we might almost conclude to be an ideal good, and then fastens upon us this all-important truth, that happiness dwelleth not in outward state, but in the innate feeling—being, in fact, the jewel of which every man's heart is the true casket. In support of this great position, which

we all know and yet all overlook, Mr. Middleton conducts us through a succession of graphic scenes, all of which are leading to the elevation of his hero's character, and all of which may have the same effect upon the reader's; and having thus led him through what may be called the education of the heart, he throws him upon the busy, the stirring, the thrilling adventures of his own individual history. From this point the tale progresses with an energy that carries the reader irresistibly on. The sweet and gentle seclusion of the cottage life in which the childhood of "Stanhope" had been nourished, the calm and classical retirement of his tutor's home wherein his youth had been instructed, the scenes of the indulgence of a boyish love and a boyish friendship, are exchanged for others the most animated and passionate. The light and the shade of a Paris life complete the picture, but wherever he moves the interest still fastens upon and follows "Stanhope." We pass over some of the most powerful collisions of human feelings of which our nature is capable, simply because we will not rob the work of the charm of novelty, persuaded as we are that *our* readers will be *its* readers also; and we close our notice in the full conviction that, though this may be our first meeting with Mr. Middleton in the honourable field of literature, it will not be our last.

De Harno. A Story of the Olden Time. By a WANDERER.

THERE is a peculiar charm in the poetic romance. Criticism abandons its sternness, and its frown dilates into smiles of welcome on the opening of these metrical fictions. The keen investigating spirit which is laudably aroused for the detection of the sins of false reasoning and false witnessing of prose arguments is at once lulled to sleep by the music of poetry. To be graceful, beautiful, passionate, and full of sensibility, to revel in glowing descriptions—in short, to create a paradise not of earthly but of heavenly loveliness, and to people it with beatific visions, this is the province of poetry; to carry a reader into its flowery meads, to lead him by the margins of its rippling and sun-glittering streams, to gather the wild and odoriferous flowers that blossom there, to soothe his spirit by its melody from the frettings of worldly care, and to elevate his soul by communication with its bright intelligence, to refresh him with its perfume and to gladden him with the sympathies of cheerfulness—this is the office of the poet. It is in effect to carry us for awhile out of this visible, corporeal, and care-wearing world, and to afford us seasons of enjoyment and refreshment —manna-like descended from the skies—that may the better fit us to travel on our earthly way. To carry with us our cold, calculating faculties into such scenes would therefore be as idle as ungrateful.

The species of poetical romance to which this agreeable little volume belongs, is that which Byron and Scott in their day rendered so popular, and which, in our own, still retains its hold upon the heart and fancy of every class of readers. The romantic incidents of "De Harno" are in perfect harmony with the poetic versification, and the whole is replete with graceful imagery; the moral of the story and the manner of its recital being in the happiest accordance. The hall of the bold baron and the bower of the peerless lady carry us back to those chivalric days when bravery and honour in man and beauty and virtue in woman were the pearls of price; while in listening to the rush of song which narrates their deeds, we seem to be hearkening to the very harpers who sang in their very presence. "De Harno" is exactly one of those legends of love and war, the vicissitudes of which made up the life of our forefathers in the olden times. It carries us into the very castles of our barons, and possesses all the charm of a retrospective reality, adorned by the graces of poetic fancy—the two strongest attractions which literature can offer to the heart. Considering it ever as an injury to the imagination to attempt its definition, we do not lay open the detail of this graceful effort of genius. The characters are stamped with the spirit of their day; the scenes are, in truth, just such as those in which they "lived and moved and had their being;" the verse is smooth, flowing, and greatly diversified; the actors various, distinct, and consistent; and the whole just one of those delightful little metrical romances which will charm the young by awakening hope, and the old by awakening memory.

The Dental Manual, a Guide to the Management of the Teeth; with Remarks on their Growth, Regularity, and Preservation; Tooth-brushes, Powders, and Tinctures; together with the best means of treating, so as to retain and prolong the use of Teeth that are decayed, and to restore them when lost. By J. Saunders, Dentist, Cambridge.

We have many treatises on the teeth, which, however valuable in themselves, require so much time and study to understand as to confine their use almost exclusively to men of leisure. Here is one that may be read at a glance, comprehended at once, and the contents of which may be easily remembered. Every page appears to convey some useful information, and on one we find a diagram, exhibiting, by a new and ingenious device, the number, form, and order of the several teeth in such a way as must render the subject, as the author observes, "familiar on inspection." Considering the contents of this useful little Manual as a whole, we cannot

but recommend it to the attentive perusal of all who would know the value and importance of the teeth to their own comfort, and, indeed to all the purposes of life and health, whatever may be the station they may be called to occupy.

The Herald of Peace, for July. Published by Ward and Co., London.

The Morning Chronicle for July 14, 1845.

It is exceedingly gratifying to witness a growing indisposition to war among many nations. The history of the last ten years furnishes many instances of national differences, which at a former period would have led to continued and ruinous wars, that have been amicably adjusted, and peace and international amities have been maintained. The nation that has been most ready to exercise forbearance or to propose conciliatory measures, has raised itself in the esteem of the wise and the benevolent. Men are beginning to love peace; the war-whoop of the wild Indian, and the trumpet blast of the polished European are being hushed into silence, or are giving place to the softer sounds of the instruments of peace. These happy changes, though but begun, are to be traced to the more extensive diffusion of the Gospel of Peace. Christians have begun to understand that there is a discrepancy between being an advocate of war and a follower of Jesus Christ. Those enlightened views which are now entertained by the Christian, of his obligation to promote peace, are to be attributed in a great measure to the judicious and impressive manner in which the subject has been kept before the public through the exertions of the Peace Society. The monthly publications of this Society have always something new, and to the point. "The Herald of Peace" has been exceedingly useful, and we hope it may gain a circulation proportionate to its merits; for there is much to be accomplished before the scene shall be realized which an eminent writer has beautifully portrayed. An extract from his work appears in the "Herald of Peace." Confident it will gratify most of our readers, and that it will express the sentiments they feel, we give it:—

"Peace! we bid thee welcome, seated in the car of mercy, wearing thy chaplet of flowers, and waving thine olive-branch of amity and love. How heavenly thy countenance, how sweet thy songs, how blissful thy triumphs! How pride withers at thy approach, and selfishness before the lustre of thine eyes! How turbulence and passion subside at thy bidding! How envy and malevolence flee before thee! How desolated places are built up in thy dominions; how the wilderness blossoms as the rose; how trade prospers, and the arts flourish; how civilization advances, and knowledge is diffused, and pure religion promulged! How women bless thee, and children play within the circle of thy

brightness! The lamb and the dove are thy symbols, and joy and blessedness thy attendants. Thy Prince is King Messiah; thy philosophy the principles of the gospel; thy reign the administration of goodness; thy spirit the spirit of the Holy One; thy friends the disciples of the cross. To man's heart thou art a welcome resident; to the social circle the patron saint; to the sanctuary the pledge of prosperity; to the nation its mightiest bulwark; and to the world its jubilee of rest and rejoicing. May the civilized bow to thy authority, may the savage learn thy value, and may all men praise thy worth! May thy reign be universal and everlasting!"

We would dwell on this delightful picture, and long and pray that it may be speedily realized; but in order to its accomplishment, a mighty change must be wrought on the minds of men. Events of recent occurrence teach us that this is not the time to indulge in the reveries of a delightful sentimentalism. Events appeal to every man to arouse every energy, to put forth all his influence as a man, a brother, a father, a patriot and a Christian, to stay the ravages of war, and to propagate the principles of peace. The necessity has, of late, become more urgent, since a nation wont to vaunt itself upon its refinement and its *gallantry* has laid its honour in the dust by making aggression on the unprotected territory of the delicate and defenceless Queen of Tahiti; and as though the French nation were given over to a ruinous infatuation, or as though France were emulous of working out the problem—What is the greatest possible amount of cruelty and barbarity that can be practised by any people retaining a place among the civilized nations of the earth? no pains have been spared in working this problem. To the *doings* in the Pacific are added the deeds of Dahra. Ambitious France! Thou hast the talons and the eye of the eagle, but not his pinions. Thou hast panted for notoriety, and thou hast gained it. Let the ribbon which binds thy *fleur-de-lis* be henceforth inscribed with the words—"*Tahiti et Dahra;*" and if future generations should ask—What means this motto? let the faithful historian answer the inquiry, saying—"Helpless *women* were driven from home and life by the terror of thy cannon, and feeble, lovely *children* were put to death by thy sword." The following extract from the *Morning Chronicle* cannot be read without deep sorrow that human nature should be so demonised as to be capable of such enormities, and with tenderest pity for the sufferers:—

"It is most painful to read the details published by the papers of the terrible and disgraceful tragedy which has just occurred in Algeria, and some account of which we give above, from the *Akhbar*, a journal published on the spot. In this affair upwards of eight hundred men, women, and children have perished by means the most cruel and the most detestable that can be conceived, There was not the shadow of an excuse for the outrage. The victims were not warriors. They were

inoffensive and unresisting country people, who, with their wives and families, their cattle, and their property, had taken refuge in the caverns in which they were destroyed, to escape the lawless violence of their invaders. Of resistance they had no idea, excepting in so far as they wished to make terms, by which their lives and property would be saved from the violence and rapine of the French soldiery, yet the whole of these unhappy people have been destroyed. They attempted to parley, but the terms proposed to them were such that death itself was preferable, and the brave Colonel Pélissier (it is right that his name should be recorded) instantly gave orders that the whole of the entrances to the cavern should be closed up with combustibles, and set fire to. The order was executed. Eight hundred miserable wretches perished by the horrid process of suffocation, and the tribe of the Riahs is exterminated. A fouler blot does not stain the page of French history. The massacre of the prisoners at Joppa may, in the eyes of some, be palliated on the ground of necessity. The poisoning of the wounded at Jaffa has been denied, but nothing can excuse the cold-blooded massacre of the unresisting Arabs of the Dahra. That we may not be supposed to exaggerate the horrors of this affair, we subjoin the account of it given by the Paris *Réforme*. We shall only add, that the affair occurred on the eighteenth of June—a day which does not at any period appear to be '*à toutes les gloires de la France.*'

MASSACRE AT DAHRA.

[*From the Réforme.*]

"On the 18th of June the expedition arrived before the grotto of the Dahra, in which the Arabs had taken refuge; but before telling what occurred in this place, I must enter into some details. The Dahra is a strange country; it is a vast plain, intersected with mountains horribly rugged, and of an isolated conical shape, which are surrounded by a country of extraordinary fertility, producing corn, vines, and fruit trees. The houses are commodious, well built, and surrounded with gardens. The people are comfortable and rich. Two of these hillocks (*mamelons*) are united by a sort of natural wall of nearly 100 metres in breadth, which crosses a very deep ravine. This wall is called the Cantera. It forms one of the largest grottoes of the Dahra, and since the time of the Turks, the Arab tribes have here found a refuge against tyranny. The Cantera on one side has two entrances placed, the one above the other. On the other side there are only very narrow fissures. Colonel Pelissier drew up his column in front of the large openings. A hot fire was raised from the openings, which was answered by a fusillade from the troops that was less effective than it would otherwise have been from the darkness of the place. During this time the troops were busy gathering bundles of wood, and heaping up stubble and other rubbish. Colonel Pélissier intended nothing less than to smoke and burn the thousands of Arabs whom he supposed to be blocked up in these subterranean caverns. The business commenced. The combustibles were thrown into the ravine. Fire was put to them, and the fire was kept up till evening. This occurred on the eighteenth of June. On the

morning of the 19th, the Arabs ventured to come out of the cavern. They came to hear the propositions of the colonel. They were made to pass through the camp, where they could see the immense heaps prepared for their destruction—the lighted torches, &c. They returned to their caverns, there to perish with their wives, their children, and their property. The conditions made by Colonel Pélissier were so severe that they could not listen to them. Then the fire commenced. It lasted the whole day from two o'clock, and was continued throughout the night. The soldiers were kept to this detestable work by gangs, and it was, I assure you, a frightful duty for them amidst the heart-rending cries and sounds which arose from the interior. For a long time the fire rose in a double column at the two entrances to the cavern, but on the 20th there only remained a mass of half-burnt and smouldering charcoal, and all sounds from the interior had ceased. It was decided that the cavern should be entered. But how can I paint the frightful spectacle that met our view? The cattle driven mad, running about wildly, and crushing everything under their feet; men and women, in their attempt to fly, lying in all directions dead, being smothered by the smoke, or disembowelled by the infuriated cattle. We were obliged to take upwards of twenty steps over the heaps of the dead and dying. A thousand persons were accumulated in this horrible dungeon, from which there was no issue. At the bottom dead bodies were found standing, the faces of the victims being pressed against the fissures of the rock, in the fruitless hope of getting a mouthful of air to breathe. About seventy persons who were still living, expired as soon as they were brought into the open air. Others died from being crushed by pieces of the rock, which were detached by the heat. A great number were found with stabs of yatagans upon their bodies. Some had a great number of wounds, and it was evident that in the course of that dreadful night, and in the midst of the horrible darkness, a terrible struggle had occurred, of which these were the marks. Already nearly *six hundred bodies* have been taken out of the cavern, and there are many more yet in it which we have been unable to reach. *Eight hundred* men, women, and children have perished. The whole of the tribe of the Riahs is exterminated."

After reading these atrocities, we should resign ourselves to the heartlessness of despair, and never more anticipate the lovely and joyous scenes which universal peace shall produce, did we not look to a wise and omnipotent Providence, and rely upon the faithfulness of God to accomplish that which he has promised. Yea more, instead of feeling discouraged we think we have seen in these painful facts a renewed motive to exertion, and a pledge of ultimate peace. The horrors of war could scarcely appear more horrible; and yet it may be the struggle indicating the approaching death of the monster. It is *the way* in which God works. The sign of the removal of the abomination of slavery was the persecution unto death of Smith, of Demarara; and it is a principle of the divine government to make the wrath of man to praise him, and the remainder of that wrath to restrain.

The Times of Daniel. By GEORGE, DUKE OF MANCHESTER. 8vo. James Darling, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

MANY may, no doubt, at first, be disposed to think that they have nothing to do with the Times of Daniel, and to ask of what importance now are questions respecting the chronology of events which have elapsed upwards of two thousand years? A perusal of the above work will at once remove their doubts and satisfy their questions. If they possessed an ancient testament devising to them, in common with others, a vast estate, of which they expected possession at a period now near at hand; if some threw doubt on the authenticity of that testament on account of an alleged discrepancy between some of its recitals and those of historical documents purporting to bear an earlier date, would they not rejoice to find that the discrepancy existed only in the minds of such as endeavoured to bring those recitals into conformity with facts occurring at an earlier period instead of those events to which they really relate? To establish the real accuracy of Scripture history, and to display the exact fulfilment of prophecy, are the objects of the Duke of Manchester; and we are bound to say that his efforts have met with much and merited success.

The great point of his grace's labours is to show that our commentators have erred by confounding the scriptural Coresch and Persian Kai Khoosron with the Grecian Cyrus; that the Persian and Babylonian formed but one empire, differing only as to the dynasty which ruled, as the Welsh House of Tudor from the Norman race of Plantagenet; that the capture of Babylon described in Scripture was its storm by Darius Hystaspes, not that by the Cyrus of the Greeks, whom he identifies with the Hebrew Nebuchadnezzar; and that Darius Hystaspes answers to Daniel's description of Darius the Mede.

Having settled this point, he proceeds to show that the conquest of Egypt by Cambyses, mentioned by the Greek writers, was identical with that of Nebuchadnezzar predicted by the prophets, Cambyses being a title, not a name; and producing on this point a weight of evidence perfectly irresistible, he brings forward satisfactory proof of a literal fulfilment of the prophecies delivered by Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel, concerning Egypt, far more certain, definite, and striking than any adduced by Dr. Keith in his work on the evidence afforded by prophecy.

Having thus established a base for future operations, the duke proceeds to prove that exactly seventy sevens of years elapsed from the re-establishment of the daily sacrifice by Darius Nothus to its abolition under Titus Vespasian; thus affording ample and incontestible proof to the infidel of Daniel's plenary inspiration,

and to the Jew that our Lord and Messiah has already come. On the importance of this it is needless to enlarge. We all know that the stronghold of Jewish infidelity is the doubt cast by the rabbins upon Daniel as a prophet. If he were a true prophet, then must the Messiah have appeared at the time he predicted. But the Duke of Manchester proves that Daniel's prophecy as to the exact continuance of the daily sacrifice has been fulfilled to the letter. Hence, then, there can be no question that Daniel's was a true prophecy; and, if a true prophet, then that his prophecy of Messiah's coming before the seventy sevens expired was fulfilled in the person of our Redeemer.

The noble author has foreborne all discussion of the details of unfulfilled prophecy. His own views, like those of Justin Martyr, Irenius, and Augustin, amongst the ancients, Marshall, Goodwin, and Bunyan, amongst the Puritans, and Fletcher of Madely, Toplady, and Wesley, and a vast number of our leading divines in the Established Church, are well known to embrace the reorganization of the Roman empire under the great personal antichrist, who is himself to be destroyed in battle with the restored and converted Jews. On these points he avoids all discussion, not wishing to embarrass, by matters controverted amongst Christians, those great objects for and to which he has devoted so many years to obtain.

There are, however, incidental points touched on by the duke in this laborious volume, in which, although the balance of probability be on his side, the evidence he adduces appears to us not wholly irrefragable. We refer to his opinion that Coresch and Nebuchadnezzar, both of whom he proves chiefs of that Circassian race from which have sprung all those aristocracies of Europe or the East which do not descend from Abraham, were alike only pashas or satraps of the Persian king. We confess ourselves rather doubtful whether history records any instance of a Circassian people having been conquered by one of Semitic, but not Arabian descent. Might it not be contended that Nebuchadnezzar was himself the Great King, but that a fresh Circassian tribe pouring down from the mountains of Caucasus, after his death, and subduing Babylon and Persia alike, but fixing their rule in Iran, mixed his history with that of their own chiefs, just as the Welsh, during the reign of the Tudors, endeavoured to forget all remembrance of Norman rule, and to make it appear that they themselves had been the noblest tribe inhabiting Britain? The same spirit of self-glorification which characterized the Cymri may have preyed on the Persians. We find that their historians in later times endeavour to make Alexander a native Persian prince; why may they not have therefore sought to blot out all memory of the Babylonian conquest, which was of but short duration—as short as the usurpation in England of the House of

Lancaster? The Scotch, of all nations the most moral and veracious, generally forget that their country was ever conquered by England, having lost all recollection of Cromwell's campaign. It is not probable that the Persians, who had few written documents, were even less particular. May we not presume that the races being identical, and the families allied by blood, they transferred the exploits of the house of Nebuchadnezzar to their own reigning family? We mention this but as conjecture, yet it is only as conjecture that on this point the duke announces his own views.

We cannot, however, but feel gratified in perceiving the long years, during which illness has deprived the head of one of our noblest and purest Norman families of the power to fulfil the usual duties of his rank, thus laboriously employed.

Those who know the Duke of Manchester are well aware that nature and mental organization have qualified him rather to be a leader of brave men in the death struggle for a nation's independence and freedom, like his gallant ancestors, than for the quiet pains-taking, laborious commentator on the word of truth; so much the greater is the merit of having accomplished a task which might have wearied the most learned, and having bent those energies which are qualified to shine out brilliantly in the eyes of the world, to strengthening the faith and removing the scepticism of the humble and meek.

Our Era; a Soliloquy, in three parts—Social, Political, and Religious, with Miscellaneous Pieces. By W. Leask. London: Jackson and Walford.

The title of this work is rather a singular one for a poetical production. The present time is emphatically England's era. The excitement is unrestricted by sphere or subject; all classes of society are moved by the general impulse. Science is putting forth her energies to the utmost; invention is more productive than at any former period; speculation is all *qui vive* in some new project; national politics are undergoing great changes; the sacredness of religion is not secluded from the general stir, and philosophy herself can scarcely maintain the calm and tranquillity of her own appropriate region. All men take cognizance of these facts which give to the present era its character. These *vicissitudes* are neither self-originated nor ultimate; they have a cause above themselves, and are subservient to an ulterior and grand result. The devout and meditative man retires from the din of apparently clashing events; looks calmly on the confused and confusing scene, and wonders what it means. The present he cannot comprehend, on the immediate coming future he does not venture a conjecture. Overpowered and perplexed he turns from

the distracting affairs of human society and looks above, and *there*, in all the serenity of his own glory, he beholds the presiding God, watching and directing the intricate machinery of earth's events. *Here* the wise man derives a solace for his spirit under the conviction, that the ways of God appear mysterious to human vision simply because our views are contracted and our knowledge is imperfect. Order, harmony, and united concurrence, characterise all events which are in the hands of *him* who

> "From seeming evil still educing good,
> And better thence again, and better still
> In infinite progression."

The author of "Our Era" is evidently distinguished alike for the genius of poetry and the inspiration of genuine piety. His work will be read with unmingled pleasure by the admirers of Cowper, *James* Montgomery, and Pollok. The men just budding into manhood may here gather instruction and delight from the same source. We give some specimens of the author's style and sentiment, which have been selected with the utmost impartiality. We present his censures on some of the flagrant vices which disgrace this age and nation:—

> "Compared with London, ancient Corinth was,
> With all its crying lewdness, chaste and pure!
> The streets are nightly crowded by the hosts
> Of lost and ruin'd creatures. Cloud on cloud,
> This pestilence advances o'er the land;
> This deluge of destruction rises, swells,
> And hurries myriads to an early grave.
> The carnival of death attests its power;
> The loathsome tomb proclaims its victory!
> The city, like a vortex bottomless,
> Attracts the circumjacent multitudes;
> The gay and giddy whirl awhile delights
> The thoughtlessness and ignorance of youth;
> Until, beyond the reach of mercy drawn,
> They sink like lead in the immense abyss.
> The *Polish vampire* here is realized—
> And more than realized! Those *odious pimps!*
> Watchful as demons bent on cruelty,
> Who prowl in search of nature's fairest forms,
> On whom the tints of rural loveliness
> Bestow attractions art could never match—
> Prowl thus to suck the blood of innocence!"—Pp. 33, 34.

Notwithstanding all the subtle attempts which are made to justify the practice of this vice, we are bound to state it as our deliberate opinion that most writers are too lenient in their remarks on the vice of prostitution, and that Mr. Leask is not too severe. The poet Burns was correct when he said of that sin—

" I wave the quantum of the sin—
The hazard of concealing;
But oh, it hardens all within,
And petrifies the feeling."

To censure is at all times a difficult task; and to convey appropriate censure, embodied in the beauties of poetry, is a manifestation of no ordinary wisdom. This difficult task Mr. Leask has admirably performed in his classic and enlightened censure upon the vice of intoxication :—

" Intemperance! origin of woes, and griefs,
And tears, and mental anguish, and distress,
And poverty, disgrace, disease, and shame,
Impurity, licentiousness, and crime,
And lunacy, and war, and suicide,
And, in ten thousand cases, murder, too.
The plague that rose in Ethiopia,
Descending into Egypt, swept the soil
Of Persia fam'd, and through the Athenian crowds
Flung death and terror from its sable wings,
What time the war Peloponnesian rag'd,
Wrote not a deadly catalogue so long,
Of slain and wounded, as the boasted son
Of Jupiter and Semèle has done.
Yet is he boasted still; his votaries,
Though perishing by thousands, are supplied
With fearful promptitude! Anacreon need
Not stagger from his hidden tomb to sing
Afresh the praise of Bacchus; for, alas!
Too many modern poets—Christians call'd—
Avaunt the blasphemy that calls them so!—
Have tuned their lyres to spread the madd'ning cup
Amongst their dying fellow-citizens!"—Pp. 48, 49.

Our space forbids us to indulge in our inclination to quote more largely from this truly interesting volume. The poetry is of a very superior order, the sentiments always moral and at times highly religious, and the composition perspicuous and elegant. The work deserves our unqualified commendation.

Memoir of Vidocq, Chef de la Police de Sureté de Paris.

M. Vidocq we have always regarded as one of the most extraordinary characters of the present day. He is a genius of the highest order in his own peculiar walk; never did human being run a more extraordinary career. Perhaps there is no man living whose history so strikingly illustrates the remark, that truth is strange—stranger than fiction. He is an exemplification of the adage, that the romance of real life excels the romance of fiction. M. Vidocq

is now to be seen at the Cosmorama, Regent Street, where he has one of the most interesting exhibitions at present in the metropolis. Of course he is himself the principal lion; though in his seventy-third year, he displays all the vivacity of spirits and muscular vigour of a man of thirty. He is a most pleasant and intelligent man, and has already received visits from most of the nobility. We wonder that the proprietors of the Adelphi or some of the other theatres have not already secured his services; he could not fail to prove one of the greatest attractions now on the boards of our metropolitan houses. The little work whose title we have quoted, gives an outline of his eventful history; but we understand that a work in several large volumes, containing his biography, is about to appear in an English dress.

THE FINE ARTS.

Portraits of Distinguished Persons. By Mr. Keith.

Mr. Keith, of Kensington Gravel Pits, who has lately settled in London, in the capacity of a portrait painter, has already taken the portraits of various distinguished persons, and is employed on the portraits of several others. Among other gentlemen well known to us, whose portraits Mr. Keith has already taken, are the Rev. Mr. Hill, of Clapham, a highly gifted and popular preacher, and Mr. Wilson, the celebrated singer. Mr. Keith's likenesses are admirable. They are so striking that no one can mistake them, while as works of art they are of a very superior order. Mr. Keith is rapidly rising in his profession, and we have no hesitation in predicting that ere long he will occupy the first place in public estimation as a portrait painter.

END OF VOL. XLIII.

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETOR, BY D. A. DOUDNEY, CITY STEAM PRESS, LONG LANE.